VOCAL MELODY,

OR THE

Songſter's Magazine:

IN THREE PARTS

BEING A

COLLECTION

OF

TWO THOUSAND

Of the moſt Celebrated

Engliſh and *Scotch* Songs.

With an Alphabetical TABLE of CONTENTS to each VOLUME.

And a GLOSSARY at the End of the Third VOLUME, explaining the *Scotch* WORDS.

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SONG

SONG 1.

HAD I the World at my Command,
And own'd the Wealth of Sea and Land,
To Flora I'd preſent it all,
And at her Feet lay down the Ball.

Or was my Life by Scraps ſuſtain'd,
From Door to Door by Begging gain'd,
Would ſhe be mine, I'd bleſs my Fate,
Nor wiſh a more exalted State.

Poſſeſſing her, or rich, or poor,
What is there to deſire more?
There's nothing precious but her Charms,
And Pleaſure dwells but in her Arms.

Oh grant, ye Pow'rs! the Fair I love,
May to my Vows propitious prove;
And from your Altars ſhall ariſe,
The Smoke of daily Sacrifice.

Among the Bleſſings you beſtow
On craving Mortals here below,
Make but the lovely Maiden mine,
I'll all the reſt with Joy reſign.

SONG 2.

HAD Neptune, when firſt he took Charge of the Sea,
Been as wiſe, or at leaſt as merry, as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and, inſtead of his Brine,
Would have fill'd the vaſt Ocean with gen'rous Wine.
Would have fill'd, &c.

What Trafficking then would have been on the Main,
For the Sake of good Liquor as well as for Gain.
No Fear then of Tempeſt, or Danger of Sinking,
The Fiſhes ne'er drown, they are always a-drinking.
The Fiſhes, &c.

Had this been the Caſe, what had we enjoy'd,
Our Spirits ſtill riſing, our Fancy ne'er cloy'd.
A Pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his Pow'r,
To ſlip, like a Fool, ſuch a fortunate Hour.
To ſlip, &c.

SONG 3.

HAIL Burgundy, thou Juice divine,
Inſpirer of my Song;
The Praiſes giv'n to other Wine
To thee alone belong.
Of manly Wit and female Charms
Thou can'ſt the Pow'r improve:
Care of its Sting thy Balm diſarms,
Thou nobleſt Gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus on the Parent Vines,
From whence thy Current ſtreams,
Smiling amidſt the Tendrils ſhines,
And laviſh darts his Beams.
The pregnant Grapes receive his Fire,
And all his Pow'r retain;
With the ſame Warmth our Brains inſpire,
And lead the ſprightly Strain.

From thee, fair Chloe's potent Eye
New ſparkling Beams receives;
Her Cheeks imbibe a roſier Dye,
New Fires her Boſom heaves.
Summon'd to Love, by thy Alarms,
Oh! with what nervous Heat,
Worthy the Maid we fill her Arm;
How oft that Love repeat!

The Stoic, prone to Thought intenſe,
Thy Softneſs can unbend;
A chearful Gaiety diſpenſe,
And make him taſte a Friend.
His Brow grows clear, he feels Content,
Forgets his penſive Strife,
And well concludes our Span well ſpent
In honeſt, ſocial Life.

Ev'n Fops - - - thoſe doubtful-gender Things,
Wrapt up in Selves and Dreſs,
Quite loſt to the Delight that ſprings
From Senſe - - thy Pow'r confeſs.
Each fooliſh, puling, maudlin Face,
That dares but deeply drink,
Forgets his Cue, and ſtiff Grimace,
Grows free, and ſeems to think,

SONG 4.

HAIL, Janus! who ſhut'ſt out the ſliding Year,
And uſher'ſt in the New, a glorious Scene!
Ye Chiefs of Harmony the Lyre prepare,
And Notes attun'd to mighty Lines begin.

Illuſtrious George! Great Britain's genial Soul,
Bids ſhut thy Brazen Gates, while heav'nly Peace
Leads on the Golden Hours, that gaily roll
Like Billows o'er his Tributary Seas.

Under thy Smile the Gallic Lillies bloom;
Proud Spain retires from thy avenging Rod;
Thy Thunder ſhakes the Turrets of Old Rome;
Tyrants ſubmit to thy ſuperior Nod.

Th' Imperial Bird bends either Neck to thee;
The Belgic Lyon cowers; Sardinia's King
Receives another Crown, thy Gift; we ſee
Both Oceans to thy Feet their Trophies bring.

Thy Labour's like the Sun's Eternal Carr,
Unweary'd, and beneficent to all;
Thy gen'rous Rays diſpel the Clouds of War,
And Sciences, and Arts of Peace recall.

Sing out his mighty Fame, ye tuneful Choir,
In choſen Numbers and juſt Melody;
Immortal Deeds immortal Songs require,
Soft as his Smiles, Great as his Majeſty.

SONG 5.

HAIL Maſonry, thou Craft divine!
Glory of Earth, from Heav'n reveal'd;
Which doth with Jewels precious ſhine,
From all but Maſons Eyes conceal'd.
Chor. Thy Praiſes due who can rehearſe,
In nervous Proſe, or flowing Verſe?

As Men from Brutes diſtinguiſh'd are,
A Maſon other Men excels;
For what's in Knowledge choice and rare,
But in his Breaſt ſecurely dwells?
Chor. His ſilent Breaſt, and faithful Heart,
Preſerve the Secrets of the Art.

From ſcorching Heat and piercing Cold,
From Beaſts whoſe Roar the Foreſt rends:
From the Aſſaults of Warriors bold,
The Maſons Art Mankind defends.
Chor. Be to this Art due Honour paid,
From which Mankind receive ſuch Aid.

Enſigns of State, that feed our Pride,
Diſtinctions troubleſome and vain!
By Maſons true are laid aſide,
Art's free-born Sons ſuch Toys diſdain.
Chor. Ennobled by the Name they bear,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the Badge they wear.

Sweet Fellowſhip, from Envy free,
Friendly Converſe of Brotherhood,
The Lodge's laſting Cement be,
Which has for Ages firmly ſtood.
Chor. A Lodge thus built, for Ages paſt,
Has laſted, and will ever laſt.

Then in our Songs be Juſtice done
To thoſe who have enrich'd the Art,
From Jabel down to Burlington,
And let each Brother bear a Part.
Chor. Let noble Maſons Healths go round,
Their Praiſe in lofty Lodge reſound.

SONG 6.

HAIL, ſacred Muſe, and vocal Shell,
That wont the Joys of Love to tell;
Now turn your Song to mournful Strains,
My Joys are fled, my Love remains!

Wanton Cupid, idle Toyer,
Pleaſing Tyrant, ſoft Deſtroyer,
Do not thus my Heart controul.
Phaon flies me far away,
Reaſon does renounce thy Sway,
Yet contented I obey.
Ever raging,
Paſt aſſwaging,
Love poſſeſſes all my Soul.

Beneath this ſad and ſilent Gloom,
Waſte my Beauty, Youth and Bloom:

But not the Shades that baniſh Day
Drive Phaon's brighter Form away;
A Youth ſo ſhap'd, with ſuch a Mien,
A Front like that of Love ſerene,
With ſparkling Eyes and flowing Hair,
And Wit that ever charms the fair,
The ſpightful Gods contriv'd for Ruin,
And deck'd him thus for my undoing.

Oh! the ſoft tranſporting Pleaſure!
When we yield our Virgin Treaſure!
When we meet the joyous Lover,
And an equal Flame diſcover;

Nothing now to Love denying,
Both with guiltleſs Rapture dying!
Oh! the ſoft tranſporting Bliſs!
What is Life or Fame to this!

I rave, I rave, unhappy Maid!
That Name my Folly does upbraid,
To Shame, Remorſe and Death betray'd!

What Power, what God can ſend Relief!
Sicilian Virgins ſhun the Arts
Whence my Misfortunes riſe,
With eaſe my Phaon conquers Hearts
With Eaſe neglects the Prize.

I dream, or in ſome Rival's Arms
Forgetful of my rifled Charms,
I behold the perjur'd Boy!
Anguiſh waſte,
Lightning blaſt,
Heaven forſake her,
Hell o'ertake her,
E'er ſhe taſtes the riſing Joy!

No—let her triumph, let her prize
The faithleſs Wretch, whom I deſpiſe:
By his Ingratitude ſet free,
I'll reap the Sweets of Liberty.
Mighty Hero, could you leave me?
Did my Charmer hope to grieve me?

But

Thus be all thy Wiſhes blaſted,
For no longer I adore thee;
Had thy Love one Moment laſted
Haply I had chang'd before thee.

Wander, Phaon, ſo will I,
Roving, ranging,
Ever changing
Gay and airy,
Form'd to vary,
I to pain you
Will diſdain you,
And to nobler Conqueſts fly.

Reſentment, Pride and glowing Shame,
Once Guardians of my ſpotleſs Fame,
By conqu'ring Love tho' baniſh'd hence,
Again vouchſafe me your Defence;
Aſſert an Empire late your own,
And ſhake the Tyrant on his Throne:
Support me! aid me! for I feel
My fainting Reſolution reel.
Doubt, thou certain State of Sorrow,
We loſe to Day to wait to morrow.
He may return, my Phaon may ——
I cheat my ſelf, why does he ſtay?

Shall Sappho, like a helpleſs Maid,
Pine to Death, of Death afraid?
I've try'd all Female Arts in vain,
Diſſembled Scorn, and falſe Diſdain;
For, oh! with real Grief oppreſt,
I burn, and Tempeſts ſhake my Breaſt.
Oh! what Torments wound my Heart!
Gentle Death, in pity, take me,
And perform thy grateful Duty,
Since my Phaon does forſake me,
To thy Arms I yield my Beauty,
Kinder thine than Cupid's Dart.

SONG 7.

HAIL to the Myrtle Shade,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Field:
Kings will not here invade,
Tho' Virtue all Freedom yield, Beauty

Beauty here opens her Arms,
To ſoften the languiſhing Mind;
And Phillis unlocks her Charms:
Ah Phillis! ah! why ſo kind?

Phillis, the Soul of Love,
The Joy of Neighb'ring Swains:
Phillis that crowns the Grove,
And Phillis that gilds the Plains:
Phillis that ne'er had the Skill
To paint, or to patch, or be fine;
Yet Phillis, whoſe Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature has made divine.

Phillis, whoſe charming Tongue
Makes Labour and Pain a Delight;
Phillis that makes the Day young,
And ſhortens the live-long Night:
Phillis, whoſe Lips, like May,
Still laugh at the Sweets they bring,
Where Love never knew Decay,
But ſets with eternal Spring.

SONG 8.

HANG this whining Way of Wooing,
Loving was deſign'd a Sport:
Sighing, Talking, without Doing,
Makes a ſilly, idle Court.

Don't believe that Words can move her,
If ſhe be not well inclin'd:
She herſelf muſt be the Lover,
To perſwade her to be kind.

If, at laſt, ſhe grants the Favour,
And conſents to be undone:
Never think your Paſſion gave her
To your Wiſhes, but her own.

SONG 9.

HAppy Hours all Hours excelling,
When retir'd from Crowds and Noiſe;
Happy is that ſilent Dwelling,
Fill'd with ſelf-poſſeſſing Joys;

Beauty

Happy's that contented Creature,
Who with feweſt Things is pleas'd,
And conſults the Voice of Nature,
When of roving Fancy eas'd.

Every Paſſion wiſely moving,
Juſt as Reaſon turns the Scale,
Ev'ry State of Life improving,
That no anxious Thought prevail;
Happy Man who thus poſſeſſes
Life with ſome Companion dear,
Joy imparted ſtill encreaſes,
Griefs when told ſoon diſappear.

SONG 10.

HAppy Inſect! what can be
In Happineſs compar'd to thee?
Fed with Nouriſhment Divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle Wine!

Nature waits upon thee ſtill,
And thy verdant Cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou doſt tread:
For Nature's Self's thy Ganymede!

Thou doſt drink, and dance, and ſing;
Happier than the happieſt King!
All the Fields which thou doſt ſee,
All the Plants belong to thee.

All the Summer Hours produce,
Fertile made with early Juice;
Man for thee does ſow and plough,
Farmer he, and Landlord thou.

Thou innocently doſt enjoy,
Nor does thy Luxury deſtroy;
With Joy the Shepherd heareth thee
Far more harmonious ſing than he!

Thee Country Hinds with Gladneſs hear,
The Prophet of the ripen'd Year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inſpire;
Bright Phœbus is himſelf thy Sire!

To thee, of all Things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy Mirth.

Happy Inſect! thrice happy thou!
Doſt neither Age nor Winter know!
But when thou'ſt drunk, and danc'd, and ſung
Thy Fill, thy flow'ry Leaves among,
Sated with thy Summer Feaſt,
Thou retir'ſt to endleſs Reſt.

SONG II.

HAppy is a Country Life,
Bleſt with Content, good Health and Eaſe;
Free from Faction, Noiſe, and Strife,
We only plot ourſelves to pleaſe;
Peace of Mind our Days delight,
And Love our welcome Dreams at Night.
Hail green Fields, and ſhady Woods!
Hail Springs and Streams, that ſtill run pure!
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only dwells ſecure:
Free from Vice, and free from Care,
Age has no Pain, nor Youth a Snare.

SONG IZ.

HAppy's the Love which meets Return,
When in ſoft Flames Souls equal burn;
But Words are wanting to diſcover
The Torments of a hopeleſs Lover.
Ye Regiſters of Heav'n, reſate,
If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot, the Flower of Yarrow?
Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair,
Her Love the Gods above muſt ſhare;
While Mortals with Deſpair explore her,
And at a Diſtance due adore her.
O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a Smile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing Swain the Banks of Yarrow.
Be huſh, ye Fears, I'll not deſpair,
My Mary's tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh:

With

With Succeſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The Folks who dwell above the Sky;
When Mary Scot's become my Marrow,
We'll make a Paradiſe on Yarrow.

SONG 13.

HAppy the Man whoſe Wiſh and Care,
A few paternal Acres bound;
Content to breathe his native Air
In his own Ground.

Whoſe Herds with Milk, whoſe Fields with Bread,
Whoſe Flocks ſupply him with Attire;
Thoſe Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
In Winter Fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, Days, and Years, ſlide ſoft away;
In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
Quiet by Day,

Sound Sleep by Night, Study and Eaſe
Together mixt, ſweet Recreation
And Innocence, which moſt does pleaſe,
With Meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die:
Steal from the World, and not a Stone
Tell where I lye.

SONG 14.

HAppy the Time when free from Love,
I rang'd the Woods and ev'ry Grove;
I minded not the Great One's Fall,
Nor whom Ambition did enthral,
I minded not, &c.

My only Care was how to keep
From cruel Wolves my harmleſs Sheep:
But tho' from Wolves my Sheep I kept,
None could my Heart from Love protect.
But tho', &c.

There is not one upon theſe Plains,
That loves like me, of all the Swains;
But I have learnt now, to my Coſt,
That who love's beſt muſt ſuffer moſt.
But I have, &c.

SONG

SONG 15.

HAppy the World in that bleſt Age,
When Beauty was not bought and ſold,
When the fair Mind was uninflam'd
With the mean Thirſt of baneful Gold.
With the mean Thirſt, &c.

Then the kind Shepherd when he ſigh'd,
The Swain, whoſe Dog was all his Wealth,
Was not by cruel Parents forc'd
To breathe the am'rous Vow by ſtealth.
To breathe, &c.

Now the firſt Queſtion Fathers aſk,
When for their Girls fond Lovers ſue,
Is,—What's the Settlement you'll make?
You're poor!—he flings the Door at you.
You're poor! &c.

SONG 16.

HAppy the youthful Swain,
That feels no Love-ſick Smart;
But without Grief or Pain,
Can win a Virgin's Heart;
Happy beyond expreſſing
Is he who can obtain
That moſt tranſporting Bleſſing,
Which others ſeek in vain.

Love, and the Graces, ſmiling,
In all his Actions meet;
Cupid, the Fair beguiling,
Still makes his Conqueſt ſweet:
Love is his only Treaſure,
Beauty's his only Gain;
Ever he finds the Pleaſure,
But never feels the Pain.

SONG 17.

HAppy we, who free from Love,
Have no Cares to break our Sleep;
Who thro' pleaſant Meadows rove,
Watching of our harmleſs Sheep.

When

When we feel the Ev'ning's Air,
And the Night invites us home;
To our Cottage we repair,
Where Content delights to come.

SONG 18.

HARD by the Hall, our Maſter's Houſe,
Where M'urſy flows to meet the Main;
Where Woods, and Winds, and Waves diſpoſe
A Lover to complain:

With Arms a-croſs, along the Strand
Poor Lycon walk'd, and hung his Head,
Viewing the Footſteps in the Sand
Which a bright Nymph had made.

The Tide, ſays he, will ſoon eraſe
The Marks ſo lightly here impreſt;
But Time or Tide will ne'er deface
Her Image in my Breaſt.

Am I ſome Savage Beaſt of Prey?
Am I ſome horrid Monſter grown?
That thus ſhe flies ſo ſwift away,
Or meets me with a Frown!

That Boſom ſoft, that Lilly Skin
(Truſt not the faireſt outward Show)
Contains a Marble Heart within,
A Rock hid under Snow.

Ah me! the Flints and Pebbles wound
Her tender Feet, from whence there fell
Thoſe crimſon Drops, which ſtain the Ground,
And beautify each Shell.

Ah! Fair one, moderate thy Flight,
I will no more in vain purſue;
But take my leave for a long Night;
Adieu, lov'd Maid, adieu.

With that he took a running Leap,
He took a Lover's Leap indeed,
And plung'd into the ſounding Deep,
Where hungry Fiſhes feed.

The melancholy Hern ſtalks by,
Around the ſqualing Sea-Gulls yell;
Aloft the croaking Ravens fly,
And toll his Fun'ral Bell.

The Waters roll above his Head,
The Billows toſs it o'er and o'er;
His Ivory Bones lye ſcattered,
And whiten all the Shore.

SONG 19.

HARD Fate to ſigh, to ſigh in vain,
Deſpairing Sylvia cries;
Debarr'd the Freedom to complain,
But through a Lover's Eyes.

And thoſe unguarded ever ſpeak,
Betrayers of my Heart;
For ah! our Wiles are all too weak,
Theſe to diſguiſe by Art.

Thus hopeleſs muſt I e'er remain,
Like Ghoſt about their Treaſure;
Till ſpoke to firſt ne'er ſpeak again,
Still waiting Strephon's Leiſure.

Dear thoughtleſs Man, a Stranger to
The Secrets of this Breaſt;
That's his from Inclination true,
More conſtant than 'tis bleſt.

There could he ſee, and conſcious know
The Torments of Neglect;
They ſoon would teach him how to ſhew
More Love, and leſs Reſpect.

SONG 20.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd Horn
Calls the Hunters all up in the Morn:
To the Hills and the Wood-lands they ſteer,
To unharbour the out-lying Deer.

CHORUS of Huntſmen.

And all the Day long
This, this is our Song;
Still hollowing,
And following,

So frolick and free;
Our Joys know no Bounds,
While we're after the Hounds,
No Mortals on Earth are ſo jolly as we.

Round the Woods when we beat, how we glow,
While the Hills they all echo Hillo!
With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,
Then our Shouts they reſound to the Skies;
And all the Day long, &c.

When we ſweep o'er the Vallies, or climb
Up the Health-breathing Mountain ſublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel,
Which alone they who taſte can reveal?
And all the Day long, &c.

SONG 23.

HARK! hark from far,
The Voice of War
To Glory calls around;
Riſe! Britons riſe!
With chearful Cries,
And join the Martial Sound.
See! how your Foes
Their Dread diſcloſe,
And dwindle to Diſgrace,
Lead on, lead on,
'Till Victory's won,
And give their Squadrons Chaſe!
With trembling Fleets at Cales,
Let haughty Spain
Behold the Main
Spread with your ſweeping Sails.

Now Vengeance low'rs,
Thoſe faithleſs Pow'rs,
Who late her Cauſe eſpous'd,
In Silence lye,
Or diſtant fly
Before the Lion rous'd.
Brave Vernon comes,
With batt'ring Bombs,

See India look diſmay'd!
And Europe wait
The Will of Fate,
In Britiſh Fleets convey'd.

SONG 22.

HARK! hark! the Cock crows, 'tis Day all abroad,
And looks like a jolly, fair Morning:
Up Roger and James, and drive out your Teams,
Up quickly to carry the Corn in.
Davy the Drowſy, and Barnaby Bowſy,
At Breakfaſt we'll flout and we'll jeer, Boys:
Sluggards ſhall chatter with Small-Beer and Water,
While you ſhall tope off the March-Beer, Boys.
Laſſes that ſnore, for ſhame give it o'er;
Mouth open, the Flies will be blowing:
To get us ſtout Hum 'gainſt Chriſtmas does come,
Away, where the Barley is mowing.
In your Smock-Sleeves go bind up the Sheaves too,
With nimble young Rowland and Harry,
Then when Work's over, at Night give each Lover
A Hug and a Buſs in the Dairy.
There's two for the Mow, and two for the Plough,
Is then the next Labour comes after;
I'm ſure I hir'd four, but if you want more,
I'll ſend you my Wife and my Daughter.
Roger the luſty tell Rachel the truſty,
The Barn's a rare Place to ſteal Garters;
'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the Mowthen,
And take it at Night for your Quarters.

SONG 23.

HARK, hark, the Huntſman ſounds his Horn,
A Call ſo muſical chides the Drone,
Ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton.
The Clangor wakes the drowſy Morn,
The Woods re-echo the ſprightly Tone,
Ton, ton, &c.
The loud-tongu'd Cries the Concert fill,
Our Steeds with Neighing ſalute the Dawn,
Ton, ton, &c.

We mount, and now we climb the Hill,
Then ſwift deſcending we ſweep the Lawn,
Ton, ton, &c.

The diſtant Stag our Accent hears,
Our Accents fatal to him alone,
Ton, ton, &c.

He rouſing ſtarts, and wing'd with Fears,
Forſakes the Thicket to ſeek the Down,
Ton, ton, &c.

Altho' Diana claims the Field,
The Woods and Forests tho' all her own,
Ton, ton, &c.

The Groves to Venus let her yield,
Where we may follow her ſportive Son,
Ton, ton, &c.

What Joy to trace the blooming Laſs
Thro' darkſome Grotto's with Moſs o'ergrown,
Ton, ton, &c.

What Harmony can ours ſurpaſs,
When joining Chorus with Dove-like Moan?
Ton, ton, &c.

In various Sports the Day thus ſpent,
Fatigu'd with Pleaſures when Night comes on,
Ton, ton, &c.

Our Limbs tho' tir'd, our Hearts content,
With Wine regaling, all Cares we drown,
Ton, ton, &c.

SONG 24.

HARK, hark! methinks I hear the Seamen call,
The boiſt'rous Seamen ſay,
Bright Caſtabella, come away!
The Winds ſits fair, the Veſſel's ſtout and tall;
Bright Caſtabella come away!
For Time and Tide can never ſtay.

Our mighty Maſter, Neptune, calls aloud,
The Zephyrs gently blow,
The Tritons cry, You are too ſlow,
For ev'ry Sea-Nymph of the glittering Crowd
Has Garlands ready to throw down,
When you aſcend your wat'ry Throne.

See,

See, see! she comes, she comes; and now adieu!
Let's bid adieu to Shore,
And to whate'er we fear'd before;
O Castabella! we depend on you,
On you our better Fortunes lay,
Whom both the Winds and Seas obey.

SONG 25.

HARK, hark on ev'ry Spray
The warbling Throng,
In grateful Song,
Salute and hail the new-born Day.
Why sit we so mute, when early Linnets sing,
And warbling Philomel salutes the Spring?
Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple Year?
Revive, revive, like Birds be gay,
To-morrow's Light
May prove our Night,
Then let's enjoy the present Day.

SONG 26.

HARK! how the Drums beat up again,
For all true Soldiers Gentlemen,
Then let us list, and march, I say,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, and o'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain:
Queen Anne commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills and far away.
All Gentlemen that have a Mind
To serve the Queen that's good and kind,
Come list and enter into Pay,
Then o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.
Here's Forty Shillings on the Drum,
For those that Volunteers do come,
With Shirts, and Clothes, and present Pay,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.
Hear that, brave Boys, and let us go,
Or else we shall be prest, you know;

Then lift and enter into Pay,
And o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

The Conſtables they ſearch about,
To find ſuch briſk young Fellows out;
Then let's be Volunteers, I ſay,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

Since now the French ſo low are brought,
And Wealth and Honour's to be got,
Who then behind wou'd ſneaking ſtay?
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

No more from Sound of Drum retreat,
While Marlborough and Gallway beat
The French and Spaniards every Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

He that is forc'd to go to fight,
Will never get true Honour by't,
While Volunteers ſhall win the Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

What tho' our Friends our Abſence mourn,
We all with Honour ſhall return;
And then we'll ſing both Night and Day,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

The 'Prentice Tom he may refuſe
To wipe his angry Maſter's Shoes:
For then he's free to ſing and play,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

Over Rivers, Bogs and Springs,
We all ſhall live as great as Kings,
And Plunder get both Night and Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

We then ſhall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,

That

That ſcold and cry both Night and Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away:
Over the Hills, &c.

Come on then, Boys, and you ſhall ſee,
We every one ſhall Captains be,
To whore and rant as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away:
Over the Hills, &c.

For if we go, 'tis One to Ten,
But we return all Gentlemen,
All Gentlemen as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away:
Over the Hills, &c.

SONG 27.

HARK! how the Trumpet ſounds to Battle!
Hark! how the thund'ring Cannons rattle!
Cruel Ambition now calls me away,
While I have ten thouſand ſoft kind Things to ſay:
While Honour alarms me,
Young Cupid diſarms me,
And Cælia ſo charms me,
I cannot away.

Hark again, Honour calls me to Arms!
Hark! how the Trumpet ſweetly charms!
Cælia no more then muſt be obey'd,
Cannons are roaring, and Enſigns diſplay'd;
The Thoughts of Promotion
Inſpire ſuch a Notion,
Of Cælia's Devotion
I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celeſtial Powers;
Ye Gods, bleſs the Nymph with happy Hours;
Oh! may ſhe ever to love me incline!
Such lovely Perfections I cannot reſign.
Firm Conſtancy grant her,
My true Love ſhall haunt her,
My Soul cannot want her,
She's all ſo divine.

SONG

SONG 28.

HARK, Lucinda, to the Wooing,
Murm'ring Turtles am'rous Cooing;
Shelly Grotts their Love rebound:
Streams along the Pebble trilling,
Hearts with trembling Pleaſure filling,
Sweetly anſwer to the Sound.

Twiſted Boughs above combining,
Loving Joy around them twining,
Guard thee with a mingled Shade:
Purple Violets, bluſhing Roſes,
Od'rous Flow'rs in various Poſies,
Dreſs thy Boſom and thy Head.

See! their tender Beings flying,
Quickly fading, quickly dying!
Beauty ne'er was fram'd to laſt:
Let the Lover once adviſe thee,
To improve the Good that flies thee;
Soon, ah! ſoon, the Seaſon's paſt.

Air, with hollow Tempeſts ſwelling,
Gath'ring Clouds a Storm foretelling,
Shroud in Night the faireſt Day:
Springing Beauty, gaily blooming,
Sees not lowry Winter's coming,
To December changing her May.

SONG 29.

HARK! the bonny Chriſt-Church Bells,
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
They ſound ſo woundy great,
So wond'rous ſweet,
And they troul ſo merrily merrily.

Hark the firſt and ſecond Bell,
That every Day at Four and Ten
Cries come to Pray'rs,
And the Virger troops before the Dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the ſmall Bell at Nine,
To call the Beerers home;
But the Dev'l a Man
Will leave his Cann,
Till he hears the mighty Tom,

SONG 30.

HARK the thund'ring Cannons roar,
Echoing from the German Shore,
And the joyful News comes o'er;
The Turks are all confounded?
Lorrain comes, they run, they run!
Charge your Horſe thro' the grand half Moon,
We'll Quarter give to none,
Since Staremberg is wounded.

Cloſe your Rank, and each brave Soul
Take a luſty flowing Bowl,
A grand Carouſe to the Royal Pole,
The Empire's brave Defender;
No Man leave his Poſt by Stealth,
To plunder the Grand Viſir's Wealth,
But drink a Helmet full to th' Health
Of the ſecond Alexander.

Mahomet was a ſober Dog,
A Small-beer, drowzy, ſenſeleſs Rogue,
The Juice of the Grape, ſo much in vogue,
To forbid to thoſe adore him;
Had he but allow'd the Vine,
Giv'n 'em leave to carouſe in Wine,
The Turk had ſafely paſt the Rhine,
And conquer'd all before him.

With dull Tea they fought in vain
Hopeleſs Vict'ry to obtain;
Where ſprightly Wine fills ev'ry Vein,
Succeſs muſt needs attend him;
Our Brains (like our Cannons) warm,
With often firing feel no Harm,
While the ſober Sot flies the Alarm,
No Laurel can befriend him.

Chriſtians thus with Conqueſt crown'd,
Conqueſt with the Glaſs goes round,
Weak Coffee cannot keep its Ground
Againſt the Force of Claret:
Whilſt we give them thus the Foil,
And the Pagan Troops recoil,
The valiant Poles divide the Spoil,
And in briſk Nectar ſhare it.

Infidels

Infidels are now o'ercome,
But the moſt Chriſtian Turk's at home,
Watching the Fate of Chriſtendom:
  But all his Hopes are ſhallow;
Since the Poles have led the Dance,
Let Engliſh Cæſar now advance,
And if he ſends a Fleet to France,
  He's a Whig that will not follow.

SONG 31.

She. HARK! the Trumpet ſounds to Arms;
  O fatal Noiſe!
Hark! the Trumpet ſounds to Arms;
  Adieu my Joys!
Ah! the thouſand Fears I prove,
For thy Life, and for my Love.
  He. Ceaſe thy Plaints, and dry thy Tears,
    My charming Maid!
Ceaſe thy Plaints, and dry thy Tears,
    Nor Fate upbraid.
Heaven, that makes Mankind its Care,
Guards the Brave, to ſerve the Fair.

SONG 32.

HArken and I will tell you how,
  Young Muirland Willie came here to woo,
Tho' he could neither ſay nor do;
  The Truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,
Maggy, I'ſe ha'e her to be my Bride,
  With a fal dal, &c.

On his Gray Yad as he did ride,
With Durk and Piſtol by his Side,
He prick'd her on wi' mickle Pride,
  Wi' mickle Mirth and Glee.
Out o'er yon Moſs, out o'er yon Muir,
Till he came to her Daddie's Door,
  With a fal, &c.

Goodman quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
I care no for making meikle Din;
  What Anſwer gi'ye me?

Now,

Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to won,
With a fal, &c.

Now, Woer, ſin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what Town?
I think my Doghter winna gloom
On ſik a Lad as ye.
The Woer he ſtepp'd up the Houſe,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouſe?
With a fal, &c.

I have three Owſen in a Plough,
'Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,
The Place they ca' it Cadenough;
I ſcorn to tell a Lie:
Beſides, I had frae the great Laird
A Peat-pat and a Lang-Kail Yard,
With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the Town;
I wat on him ſhe did no gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The Lover he ſtended up in Haſte,
And gript her hard about the Waiſt,
With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o'Gear;
And for my ſelf ye need nae fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his Bonnet, and ſpat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and pri'd her Mou',
With a fal, &c.

The Maiden bluſht, and bing'd fu law,
She had nae Will to ſay him na,
But to her Dadie ſhe left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kiſs,
Syne ran to her Daddie, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your

Your Doghter wad no ſay me na,
But to your ſell ſhe has left it a',
As we cou'd agree between us twa;
Say what'll ye gi'me wi'her?
Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
But ſik's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A Kinfu' of Corn I'll gie to thee,
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky;
Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free;
Truth, I dow do na mair.
Content, quoth he, a Bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, mak haſte, let's dee't.
With a fal, &c.

The Bridal Day it came to paſs,
Wi' mony a blythſome Lad and Laſs;
But ſiken a Day there never was,
Sic Mirth was never ſeen.
This winſome Couple ſtraked Hands,
Meſs John ty'd up the Marriage Bands,
With a fal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blue,
Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their Toys and Mutches were ſae clean,
They glanced in our Ladies Een,
With a fal, &c.

Sic Hirdum Dirdum, and ſic Din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him;
The Minſtrels they did never blin,
Wi' mickle Mirth and Glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their Wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

SONG 33.

HASTE, haſte, dear Youth, and tell the Fair
My Love-ſick Soul is all Deſpair:
Sigh to her Pity, that ſhe may
Accept the Offering I'll her pay:

For

For oh! 'tis better not to be,
Than thus to live in Miſery.

If ſhe frowns, then ſhalt thou be
Baniſh'd from Love for wounding me;
But if ſhe ſmiles, then I will raiſe
Arches triumphant to your Praiſe:
And all my future Days ſhall be
Like an eternal Extaſy.

SONG 34.

HASTE my Rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous Journey thro' this dreary Waſte:
Haſte, my Rain-deer, ſtill, ſtill thou art too ſlow,
Impetuous Love demands the Lightning's Haſte.

Around us far the ruſhy Moors are ſpread:
Soon will the Sun withdraw its chearful Ray,
Darkling and tir'd we ſhall the Marſhes tread,
No Lay unſung to cheat the tedious Way.

The wat'ry Length of theſe unjoyous Moors
Does all the flow'ry Meadows Pride excel;
Thro' theſe I fly to her my Soul adores;
Ye flow'ry Meadows, empty Pride! farewel.

Each Moment from the Charmer I'm confin'd,
My Breaſt is tortur'd with impatient Fires:
Fly, my Rain-deer, fly ſwifter than the Wind,
Thy tardy Feet wing with my fierce Deſires.

Our pleaſing Toil will then be ſoon o'er-paid,
And thou, in Wonder loſt, ſhalt view the Fair,
Admire each Feature of the lovely Maid,
Her artleſs Charms, her Bloom, her ſprightly Air.

But lo! with graceful Motion there ſhe ſwims,
Gently removing each ambitious Wave;
The crouding Waves tranſported claſp her Limbs:
When, when, oh when ſhall I ſuch Freedom have

In vain, you envious Streams, ſo faſt ye flow,
To hide her from a Lover's ardent Gaze:
From ev'ry Touch you more tranſparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous Wanton plays.

SONG 35.

HAVE you any Pots or Pans,
Or any broken Chandlers?
I am a Tinkler to my Trade,
And newly come frae Flanders
As ſcant of Siller as of Grace,
Diſbanded, we've a bad Run;
Gar tell the Lady of the Place,
I'm come to clout her Caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have Wark for me,
I'll do't to your Contentment,
And dinna care a ſingle Flie
For any Man's Reſentment;
For Lady fair, tho' I appear
To every ane a Tinker,
Yet to your ſell I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle Jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love Jupiter into a Swan
Turn'd, for his lovely Leda;
He like a Bull o'er Meadows ran,
To carry aff Europa,
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argos Blinker,
And win your Love, like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a Tinkler.
Fa adrie, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning Man,
But this fine Plot you'll fail in,
For there is neither Pot nor Pan
Of mine you'll drive a Nail in.
Then bind your Budget on your Back,
And Nails up in your Apron;
For I've a Tinkler under Tack
That's us'd to clout my Caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, &c.

SONG 36.

HAVE you e'er ſeen the Morning Sun
From fair Aurora's Boſom run?

Or have you ſeen on Flora's Bed
The Eſſences of white and red?
Then you may boaſt, for you have ſeen
My fairer Chloris, Beauty's Queen.

Have you e'er pleas'd your ſkilful Ears
With the ſweet Muſick of the Spheres?
Have you e'er heard the Syrens ſing,
Or Orpheus play to Hell's black King?
If ſo, be happy, and rejoice,
For thou haſt heard my Chloris Voice.

Have you e'er ſmelt what Chymic Skill
From Roſe or Amber doth diſtill?
Have you been near that Sacrifice
The Phœnix makes before ſhe dies?
Then you can tell, (I do preſume)
My Chloris is the World's Perfume.

Have you e'er taſted what the Bee
Steals from each fragrant Flow'r or Tree?
Or did you ever taſte that Meat,
Which Poets ſay the Gods did eat?
O then I will no longer doubt
But you have found my Chloris out.

SONG 37.

HAVE you ſeen Battledore Play,
Where the Shuttlecocks fly to and fro one?
Or, have you noted an April Day, now raining,
Now ſhining, now warming, now ſtorming?
Ah! juſt, juſt ſuch as theſe is a Woman.
Love and true Merit do ſeldom prevail,
For always we hold a wet Eel by the Tail;
Their Tongues ne'er are idle, their Humour's a Riddle;
They prick with their Needle, and ogle and wheedle;
And if they have Charms,
'Tis rarely that Beauty is true t'ye,
For few or none you are ſure are your own,
But in your Arms.

SONG 38.

HAving ſpent all my Time
Upon Women and Wine,
I went to the Church out of ſpite;

But what the Prieſt ſaid
Is quite out of my Head,
I reſolv'd not to edify by't.

All the Women I view'd,
Both religious and lewd,
From the ſable Top-knot to the Scarlets;
An even Wager I'd lay,
That at a foul Play
The Houſe ne'er ſwarm'd ſo with Harlots.

Madam Lovely I ſaw
With her Daughters-in-law,
Who ſhe offers to ſale ev'ry Sunday;
In the midſt of her Prayers
She negociates Affairs,
And ſigns Aſſignations for Monday.

Next, a Baron Knight's Daughter,
Whoſe own Mother taught her,
By Precept and practical Notions,
To wear gaudy Clothes,
And ogle the Beaux,
Was at Church, to ſhew Signs of Devotion.

Next, a Lady of Fame,
Whom we ſhall not name,
She'll give you no Trouble in teaching;
She has a very fine Book,
But ne'er on it does look,
And regards neither praying nor preaching.

Madam Fair there ſhe ſits,
Almoſt out of her Wits,
Betwixt Vice and Devotion debating;
She's as vicious as fair,
And has no Buſineſs there,
To hear Maſter Tickle-text prating.

From the Corner of the Square
Comes a hopeful young Pair,
As religious as they ſee Occaſion;
But if Patches or Paint
Be true Signs of a Saint,
We've no Reaſon to fear their Damnation.

When

When thus he had done,
He bleſt every one,
With his Benediction the People:
So I run to the Crown,
Leſt the Church ſhou'd fall down,
And beat out my Brains with the Steeple.

SONG 39.

HE himſelf courts his own Ruin,
That with too great Paſſion ſues 'em;
When Men whine too much in Wooing,
Women will like Coquets uſe 'em:
Some by this Way of addreſſing
Have the Sex ſo far tranſported,
That they'll fool away the Bleſſing
For the Pride of being courted:
Jilt and ſmile when we adore 'em,
While ſome Blockhead buys the Favour,
Preſents have more Power o'er 'em
Than all our ſoft Love and Labour.
Thus like Zealots, with ſcrew'd Faces,
We our Fooling make the greater;
While we cant long-winded Graces,
Others they fall to the Creature.

SONG 40.

HE that has the beſt Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life;
But for her that will ſcold and will quarrel,
Let him cut her off ſhort
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten Times a Day hoop her Barrel, brave Boys,
And ten Times a Day hoop her Barrel.

SONG 41.

HE that in Love would ſtill prevail,
Or not be troubled if he fail,
Let him my Way be a Lover:
At firſt I ſeem to die for Love;
If that her Pity will not move,
Without it I recover!
But if the Lady's kind and true,
I always ſtrive to be ſo too,

Thus to Pity I invite her;
But if a Tyrant ſhe will prove,
And deny that for which I love,
I Tyrant turn and ſlight her.

Thus when I do a Beauty ſee,
I like her juſt as ſhe likes me,
Who vexes if I don't take her:
But yet the Conſequence is bad;
For if ſhe's fair, muſt I be mad?
I'll rather ſtraight forſake her.

The beſt Rule which in Love I find,
Is to think none fair but the kind:
Women thus are pretty Trifles:
Tho' Water thrown upon a Fire,
Or Ice on Love, makes ſome burn higher,
Yet mine it forthwith ſtifles.

Who begs a Lady's Heart, muſt ſtill
Be pleas'd with whatſoe'er ſhe will;
The Beggar muſt not be Chooſer:
But I ſo wiſely Things deſign,
That always in Amours of mine,
I'm a Winner, or no Loſer.

For when a coy Nymph Love inſpires,
In Wine I quench my hopeleſs Fires;
Thus one Heat expels the other:
Women I therefore will decline,
All my Affections are on Wine,
When they kill, this will recover.

SONG 42.

HE that is clear
Cavalier,
Will not repine,
Although
His Subſtance grow
So very low,
That he cannot drink Wine.
Fortune is a Laſs
Will embrace,
And ſoon deſtroy;

Free-

Free-born,
In Liberty,
We'll ever be,
Singing Vive le Roi.
Virtue is its own Reward, Sir,
And Fortune is a Whore;
There's none but Fools and Knaves regard her,
Or her Power implore.
He that is a truſty Roger,
And hath ſerv'd his King;
Altho' he be a tatter'd Soldier,
Yet he will ſkip and ſing
Whilſt he that fights for Love,
May in the Way of Honour prove,
And they that make Sport of us,
May come ſhort of us;
Fate will flatter them,
And will ſcatter them,
Whilſt the Royalty
Looks upon Loyalty,
We that live peaceably,
May be ſucceſsfully
Crown'd with a Crown at laſt.
But a real honeſt Man
May be utterly undone,
To ſhow his Allegiance,
His Love and Obedience;
But that will raiſe him up,
Virtue weighs him up,
Honour ſtays him up,
And we'll praiſe him;
Whilſt the fine Courtier dine,
With his full Bowls of Wine,
Honour will make him faſt.
Freely let's be then
Honeſt Men,
And kick at Fate,
We
May live to ſee,
Our Loyalty
Valued at a higher Rate.

He that bears a Word,
Or a Sword,
'Gainſt the Throne;
Or doth prophanely prate,
To wrong the State,
Hath but little of his own.

CHORUS.

What tho' Plummers, Painters, and Players,
Be the proſperous Men;
Yet we'll attend our own Affairs,
When we come to't agen:
Treachery may be fac'd with Light,
And Leachery lin'd with Furr;
A Cuckold may be made a Knight;
'Tis Fortune de la Guerre:
But what is that to us Boys,
That now are honeſt Men?
We'll conquer and come agen,
Beat up the Drum agen:
Hey for Cavaliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers;
Dub, a dub, dub,
Have at old Belzebub,
Oliver ſtinks for fear.
Fifth-Monarchy muſt down, Bullies,
And every Sect in Town:
We'll rally, and to't agen;
Give 'em the rout agen,
Charge 'em home agen,
Face to the right about, tantar-ar-ar-a:
This is the Life of an honeſt Cavalier.

SONG 43.

HE that is reſolv'd to wed,
And be by the Noſe by Woman led,
Let him conſider't well e'er he be ſped;
For that lewd Inſtrument, a Wife,
If that ſhe be inclin'd to Strife,
Will find a Man ſhrill Muſick all his Life,
Will find a Man, &c.

If he approach her when ſhe's vext,
Nearer than the Parſon does his Text,
He's ſure to have enough of what comes next;
And by our Grammar Rules we ſee,
Two different Genders can't agree,
Nor without Soleciſms connected be,
Nor without, &c.

Yet this by none can be deny'd,
That Wedlock, or 'tis much bely'd,
Is a good School, in which Man's Virtue's try'd:
And this Convenience Woman brings,
That when her angry Mood begins,
The Huſband never wants a Sight of's Sins,
The Huſband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the leaſt,
His Penance ſhall be well encreaſt,
She'll make him keep a Vigil without Feaſt;
And when's Confeſſion he is framing,
She will not fail to make's Examen,
He has nothing elſe to do but ſay Amen.
He has nothing, &c.

SONG 44.

HE that weds a Beauty
Soon will find her cloy;
When Pleaſure grows a Duty,
Farewel Love and Joy.
He that weds for Treaſure,
Tho' he hath a Wife,
Hath choſe one laſting Pleaſure
In a marry'd Life.

SONG 45.

HE that will not merry, merry be
With a gen'rous Bowl and a Toaſt,
May he in Bridewell be ſhut up,
And faſt bound to a Poſt.
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here:
For who can know where we ſhall go,
To be merry another Year?

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his Glaſs in Courſe,
May he be oblig'd to drink ſmall Beer,
With ne'er a Penny in's Purſe:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a Comp'ny of jolly Boys,
May he be plagu'd with a ſcolding Wife,
To confound him with her Noiſe:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be
With his Miſtreſs in his Bed;
Let him be bury'd in the Church-yard,
And me put in his Stead:
Let him be merry, &c.

SONG 46.

HE, who for ever,
Wou'd hope for Favour,
He muſt endeavour
To charm the Fair:
He dances, he dances,
He da-a-a-a-a-nces,
He ſighs, and glances,
He makes Advances,
He ſings, and dances,
And mends his Air.

SONG 47.

HE's a Man, ev'ry Inch, I aſſure you,
Stout, vigorous, active, and tall;
There's none can from Danger ſecure you,
Like brave, gallant Moor of Moor-hall.
No Giant or Knight ever quell'd him,
He fills all their Hearts with Alarms:
No Virgin yet ever beheld him,
But wiſh'd herſelf claſp'd in his Arms.
But wiſh'd, &c.

SONG 48.

HEAR all you Friends to Knighthood,
A Tale will raiſe your Wonder,
How Caitiff vile,
By baſeſt Wile,
An hardy Knight did plunder.

How from this Pritiſh Worthy
This Knave, a Pox light on hur!
Did once purloin
The only Sign
And Badge he had of Honour.

Oh! had you ſeen our Hero!
No Knight could e'er look bigger,
Unleſs his Size
My Song belies,
Than M----n of Tredegar.

A Ribbon grac'd his Shoulder,
A Star ſhone on his Breaſt, Sir;
With ſmart Toupee,
Fort bien pudré,
And Cockade on his Creſt, Sir.

This Ribbon held a Bauble,
Which his kind Stars decree him;
With which he'd play,
Both Night and Day,
'Twould do you good to ſee him.

Tho' I a Bauble call it,
It muſt not thus be ſlighted;
'Twas one of the Toys,
Bob gave to his Boys,
When firſt the Chits were knighted.

Hur was the Flow'r of Knighthood,
You ne'er ſaw ſuch a gay Thing;
But Engliſh Rogue,
Confound the Dog,
Was rob hur of hur Play-thing.

Rouze up, ye brave Knights Errant,---
Ne'er give this Caitif Quarter,
Ye Knights of the Toaſt,
Or Knights of the Poſt,
Or Thiſtle, Bath, or Garter.

Learn

Learn hence ye courtly Lordlings,
Who hear this fatal Story;
On how ſlight Strings
Depend thoſe Things,
Whereon ye hang your Glory.

SONG 49.

HEAR, Chloe, hear,
And do not turn away
From my Deſire, but quench my Fire,
And my Love's Flames allay:
And let my Song go along,
Unto Compaſſion move,
And make you kind,
And bend your Mind,
And melt you into Love.

If Chloe loves, and conſtant proves,
Oh happy, happy, then am I;
But if that ſhe unconſtant be,
And does delight to rove,
As ſure as Gun,
I am undone,
And ſhan't have Power to move.

SONG 50.

HEAR me, ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My Vows and Sighs, like ſilent Air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny Buſh aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That Day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought my ſelf the luckieſt Lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous Flame,
In Words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews Diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny Buſh bloom'd fair in May,
Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her Frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my Strains,
Why thus ſhould Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Deſpair,
My Paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the Buſh aboon Traquair,
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

SONG 51.

HEav'n's Offspring! Beauty rare!
Venus her peculiar Care:
Cupid rifles ev'ry Grace,
To adorn thy fairer Face.

Earlieſt Bud was ever ſeen,
Thus to bloſſom at Fifteen!
Thro' whoſe Actions ſweetly flows
All experienc'd Woman knows.

On Thee ſits with decent Pride,
Wiſdom, beſt and ſureſt Guide;
Then, how ſtrong the Influence
Of thy charming Wit and Senſe!

When to Harmony you move,
Each Spectator's tun'd to Love;
Ev'ry Step is Cupid's Dart,
Softly ſtealing to my Heart.

Strange! that lively Sounds ſhou'd cure;
Yet give Pains which I endure!
Muſic, that can others free
From Infection, poiſons me.

Guardian Sylphs! that flit in Air,
Tell my Sorrows to the Fair;
Let your murm'ring Whiſpers prove,
How I groan, and how I love.

But if deaf to all my Woe,
The green Foreſt to her ſhow,
How the Trees of ev'ry kind
Claſp, and kiſs, in Marriage join'd.

Show the Fair, how curling Vines
Fold their Elms in am'rous Twines:
Touch'd by ſuch Examples, She
May incline to Love and Me.

SONG 52.

HEavy Reaſoner, talk no more,
Give me Celia o'er and o'er,
Give me Raptures, give me Pleaſure,
Beyond Reaſon, without Meaſure;
My youthful Ardour ſhall be fed with gay Deſire,
And every circling Year add Fuel to the Fire.

The ſleepy Image of thy Brain
Shall only o'er its Dreamer reign;
The Impious apprehend no Joys above,
Nor canſt thou juſtly think of Love:
Beſides themſelves, the Gods alone can know
The Joys that from conſenting Lovers flow.

SONG 53.

HELP me, each harmonious Grove,
Gently whiſper, all ye Trees,
Tune each warbling Throat to Love,
And cool each Mead with ſofteſt Breeze;
Breathe ſweet Odours, ev'ry Flow'r,
All your various Painting ſhow;
Pleaſing Verdure grace each Bow'r,
Around let ev'ry Bleſſing flow.

Glide, ye limpid Brooks, along;
Phœbus, glance thy mildeſt Ray:
Murm'ring Floods, repeat my Song,
And tell what Colin dare not ſay.
Celia comes! whoſe charming Air
Fires with Love the rural Swains;
Tell, ah! tell the blooming Fair,
That Colin dies, if ſhe diſdains.

SONG

SONG 54.

HENCE, hence, thou vain fantaſtic Fear,
Of Ill to come, we know not where;
Stand not with thy infernal Face,
To fright my Love from my Embrace;
To what a Height ſhould we love on,
Wert thou and all thy Shadows gone?

Sigh, ſigh no more; nor cry, Forbear;
'Tis Sin: I neither muſt not dare.
If Sin can in theſe Pleaſures dwell,
If this can be the Gate of Hell,
No Fleſh can hold from ent'ring in;
Heav'n muſt forgive ſo ſweet a Sin.

Down, down ſhe does begin to fall,
And now the Shadows vaniſh all;
And now the Gate is ope to Bliſs,
And now I'm enter'd Paradiſe;
Whilſt envying Angels flock to view,
And wonder what it is we do.

SONG 55.

She. HENCE, thou Deteiver,
Never, ah! never
Wilt thou return to thy Chloe again.
Grown, in your Leiſure,
Fond of new Pleaſure,
Some fairer Rival will laugh at my Pain.

He. Dry up thoſe Showers,
Sweeter than Flowers;
Look in the Fountain and ſee thyſelf there,
Where is the Creature,
Throughout all Nature,
Half ſo engaging, ſo ſweet, and ſo fair?

She. Go——you'll deceive me——
No——I'll believe thee——
Lean on my Breaſt and thy Conſtancy ſwear;
Should you deceive me,
Or ever leave me,
Chloe would languiſh and die with Deſpair.

He. My ſweeteſt Treaſure,
Every Pleaſure,
Every Charm in my Chloe I find;
And all the Graces,
Of newer Faces,
Call but my Chloe back into my Mind.

SONG 56.

HEnceforth, vain Youth, your Arts forbear,
Nor thus torment my Heart;
My Virtue is my only Care,
Nor from it will I part.
What tho' your Gold appears ſo bright,
Your glitt'ring Diamonds ſhine,
They're mortal all nor pleaſe my Sight,
But Virtue is divine.

Tho' I in State might Kings excel,
And ſtrut in guilty Pride,
In virtuous Poverty I'll dwell,
Content by Harry's Side:
No higher Love I e'er ſhall crave,
In vain is all your Art,
None ſhall my Perſon ever have,
Without my conſtant Heart.

Your Wit nor Gold's of no Import,
Nor Love in me create:
To gay Coquets go make your Court,
And leave me to my Fate.
Tho' you in Love appear ſo gay,
And Harry's meanly dreſt,
Yet you are falſe and will betray,
But Harry's poor and juſt.

SONG 57.

HER Eyes are like the Morning bright,
Her Eyes are like the Morning bright,
Her Cheeks like Roſes fair;
Her Breaſts like water'd Lilies white,
Her Breaſts like water'd Lilies white,
Like Silk her flowing Hair:
Her Breaſts like water'd Lilies white,
Her Breaſts like water'd Lilies white,
Like Silk her flowing Hair.

Her Breath's as ſweet as Odours blown
By Zephyrs o'er the Vales;
Her Skin's as fine and ſoft as Down,
Her Voice like Nightingale's.

Where'er ſhe breathes, where'er ſhe ſings,
How happy are the Groves!
How bleſt! how much more bleſt than Kings,
The Shepherd that ſhe loves?

With gentle Steps let's beat the Ground,
In gladſome Couples join'd;
For Joy that your Dorinda's found,
And ev'ry Lover kind.

SONG 58.

HERE are People and Sports,
Of all Sizes and Sorts,
Coach'd Damſel and 'Squire,
And Mob in the Mire,
Tarpaulins, Trugmallions,
Lords, Ladies, Sows Babies,
And Loobies in Scores;
Some hawling, ſome bawling,
Some leering, ſome fleering,
Some loving, ſome ſhoving,
With Legions of furbelow'd Whores.

To the Tavern ſome go,
And ſome to the Show;
See Poppets and Moppets,
Jack-Puddens for Cuddens,
Rope-dancing, Mares prancing,
Boats flying, Quacks lying,
Pick-Pockets, Pick-Plackets,
Beaſts, Butchers and Beaus:
Fops prattling, Dice rattling,
Rooks ſhamming, Puts damning,
Whores painted, Maſks tainted,
In Tally-mens furbelow'd Clothes.

The Mob's Joys wou'd you know,
To yon Muſick-Houſe go,
See Taylors and Sailors,
Whores, Molly and Dolly,
Hear Muſick makes you ſick;

Some ſkipping, ſome tripping,
Some ſmoking, ſome joking,
Like Spigget and Tap;
Short Meaſure, ſtrange Pleaſure,
Thus ſwilling and billing,
Some yearly get fairly
For Fairings, Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

SONG 59.

HERE are the beſt Horſes
That ever ran Courſes,
Here is the beſt Pad for your Wife, Sir,
Who rides one a Day
If Luck's in his Way,
May ride in a Coach all his Life, Sir.
The Sportſman eſteems
The Horſe more than Gems,
That leaps o'er a pitiful Gate, Sir;
But here is the Hack,
If you ſit but his Back,
Will leap you into an Eſtate, Sir.

SONG 60.

HERE end my Chains, and Thraldom ceaſe;
If not in Joy, I'll live in Peace;
Since for the Pleaſures of an Hour
We muſt endure an Age of Pain,
I'll be this abject Thing no more;
Love, give me back my Heart again.
Deſpair tormented firſt my Breaſt,
Now Falſhood, a more cruel Gueſt.
O, for the Peace of human Kind,
Make Women longer true, or ſooner kind!
With Juſtice or with Mercy reign,
O Love! or give me back my Heart again.

SONG 61.

HERE lies old Hare, worn out with Care,
Who oft times toll'd the Bell;
Cou'd dig a Grave, and ſet a Stave,
And ſay Amen full well.

For ſacred Song, he'ad Hopkins' Tongue,
And Sternhold's Eke alſo;
With Cough and Hem he'd ſtand by them,
As far as Lungs wou'd go.

Full many a Feaſt for Worms he dreſt,
Himſelf ſtill wanting Bread;
But ah! he's gone, with Skin and Bone,
To ſtarve them, now he's dead.

Here take his Spade, follow his Trade,
Now he is out of Breath;
Cover the Bones of one who once
Wrought Journeywork for Death.

SONG 62.

HERE the Deities approve
(The Gods of Muſick and of Love)
All the Talents they have lent you,
All the Bleſſings they have ſent you;
Pleas'd to ſee what they beſtow
Live and thrive ſo well below.

SONG 63.

HERE's a Health to the Laſs with a rowling Eye,
That won't any Gentleman twice deny,
But on reaſonable Terms will ſoon comply,
And a Fig for the coy diſſembling Punk.

Here's a Health to the Lad that loves a briſk Laſs,
And ſcorns in his Turn to refuſe his Glaſs,
Or by his ſtiff Airs ſhow the World he's an Aſs,
But will with an honeſt good Friend be drunk.

For when in his Head the Wine is got,
No Emperor can be ſo great as he;
'Tis the Dunce that won't drink ſhall be counted a Sot,
And we'll ne'er think him fit for good Company.

Then up to the Brim each fill his Glaſs,
And drink to the Healths that I nam'd before,
For the Prig that loves not both his Bottle and Laſs,
May he die in a Ditch, a Son of a Whore.

SONG 64.

HERE's a Health to the Tackers, my Boys,
But mine A--ſe for the Tackers about;
May the brave Engliſh Spirits come in,
And the Knaves and Fanaticks turn out: Since

Since the Magpyes of late are confounding the State,
And would pull our Eſtabliſhments down,
Let us make 'em a Jeſt, for they ſhit in their Neſt,
And be true to the Church and the Crown.

Let us chuſe ſuch Parliament-Men,
As have ſtuck to their Principles tight;
And would not their Country betray
In the Story of Aſhby and White:
Who care not a T---d for a Whig, or a Lord,
That won't ſee our Accounts fairly ſtated;
For C--ll ne'er fears the Addreſs of thoſe Peers,
Who the Nation of Millions have cheated.

The next Thing adviſeable is,
Since Schiſm ſo ſtrangely abounds,
To oppoſe ev'ry Man that's ſet up
By Diſſenters, in Corporate Towns:
For High-Church, and Low-Church, that brought us to
And Conſcience ſo bubbl'd the Nation; [No-Church,
For who is not ſtill for Conformity Bill,
Will be ſurely a R--gue on Occaſion.

SONG 65.

HERE's a Health to the King, and a laſting Peace;
May Faction be dumb, and Diſcord ceaſe:
Come, let us drink it while we've Breath,
For there's no drinking after Death;
And he that won't with this comply,
Down among the dead Men,
Down among the dead Men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead Men let him lie.

Now a Health to the Queen, and may ſhe long
B'our firſt fair Toaſt to grace our Song;
Off w'your Hats, w'your Knee on the Ground,
Take off your Bumpers all around;
And he that will not drink his dry,
Down among, &c.
Let charming Beauty's Health go round,
In whom celeſtial Joys are found;

And

And may Confuſion ſtill purſue
The ſenſeleſs Woman-hating Crew;
And he that will this Health deny,
Down among, &c.

Here's thriving to Trade, and the Common-weal,
And Patriots to their Country leil;
But who for Brides gives Satan his Soul,
May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing Bowl;
And all that with ſuch Rogues comply,
Down among, &c.

In ſmiling Bacchus' Joys I'll roll,
Deny no Pleaſure to my Soul;
Let Bacchus' Health round ſwiftly move,
For Bacchus is a Friend to Love;
And he that does this Health deny,
Down among, &c.

SONG 66.

HERE's a Health to thoſe Men
That go with us again
To chuſe Knights that can afford, Sir,
To ſerve without Penſion,
Or other Pretenſion,
But juſt and right is the Word, Sir.

As for thoſe that have Pay,
We have little to ſay;
Let the Soldier live by his Sword, Sir:
We're for them that are known
To have Lands of their own,
And juſt and right is the Word, Sir.

Should we chuſe the Court Tools,
They will call us all Fools,
Tho' a double Saint and a Lord, Sir;
We are ſure we can truſt
To the Right and the Juſt,
For juſt and right is the Word, Sir.

Then take off your Glaſs fair,
To do otherwiſe here
Is unjuſt, againſt Right, and abſurd, Sir;
He, that leaves but three Drops,
Shall have't thrown in's Chops,
For juſt and right is the Word, Sir.

SONG 67.

HERE's a Whim-wam new come over,
And who will prick at my Lottery-Book,
'Tis ſpick and ſpan new to Dover,
From France, where it lately took:
'Twill eaſe you of all your Troubles, ho!
By a chemical, new, chemerical Way;
But, firſt of all down with the Bubbles, ho!
For this is the faireſt Play.
Come Jenny, the Chambermaid, trudge it;
Come Tinker, and pawn thy Budget,
And Gillian no longer amble on Foot.
For Lords ſhall look like Aſſes;
For ſee ye how Stock advances up to't,
And Footmen ride in their Places;
Then, Chimney-ſweep, ſell thy Soot:
Jump off thy Board, bungling Botcher,
And leave the Plough, truſty Roger,
And Teague, with thy Grimace ſneaſh it away:
Trip, Cicely, trudge it with Mary,
And gued muckle Sawney Lad donna ſtay;
And Dorothy ſlight thy Dairy,
For we are as blith as May.
Come hither each pretty Fellow,
And Country 'Squire, thou Booby nob Head;
Here's Harlequin, Punchinello,
So nimbly, archly tread:
Here's Mynheer van Gundy Gutt Guzzle too,
To raiſe or fall as Knav'ries meet;
Meſs John, come help us to puzzle too;
And throw thy Cloak o'er the Cheat:
Thy Canting will ſafely fold us,
When Air is too hot to hold us.
Then prithee now Colly refuſe me no more,
Nor vamp up a queer Reviſal;
For Water, Sir, never will turn into Gold,
And a Fool ſhould have no Rival,
Till C---y's great Stock be ſold.
Let every Trick be a clean one,
Fat Sorrow is better than lean one:

Then

Then friſk it about, and jerk it away,
For here's no Sign of Sorrow;
Unleſs Mr. Knight ſhould darken the Day,
'Twill be at twelve hundred To-morrow,
And we underſtand the Lay.

SONG 68.

HERE's to thee, my Boy,
My Darling, my Joy,
For a Toper I love as my Life,
I love as my Life;
Who ne'er baulks his Glaſs,
Nor cries like an Aſs,
To go home to his Miſtreſs or Wife,
To go home to his Miſtreſs or Wife.

But heartily quaffs,
Sings Catches and laughs;
All the Night he looks jovial and gay,
Looks jovial and gay;
When Morning appears,
Then homeward he ſteers,
To ſnore out the reſt of the Day,
To ſnore out the reſt of the Day.

He feels not the Cares,
The Griefs, nor the Fears,
That the Sober too often attend,
Too often attend;
Nor knows he a Loſs,
Diſturbance, or Croſs,
Save the want of his Bottle and Friend,
Save the want of his Bottle and Friend.

SONG 69.

HERE's to thee, my Damon, let's drink and be merry,
And drown all our Cares in full Bumpers of Sherry;
Commit ev'ry Care to the Guardians above,
And we'll live like Immortals in Pleaſure and Love.

Here's Phillis's Health: Lo! the Liquor flows higher;
'Tis Phillis's Name that awakens that Fire;
Since the Liquor is clear, let our Eloquence ſhine,
And Fancy be briſk, as the ſparkling Wine.

Ye

Ye Nymphs, and ye Graces, ye Cupids, ye Swains,
Go pluck the ſweet Roſes, the Pride of the Plains;
Pluck only ſuch Roſes as worthy the Fair,
And weave her a Chaplet with diligent Care;
While to yon cool Poplar's kind Shade we retire,
To melt in Embraces, and mingle our Fire;
In languiſhing Bliſſes we'll live, and we'll die,
She'll melt in the Flames, that I catch at her Eye.

SONG 70.

HEY! my Kitten, a Kitten,
Hey! my Kitten, a Deary;
Such a ſweet Pett as this
Is neither far nor neary:
Here we go up, up, up;
Here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

Chicky, cockow, my lilly Cock;
See, ſee, ſic a downy;
Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
And hey for Dublin Towny.
This Pig went to the Market.
Squeek Mouſe, Mouſe, Mouſy;
Shoe, ſhoe, ſhoe the wild Colt,
And hear thy own dol douſy.

Where was a Jewel and Petty,
Where was a Sugar and Spicy;
Huſh a baba in a Cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricy.
Did-a Papa torment it?
Did-e vex his own Baby? did-e?
Huſh a baba in a boſie;
Take ous own ſucky: did-e?

Goodmorrow, a Pudding is broke;
Slavers a Thread o' cryſtal.
Now the Sweet Poſſet comes up;
Who ſaid my Child was piſs'd all?
Come water my Chickens, come clock.
Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you;
Come, gie me your Hand, and I'll beat him:
Wha was it vexed my Baby?

Where was a laugh and a craw?
Where was, was, was a gigling honey?
Goody, good Child ſhall be fed,
But naughty Child ſhall get nony.
Get ye gone Raw-head and Bloody-Bones,
Here is a Child that won't fear ye.
Come, piſſy, piſſy, my Jewel,
And ik, ik ay, my deary.

SONG 71.

HID from himſelf, now by the Dawn
He ſtarts as freſh as Roſes blawn,
And ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn
After his bleeting Flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants, and whiſtles out the Day;
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly Weathercocks.

Life happy, from Ambition free,
Envy and vile Hypocriſie,
Where Truth and Love with Joys agree,
Unſullied with a Crime;
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the Great,
In propping of their Pride and State,
He lives, and unafraid of Fate,
Contented ſpends his Time.

SONG 72.

HOLD, hold thy Noſe to the Pot, Tom, Tom,
And hold thy Noſe to the Pot, Tom, Tom,
'Tis thy Pot, and my Pot,
And my Pot, and thy Pot,
Sing hold thy Noſe to the Pot Tom, Tom.

'Tis Malt will cure the Maw, Tom,
And heal thy Diſtempers in Autumn,
Felix quem facient,
I prithee be patient,
Aliena pericula cautum.

Then hold thy Noſe to the Pot Tom, Tom,
Hold, hold thy Noſe to the Pot Tom, Tom;

There's no Parſon nor Vicar,
But will toſs off his Liquor,
Sing hold thy Noſe to the Pot Tom, Tom.

SONG 73.

She. HOLD, John, ere you leave me, i'troth I will know,
Whither ſo ſmugg'd up, thus early you go?
With clean Hands and Face,
Beſt Band with a Lace,
Your Sunday's Apparel, when you ſhould go plough,
So trim, none would think ye a married Man now.
But, John, ere you leave, &c.

He. Go, Joan, I won't tell you; to lead a ſweet Life.
I've learnt of my Betters, to ſteal from my Wife.
Mayhap with my Neighbour I'll duſt it away;
Mayhap play at Putt, or ſome other ſuch Play.

She. I gueſs at what Game you'd be playing to Day.

He. Don't plague me, the Devil's in Woman I think:
I tell thee, Joan, I'm going, I'm going to drink.
Come, prithee don't think that I've no more Grace;
Nay, go! or I'll hit thee a Dowce in the Face.

She. You! I'll find ſomebody then ſhall ſtrike in your Place.
Why ſhould you deny me, I never did you?
Becauſe I a'n't new, you won't give me my Due:
But troth if you won't another ſhall do.

He. If thus, if thus, if thus you e'er do,
Oh! how I'll belabour, oh! how I'll belabour your Booby and you.

She. Oh! how I'll belabour, oh! how I'll belabour your Trollop and you.

Both. If thus, if thus, &c.

She. Well, John, do not go,
And I won't do ſo;
Do not go, do not go, my Johnny,
My Dear, my Precious, my Honey,
Oh! pray do not go,
I won't, I won't do ſo.

He. Adſnigs! by that Buſs I'm inveigled to ſtay;
Come, Joan, come and ſpoil my Straying to Day.

She. Come, John, give's thy beſt Band,
And lend me thy Hand.

He.

He. Here, Joan take my beſt Band,
And give me thy Hand.
Thus 'tis with you Women.
She. 'Tis juſt ſo with you Men.
He. Whene'er you fall out.
She. Whene'er you fall out,
Both. It is to fall in again;
Whene'er we fall out,
Whene'er we fall out,
It is to fall in again.

SONG 74.

HOneſt Lover whoſoever,
If in all thy Love there ever
Was one wav'ring Thought; if thy Flame
Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.
If when ſhe appears i'th' Room,
Thou doſt not quake, and art ſtruck dumb;
And in ſtriving this to cover,
Doſt not ſpeak thy Words twice over:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.
If fondly thou doſt not miſtake,
And all Defects for Graces take;
Perſwad'ſt thyſelf that Jeſts are broken,
When ſhe hath little or nothing ſpoken:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.
If when thou appear'ſt to be within,
Thou lett'ſt not Men aſk and aſk again;
And when thou anſwer'ſt, if it be
To what was aſk'd thee properly:

Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.
If when thy Stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'ſt not Fingers 'ſtead of Meat,
And with much gazing on her Face
Didſt not riſe hungry from the Place:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.
If by this thou doſt diſcover
That thou art no perfect Lover,
And deſiring to love true,
Thou doſt begin to love anew:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

SONG 75.

HOneſt Man John Ochiltree;
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake! I wont to do!
Ohon, Ohon! I wont to do!
Now wont to do's away frae me,
Frae ſilly auld John Ochiltree.

Honeſt Man John Ochiltree,
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,
And do but what thou dow to do.
Alake, alake! I dow to do!
Walaways! I dow to do!
To whoſt and hirple o'er my Tree,
My bony Moor-powt is a' I may do.

Walaways John Ochiltree,
For mony a Time I tell'd to thee,
Thou rade ſae faſt by Sea and Land,
And wadna keep a Bridle-hand; Thou'd

Thou'd tine the Beaſt, thy ſell wad die,
My ſilly auld John Ochiltree.
Come to my Arms, my bony Thing,
And chear me up to hear thee ſing;
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For Thoughts maun now my Life ſuſtain.
Gae thy ways John Ochiltree:
Hae done! it has nae ſa'r wi' me.
I'll ſet the Beaſt in throw the Land,
She'll may be fa' in a better Hand.
Ev'n ſit thou there, and think thy ſill,
For I'll do as I wont to do ſtill.

SONG 76.

HOSIER! with indignant Sorrow,
I have heard thy mournful Tale;
And, if Heaven permit, To-morrow
Hence our warlike Fleet ſhall ſail,
O'er theſe hoſtile Waves wide roaming,
We will urge our bold Deſign,
With the Blood of Thouſands foaming,
For our Country's Wrongs and thine.

On that Day when each brave Fellow,
Who now triumphs here with me,
Storm'd and plunder'd Porto Bello,
All my Thoughts were full of thee.
Thy diſaſt'rous Fate alarm'd me;
Fierce thy Image glar'd on high,
And with gen'rous Ardour warm'd me.
To revenge thy Fall or die.

From their lofty Ships, deſcending,
Thro' the Flood, in firm Array;
To the deſtin'd City bending,
My lov'd Sailors work'd their Way.
Strait the Foe, with Horror trembling,
Quits in haſte his batter'd Walls;
And in Accents undiſſembling,
As he flies for Mercy calls.

Carthagena, tow'ring Wonder!
At the daring Deed diſmay'd,
Shall e'er long, by Britain's Thunder,
Smoaking in the Duſt be laid.

Thou, and theſe pale Spectres ſweeping
Reſtleſs o'er this wat'ry Round,
Whoſe wan Cheeks are ſtain'd with Weeping,
Pleas'd ſhall liſten to the Sound.

Still rememb'ring thy ſad Story,
To thy injur'd Ghoſt I ſwear,
By my Hopes of future Glory,
War ſhall be my conſtant Care:
And I ne'er will ceaſe purſuing
Spain's proud Sons from Sea to Sea,
With juſt Vengeance for thy Ruin,
And for England ſham'd in thee.

SONG 77.

HOW bleſt are Beggar Laſſes,
Who never toil for Treaſure?
We know no Care, but how to ſhare
Each Day ſucceſſive Pleaſure.
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars ſtill with Bliſs abound;
Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilſt the ſparkling Glaſs goes round.

A Fig for gaudy Faſhions,
No want of Clothes oppreſs us:
We live at Eaſe with Rags and Fleas;
We value not our Dreſſes.
Drink away, &c.

We ſcorn all Ladies Waſhes,
With which they ſpoil each Feature:
No Patch or Paint our Beauties taint;
We live in ſimple Nature.
Drink away, &c.

No Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours
At Morn or Ev'ning teaze us;
We drink not Tea, or Ratafie;
When ſick, a Dram can eaſe us.
Drink away, &c.

What Ladies act in private,
By Nature's ſoft Complaiſance,
We think no Crime, when in our Prime,
To kiſs without a Licence.
Drink away, &c.

We

We know no Shame or Scandal,
The Beggars Law befriend us:
We all agree in Liberty,
And Poverty defend us.
Drink away, &c.

Like jolly Beggar-Wenches
Thus, thus, we drown all Sorrow;
We live to-day, and ne'er delay
Our Pleaſure till to-morrow.
Drink away, &c.

SONG 78.

HOW bleſt are Lovers in diſguiſe!
Like Gods they ſee,
As I do thee,
Unſeen by human Eyes:
Expos'd to View,
I'm hid from you;
I'm alter'd, yet the ſame;
The Dark conceals me,
Love reveals me,
Love, which lights me by its Flame.

Were you not falſe, you me wou'd know;
For tho' your Eyes
Cou'd not deviſe,
Your Heart had told you ſo:
Your Heart wou'd beat
With eager Heat,
And me by Sympathy wou'd find:
True Love might ſee
One chang'd like me;
Falſe Love is only blind.

SONG 79.

HOW bleſt are Shepherds, how happy their Laſſes,
While Drums and Trumpets are ſounding Alarms:
Over our lowly Sheds all the Storm paſſes,
And when we die, 'tis in each other's Arms:
All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing,
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying,
All the Day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of Britain, with Graces attended,
Let not your Days without Pleaſure expire;
Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
All Men will praiſe you, but none will deſire:
Let not Youth fly away without contenting,
Age will come time enough for your repenting.
Let not Youth, &c.

SONG 80.

HOW bleſt has my Time been, what Days have I known,
Since Wedlock's ſoft Bondage made Jeſſy my own,
So joyful my Heart is, ſo eaſy my Chain,
That Freedom is taſtleſs, and roving a Pain.

Thro' Walks grown with Woodbines as often we ſtray,
Around us our Boys and Girls frolick and gay;
How pleaſing their Sport is, the wanton Ones ſee,
And borrow their Looks from my Jeſſy and me.

I try her ſweet Temper, oft Times am I ſeen,
In Revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green;
Tho' painful my Abſence, my Doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at Night with Compliance and Smiles.

What tho' on her Cheeks the Roſe loſes its Hue,
Her Eaſe and good Humour bloom all the Year thro':
Time ſtill as he flies, brings Increaſe to her Truth,
And gives to her Mind what he ſteals from her Youth.

Ye Shepherds ſo gay, who make Love to enſnare,
And cheat with falſe Vows the too credulous Fair:
In ſearch of true Pleaſure how vainly you roam,
To hold it for Life, you muſt find it at home.

SONG 81.

HOW bleſs'd he appears
That revels and loves out his happy Years,
That fiercely ſpurs on till he finiſh his Race,
And, knowing Life's ſhort, chuſes living apace!
To Cares we were born, 'twere a Folly to doubt it;
Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.

Each Day we grow older,
But as Fate approaches, the Brave ſtill are bolder;
The Joys of Love with our Youth ſlide away,
But yet there are Pleaſures that never decay:

When

When Beauty grows dull, and our Paſſions grow cold,
Wine ſtill keeps it Charms, and we drink when we're old.

SONG 82.

HOW bleſt is a Soldier when liſted to rove
From Beauty to War, and from Glory to Love,
From Beauty to Glory, from Glory to Love,
From Glory, from Glory to Love.

How bleſt is a Soldier when liſted to rove,
From Beauty to War, and from Glory to Love,
From Beauty to Glory, from Glory to Love,
From Glory, from Glory to Love.

In Fields, and in Quarters, inſpir'd by their Charms,
He lives, and he conquers, or dies in their Arms.
He Conquers, or dies in their Arms,
He Conquers, or dies in their Arms.

SONG 83.

HOW brimful of Nothing's the Life of a Beau:
They've Nothing to think of, they've Nothing to do;
Nor Nothing to talk of, for Nothing they know.
Such, ſuch is the Life of a Beau, &c.

For Nothing they riſe, but to draw the freſh Air;
Spend the Morning in Nothing, but Curling their Hair,
And do Nothing all Day, but ſing, ſaunter, and ſtare:
Such, ſuch is, &c.

For Nothing, at Night, at the Play-houſe they crowd,
To mind Nothing done there, they always are proud:
But to bow, and to grin, and talk Nothing aloud:
Such, ſuch is, &c.

For Nothing they run to th' Aſſembly and Ball,
And for Nothing, at Cards, a fair Partner they call:
For they ſtill muſt be beaſted, who've Nothing at all:
Such, ſuch is, &c.

For Nothing, on Sundays, at Church they appear;
For they've Nothing to hope, nor they've Nothing to fear:
They can be Nothing now here, who Nothing are here;
Such, ſuch is, &c.

SONG 84.

HOW blythe was I each Morn to ſee
My Swain come o'er the Hill;
He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me:
I'ſe met him with Good-will.

I neither wanted Yew nor Lamb,
When his Flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
And chear'd me all the Day.

He tun'd his Pipe, and play'd ſo ſweet,
The Birds ſat liſt'ning by;
And the dull Cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but grateful be?
He won my Heart, cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?
Hard Fate! that I muſt baniſh'd be,
Go heavily and mourn,
'Cauſe I oblig'd the kindeſt Swain
That ever yet was born.

SONG 85.

HOW calm, Eliza, are theſe Groves,
How ſweet to entertain our Loves?
Free from Sorrow, free from Care,
Jealouſy and black Deſpair.
In theſe ſweet Elyſian Groves
Calmly we enjoy our Loves.

SONG 86.

HOW can I well deſcribe the Joy,
When firſt I ſet my Eyes
On her who only could employ
My Thought in great Surprize!
Charming Face,
Love exciting;
Comely Grace,
All delighting;
Who can look on one ſo fair,
And not the Force of Love declare!

But when I labour'd to addreſs
The Tenour of my Suit,
Fear did my fault'ring Speech oppreſs,
And I continu'd mute:

But my Smart more abounded;
Cupid's Dart has me wounded,
And I longer can't conceal
The Anguiſh for your Sake I feel.

Yet, if you diſregard my Pain,
I bid this World adieu:
For all my Hopes of Life are vain,
If not ſuſtain'd by you.
With Diſdain do not grieve me,
See my Pain, and relieve me;
Sure you can't ſeverely treat
A Lover dying at your Feet.

Pity and Love ſhould, in the Fair,
Inſeparably join,
To extricate from Deſpair
Such am'rous Hearts as mine.
Sweet Replies,
Kind Behaviour,
Pleaſing Eyes,
Gentle Favour,
Are what Lovers muſt implore,
Or elſe they can exiſt no more.

SONG 87.

HOW can you be
So falſe to me,
O cruel and deluding Swain?
How oft have you
Sworn to be true?
And now turn Reprobate again!

When in the Wood
You mournful ſtood,
Complaining of my fatal Charms,
I had too ſoon
Compaſſion on
Your Woes, and took you to my Arms.

But now you range,
And quickly change,
To the firſt Shepherdeſs you ſee;
Unconſtant Man,
Thus to trapan
A Maid who loved none but thee.

SONG 88.

HOW can you, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly ſlight
A Swain who is wretched, when baniſh'd your Sight;
Who for your Sake alone thinks Life worth his Care,
But which ſoon, if you frown on, muſt end in Deſpair.

If you meant thus to torture, O why did your Eyes
Once expreſs ſo much Softneſs, and ſweetly ſurprize;
By their Luſtre inflam'd, I cou'd not believe,
As they had ſuch mild Influence, they e'er wou'd deceive.

But alas! like the Pilgrim bewilder'd in Night,
Who perceives a falſe Splendor at Diſtance invite:
Overjoy'd he haſtes on, purſues it, and dies;
A like Ruin attends me, if away Nancy flies.

O forget not the Raptures you felt in my Arms,
When you call'd me dear Angel, and unveil'd all your Charms:
When you vow'd laſting Love, and ſwore with a Kiſs,
That in my fond Embraces was center'd all Bliſs.

Faireſt, but moſt obdurate, conſider that Woe
Will, like Sickneſs neglected, more deſperate grow:
That your Heart may relent, I implore the kind Pow'rs,
Since I'm conſtant as your Sex, be not fickle as ours.

SONG 89.

She. HOW can you be ſo teazing?
He. Love will excuſe my Fault.
How can you be ſo pleaſing?
She. I vow I'll not be naught.
He. All Maids I know at firſt reſiſt;
A Maſter may command.
She. You're monſtrous rude; I'll not be kiſs'd:
Nay, fye, let go my Hand.
He. 'Tis fooliſh Pride—
She. 'Tis vile, 'tis baſe
Poor Innocence to wrong.
He. I'll force you ———
She. Guard me from Diſgrace!
You find that Virtue's ſtrong.

SONG

SONG 90.

HOW, court Dorinda! who the Devil
Wou'd ever prove ſo tame a Sot?
If you're kind, then ſhe's uncivil;
When you would love, then ſhe will not.

To contradict is all her Pleaſure,
Her utmoſt Virtue to deny;
Her Modeſty, that boaſted Treaſure,
Is to give herſelf the Lie.

Then ne'er, miſtaken Youth, ſtand doating
On Woman for her Beauty's Sake;
Nor for a ſilly Prize lie plotting,
Which ſhe'll not give, but you muſt take.

Summon out all the Pow'rs within her,
Then boldly puſh, ſhe can't withſtand;
You'll find the ſureſt Way to win her,
Is to engage with Sword in Hand.

SONG 91.

HOW cruel are the Traitors,
Who lie and ſwear in Jeſt,
To cheat unguarded Creatures
Of Virtue, Fame, and Reſt!
Whoever ſteals a Shilling,
Through Shame the Guilt conceals,
In Love the perjur'd Villain
With Boaſts the Theft reveals.

SONG 92.

HOW cruel is a Parent's Care,
Who Riches only prizes?
When finding out ſome Booby Heir,
He thinks he wond'rous wiſe is?
While the poor Maid to ſhun her Fate,
And not to prove a Wretch in State,
To 'ſcape the Blockhead ſhe muſt hate,
She weds where ſhe deſpiſes.

The harmleſs Dove thus trembling flies,
The rav'nous Hawk purſuing,
A while her tender Pinions tries,
'Till doom'd to certain Ruin:

Afraid her worſt of Foes to meet,
No Shelter near, no kind Retreat,
She drops beneath the Faulk'ner's Feet,
For gentler Uſage ſuing.

SONG 93.

HOW diſmal is Cyderia's Cell!
What Damps bedew the Place!
No Tap'ſtry here the ragged Walls,
But pendent Cobwebs grace.

Inſtead of Sconce, and glaſſy Show,
And Indian motly Forms,
We view th' Embroidery of Snails,
And Tracks of ſlimy Worms.

Cold Sweats hang on the moiſten'd Stones,
Droppings the Timber waſte;
Thro' unglaz'd Voids the buſy Wind
Puffs in the chilling Blaſt.

Poets (and only they) can tell
How Goddeſſes appear;
For vulgar Souls would ne'er expect
To find a Goddeſs here.

But Poets know, that furniſh'd Rooms
Are for the mortal Fair;
None ever ſaw a heav'nly Nymph
At Toilet, or in Chair.

But hollow Caves, hung round with Moſs,
That ſigh with ev'ry Breeze,
And cool Retreats, by Nature form'd,
The lovely Naiad pleaſe.

Cyderia is of Race divine,
Or ſhould at leaſt be thought,
With Nymphs the gawdy Roof ſhe ſhuns,
And wantons in a Grott.

SONG 94.

HOW diſmal's the Lover's Condition,
When Cruelty governs the Fair;
When the proper, the only Phyſician,
Inſults o'er her Servant's Deſpair.

His Suff'rings afford her a Pleaſure,
Increaſing the more he complains;
The more that he doats on his Treaſure,
The faſter ſhe binds him in Chains.
The faſter, &c.

Reſiſtleſs, all-conquering Creature,
Diſdain not to cure what you cauſe:
O prove not a Rebel to Nature;
Nor laugh at Love's ſovereign Laws.
Againſt your own ſelf it is Treaſon,
To torture a Heart that is thine:
My Heart is your own; and what Reaſon
The Pain ſhould longer be mine?
The Pain, &c.

Yet deep, tho' the Darts of your Beauty
Have wounded the Heart of your Swain,
I think it both Pleaſure and Duty,
To court and to ſuffer the Pain.
Delightful's the true Lover's Anguiſh;
In craving, it ever contents,
'Tis Torture to pine and to languiſh,
But pleaſes the while it contents.
But pleaſes, &c.

SONG 95.

HOW do they err who throw their Love
On Fate or Fortune wholly,
Whom only Rants and Flights can move,
And Rapture join'd with Folly?
For how can Pleaſure ſolid be,
Where Thought is out of Seaſon?
Do I love you, or you love me,
My dear, without a Reaſon?

Our Senſe then rightly we'll employ,
No Paradiſe expecting;
Yet envying none the trifling Joy
That will not bear reflecting:
For Wiſdom's Power, ſince after all,
E'en Life is paſt the curing,
Softens the worſt that can befal,
And makes the beſt enduring.

His

SONG 96.

HOW happy a State does the Miller poſſeſs,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs.
On his Mill and himſelf he depends for Support,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at Court.

What tho' he all duſty, and whiten'd does go,
The more he is powder'd, the more like a Beau;
A Clown in this Dreſs may be honeſter far
Than a Courtier who ſtruts in a Garter and Star.

Tho' his Hands are ſo daub'd they're not fit to be ſeen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean;
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling will ſtick to the Fingers like Meal.

What if then a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs without Scruple from other Men's Sacks;
In this of right noble Example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.

Or ſhou'd he endeavour to heap an Eſtate,
In this too he mimicks the Tools of the State;
Whoſe Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill,
As all his Concern's to bring Grift to his Mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lye;
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

SONG 97.

HOW happy am I,
The fair Sex can defy,
And can ev'ry Day ſay my Heart is my own;
For I never ſaw yet
That Beauty or Wit,
But I lov'd, if I pleas'd, or could let it alone.

I thought that my Flame
Would ſtill prove the ſame,
For beautiful Cælia, while Cælia was true;
But Love was ſo blind,
When Cælia was kind,
I chang'd her for Mopſa, for Mopſa was new.

SONG

SONG 98.

HOW happy are we, when the Wind is abaft,
And the Boatſwain he pipes, Haul both our Sheets aft.
Steady, ſteady, ſays the Maſter, it blows a freſh Gale,
We'll ſoon reach our Port, Boys, if the Wind doth not fail.
Then drink about, Tom, altho' the Ship roll,
We'll ſave our rich Liquor, by ſlinging our Bowl.

SONG 99.

HOW happy are we,
Who from Thinking are free,
That curbing Diſeaſe of the Mind?
Can indulge ev'ry Taſte,
Love where we like beſt,
Not by dull Reputation confin'd.
When we're young, fit to toy,
Gay Delights we enjoy,
And have Crowds of new Lovers ſtill wooing;
When we're old and decay'd,
We procure for the Trade,
Still in every Age we are doing.
If a Cully we meet,
We ſpend what we get,
Ev'ry Day, for the next never think;
When we die, where we go,
We have no Senſe to know,
For a Bawd always dies in her Drink.

SONG 100.

HOW happy is the rural Clown,
Who far remov'd from Noiſe of Town,
Contemns the Glory of a Crown,
And in his ſafe Retreat,
Is pleaſed with his low Degree,
Is rich in decent Poverty,
From Strife, from Care, from Buſ'neſs free,
At once both good and great?
No Drums diſturb his Morning Sleep,
He fears no Danger of the Deep,
Nor noiſy Law, nor Courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his Mind:

No Trumpets rouze him to the War,
No Hopes can bribe, no Threats can dare;
From State Intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like thoſe in golden Ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His ſmall paternal Fields of Corn,
And on their Product feeds:
Each Seaſon of the wheeling Year,
Induſtrious he improves with Care:
And ſtill ſome ripen'd Fruits appear:
So well his Toil ſucceeds.

Now by a ſilver Stream he lyes,
And angles with his Baits and Flies,
And next the Sylvan Scene he tries,
His Spirits to regale:
Now from the Rock or Height he views
His fleecy Flock, or teeming Cows,
Then tunes his Reed, or tries his Muſe,
Then waits his honeſt Call.

Amidſt his harmleſs, eaſy Joys,
No Care his Peace of Mind deſtroys,
Nor does he paſs his Time in Toys
Beneath his juſt Regard:
He's fond to feel the Zephyr's Breeze,
To plant and cut his tender Trees:
And for attending well his Bees,
Enjoys the ſweet Reward.

The flow'ry Meads, and ſilent Coves,
The Scenes of faithful, rural Loves,
And warbling Birds on blooming Groves,
Afford a wiſh'd Delight:
But oh! how pleaſant is this Life?
Bleſt with a chaſte and virtuous Wife,
And Children prattling, void of Strife,
Around his Fire at Night?

SONG

SONG 101.

HOW happy's that Huſband who after few Years,
Of Railing and Brawling, Confuſion and Folly,
Shall ſee his Xantippe drown'd in her Tears,
Then prithee, Alexis, be jolly, be jolly,
Then prithee, Alexis, be jolly.

SONG 102.

HOW happy's the Man, that like you, Sir,
His pretty dear Perſon admires!
Who, when with the Fair it won't do, Sir,
Content to his Idol retires.
He turns to his Glaſs,
Where, in his ſweet Face
Such raviſhing Beauties diſcloſe;
His Heart on fire,
Is ſure his Deſire
No Rival will ever oppoſe.

But when to a Nymph a Pretender,
Poor Mortal, he ſplits on a Shelf!
How little a Thing will defend her,
From one that makes Love to himſelf?
While nice in Dreſs,
And ſure of Succeſs,
He thinks ſhe can never get free:
With ſmiling Eyes,
She rallies, and flies,
And laughs at his Merit, like me.

SONG 103.

HOW hard is the Fate of all Womankind,
For ever ſubjected, for ever confin'd;
Our Parents controul us, until we are Wives;
Our Huſbands enſlave us, the reſt of our Lives.
If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But ſecretly languiſh, compell'd to conceal;
Deny'd e'ery Freedom of Life to enjoy,
We're blam'd if we're kind, and condemn'd if we're coy.

SONG 104.

HOW hardly I conceal my Tears!
How oft did I complain?
When many tedious Days my Fears
Told me, I lov'd in vain.

But

But now my Joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd;
Sorrow may make a ſilent Moan,
But Joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating Flocks,
To ev'ry Stream and Tree,
And bleſs the hollow murm'ring Rocks,
For echoing back to me.

Thus you may ſee, with how much Joy
We want, we wiſh, believe;
'Tis hard ſuch Paſſion to deſtroy,
But eaſy to deceive.

S O N G 105.

HOW inſipid were Life without thoſe Delights
In which jolly briſk Youths ſpend their Days and their Nights?
Unhappy grave Wretches, who live by falſe Meaſure,
And for empty vain Shadows refuſe real Pleaſure:
To ſuch Fools, while vaſt Joys on the Witty are waiting,
Life's a tedious long Journey, without ever baiting.

S O N G 106.

HOW long will Cynthia own no Flame,
And my warm Suit diſprove?
Our Ages mutually proclaim,
'Tis now the Time to love.

Ah! think, how ſwift each Minute flies;
How Years will Form conſume:
No Lover, when you wither, dies;
We ſicken, when you bloom.

Minerva, rough, and bred in War,
The Nuptial Joys declin'd:
But had ſhe been, like Venus, fair,
She'd been, like Venus, kind.

In vain you force ſevere Replies,
And willing Nature wrong;
While Cupids languiſh in your Eyes,
Who can believe your Tongue?

Half to forbid, and half comply,
Nor damps, nor blows Deſire;
In Looks, as well as Words, deny,
Or put out Fire with Fire.

SONG

SONG 107.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms?
Whate'er we think, what'er we ſee,
All human Kind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Vile Reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the Earth,
Then ſhrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er ſince our Grandame's Evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themſelves, we Book-worms name;
The Blockhead is a Slow-Worm;
The Nymph whoſe Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.

The Fops are painted Butter-flies,
That flutter for a Day;
Firſt from a Worm they take their Riſe,
Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows;
Some Worms ſuit all Condition;
Miſers are Muck-Worms; Silk-Worms Beaus,
And Death-Watches, Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have the Worm, is ſeen,
By all their winding Play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah! Moore, thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain would riſe,
If thou couldſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies.

Oh learned Friend of Abchurch Lane,
Who ſet'ſt our Entrails free;
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our

Our Fate thou only can'ſt adjourn
Some few ſhort Years, no more,
Ev'n Button's Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG 108.

HOW pleaſant a Sailor's Life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the wat'ry Main,
No Treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But chearfully ſpends all his Gain.
We're Strangers to Party and Faction,
To Honour and Honeſty true,
And wou'd not commit a baſe Action,
For Power or Profit in view.
Chor. Then why ſhould we quarrel for Riches,
Or any ſuch glittering Toys?
A light Heart and a thin Pair of Breeches
Goes thorough the World, brave Boys.

The World is a beautiful Garden,
Enrich'd with the Bleſſings of Life,
The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
Which Plenty too often breeds Strife.
When terrible Tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous Billows affright,
No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,
But ſkilful Induſtry ſteers right.
Chor. Then why ſhould, &c.

The Courtier's more ſubject to Dangers,
Who rules at the Helm of the State,
Than we, who to Politicks Strangers,
Eſcape the Snares laid for the Great.
The various Bleſſings of Nature,
In various Nations we try;
No Mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Chor. Then why ſhould, &c.

SONG 109.

HOW ſervile is the State of Man?
How reſtleſs, and unfix'd?
E'en Days, which Revelling began,
With Grief are intermix'd.

Love's

Love's fatal Dart attacks the Breaſt,
When quiet and ſerene:
And when harſh Care has diſpoſſeſs'd
The delighting Monarch's Reſt,
'Tis Anarchy within.

Unhurt by Fear,
The airy warbling Choir,
Taſte of Love;
No Thought of Care
Annoys the Brute's Deſire,
In the Grove:
'Tis only Man's unhappy State,
Theſe Miſeries to bear;
Conſpir'd with ſome Rival's Hate,
Thouſand preſſing Evils wait,
All wait,
In dreadful Phantoms near.

SONG 110.

HOW ſhall I be ſad when a Huſband I hae,
That has better Senſe than any of thae
Sour weak ſilly Fellows, that ſtudy like Fools
To ſink their ain Joy, and make their Wives Snools.
The Man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his Wife,
Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife;
He praiſes her Virtues, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall Failing, but find an Excuſe.

SONG 111.

HOW ſilly's the Heart of a Woman,
When courted by many, to fly;
But when ſhe is follow'd by no Man,
For one ſhe will languiſh and die;
Beguiling,
And ſmiling;
Now coying,
Then toying,
She'll her Fancy purſue;
Deſigning,
Or whining,
She'll vex ye,
Perplex ye,
And all that purſue her undo.

SONG

SONG 112.

HOW ſmoothly the Minutes, dear Celadon, flow,
When calm and ſerene no Paſſion we know?
The Morning, the Ev'ning its Pleaſure does bring,
If we read, or we talk, if we pipe, or we ſing:
But when the Boy Cupid once twangeth his Bow,
And pierceth our Hearts with his Arrow of Woe;
We loſe all Delight, and we forfeit all Eaſe,
Nor Reading, nor Talking, nor Muſick can pleaſe.

My Leiſure in fanciful Muſings I ſpent,
And look'd without Pain on the Laſſes of Kent:
No Virgin, with Feature, with Voice, or with Air,
No Virgin was able my Heart to enſnare.
Ah! why did I, fooliſh, abandon thoſe Plains,
To join in the Revels of Lemington Swains!
Where heedleſs young Chloe, unpractis'd in Arts,
Entices to Love the moſt indolent Hearts.

My Books were my Charmers, my Thoughts my Delight,
In the Cool of the Morn, in the Stillneſs of Night:
My Books and my Thoughts each other reliev'd,
And the Minutes, ſoft gliding, were ſweetly deceiv'd.
No Paſſion diſturb'd me, my Joys were my own:
But now I'm ſo alter'd as never was known!
My Heart, from its Owner, is quite gone aſtray,
And Chloe torments it by Night and by Day.

My Friend ſtill was welcome whenever he came,
My Friend ſaw my Countenance always the ſame.
O'er a Pot of Bohea we grew merry and wiſe,
And laugh'd at the Torments fond Lovers deviſe:
But wounded by Chloe, I live in the Spleen,
My Friend, with Surprize, ſees a Change in my Mien;
I bid him be gone, for his Wit, and his Jeſt,
But make him the more inſupportable Gueſt.

How once ev'ry Object a Pleaſure did yield!
If I walk'd in the Garden, or travers'd the Field,
On beautiful Landſkips I feaſted my Sight;
When the Nightingale ſung, I could liſten all Night.
But now, as I rove thro' the Valley or Glade,
The beautiful Landſkips before my Eye fade:
In the Nightingale's Note no Muſick I find,
For nothing but Chloe ſtill runs in my Mind.

If

If my Spirits, in Solitude, wanted Relief,
With my Flute by a Brook, I could ſolace my Grief,
Or ſleep to the lullaby Noiſe of the Stream,
And awake to new Life from a rapturous Dream.

But now all Endeavours in vain I apply,
Since for Chloe I languiſh, for Chloe I die;
To no Purpoſe I try on my Flute ev'ry Strain,
And the Brook, o'er the Pebbles, now murmurs in vain.

Beware, ſilly Shepherds, how Love you defie,
Beware of the deſp'rate Glance of her Eye;
In Freedom I triumph'd, and flouted the Swains,
Who ſold themſelves captive, and forg'd their own Chains:

But ſince I beheld her, alas! I'm undone:
Since firſt I ſaw Chloe, my Freedom is gone.
I have forg'd my own Chains, and I conſtantly cry,
Was ever poor Shepherd ſo wretched as I?

How, Celadon, ſhall I my Paſſion reveal?
Or muſt I for ever my Torment conceal?
The Woe ſhe creates, has ſhe Pity to hear?
Ah! no, ſhe is cruel as charming, I fear.

Aſſiſt me, by Reaſon, to ranſom my Heart,
Or teach me to gain her; oh! teach me the Art.
Ye merciful Pow'rs, to you I complain,
Give Love to the Nymph, or give Eaſe to the Swain.

SONG 113.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the Simmer green!
Sweet taſte the Peach and Cherry,
Painting and Order pleaſe our Een,
And Claret make us merry:
But fineſt Colours, Fruits and Flowers,
And Wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſe a' their Charms and weaker Pow'rs,
Compar'd with thoſe of Chriſty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park,
No nat'ral Beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the Lark,
And Birds in Conſort chanting?
But if my Chriſty tunes her Voice,
I'm rapt in Admiration;
My Thoughts with Extaſies rejoice,
And drap the hale Creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly Glance,
I take the happy Omen,
And after mint to make Advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a Woman:
But, dubious of my ain Deſert,
My Sentiments I ſmother;
With ſecret Sighs I vex my Heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate Edie by a Burn,
His Chriſty did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her Lover mourn,
But ere he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her Favour with a Look,
Which left na room to doubt her.
He wiſely this white Minute took,
And flang his Arms about her.

My Chriſty! --- witneſs, bonny Stream,
Sic Joys frae Tears ariſing,
I wiſh this may na be a Dream;
O Love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for Tauk;
This Point of a' his Wiſhes
He wadna with ſet Speeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on Kiſſes.

SONG 114.

HOW tormenting's the Anguiſh,
When the Fair pine and languiſh,
And too ſoon their Indulgence diſcover:
If the Nymph is complying,
The Swain ceaſes dying,
And the Warmth of his Paſſion is over.

The beſt way to charm him,
Is with Fears to alarm him,
To keep him in awe, and at Diſtance;
By making him jealous,
She makes him more zealous,
And ſecures him her Slave by Reſiſtance.

SONG

SONG 115.

HOW vain the Power of Muſick's Charms,
While ſavage Senſe with rude Alarms
Confounds the Peace of tender Airs,
So in the Woods th' attracted Brute,
While he ſeems melted by the Lute,
His ſweet Muſician tears.

SONG 116.

HOW wav'ring is the State of Love!
How ſharp his ſofteſt Dart,
When ev'n our Joys our Pains improve,
And rack the tender Heart.
Fix'd in thy Love, all Storms I dread
That threaten thy Repoſe;
Thus from th' Extream of Love is bred
The ſad Extream of Woes.

SONG 117.

HOW well may Life be term'd a Play.
The World be call'd a Stage,
On which all, having eaſt their Parts,
Turn Players of the Age?
And a ſtroling they will go, &c.

In th' World, as on the Theatre,
'Tis hard for to excel,
Where there are Twenty that act ill,
There's ſcarce One can act well.
Tho' a ſtroling, &c.

Few their own Characters expoſe,
But follow common Rule:
Dull formal Blockheads great Men play,
And great Men play the Fool.
Thus a ſtroling, &c.

Like Heroes, Politicians
In Pomp their Part rehearſe:
But ſhould you look behind the Scenes,
'Tis all but humble Farce.
Tho' a ſtroling, &c.

Since then that we are Actors all,
On us your Cenſure ſpare,
And, in Indulgence to the Stage,
Support a Brother Play'r.
Or a ſtroling, &c.

Hold, hold, the Audience I'll harangue,
Ere that the Curtain fall:
This rhyming Sing-ſong Poet here,
Perhaps, has damn'd us all.
And a ſtroling, &c.

Unleſs this ſmall Attempt to pleaſe,
You with your Favour crown,
No feigned Play-houſe we ſhall lett,
But e'en muſt let our own.
And a ſtroling, &c.

SONG 118.

HOW wretched is a Maiden's Fate,
When Love invades her Heart;
In ſecret ſhe deplores her State,
Nor dares reveal the Smart.
If Love a Shepherd's Breaſt engage,
No nicer Forms reſtrain:
He wooes, he ſighs, and Sighs aſſuage
The agonizing Pain.

We born to love, and be belov'd,
A Fate like Echo's try:
Ah! worſe; for when we're ſtrongeſt mov'd,
We heſitate and die.
Then point out, Love, the happy Way
To make our Wiſhes known;
Our Hearts uncenſur'd to diſplay,
And all thy Rigour own.

SONG 119.

HOW wretched is a Woman's Fate!
No happy Change her Fortune knows;
Subject to Man in ev'ry State,
How can ſhe then be free from Woes?

In Youth a Father's ſtern Commands,
And jealous Eyes controul her Will;
A lordly Brother watchful ſtands,
To keep her cloſer Captive ſtill.

The

The Tyrant Huſband next appears,
With awful and contracted Brow;
No more a Lover's Form he wears,
Her Slave's become her Sov'reign now.
If from this fatal Bondage free,
And not by Marriage Chains confin'd;
She, bleſt with ſingle Life, can ſee
A Parent fond, a Brother kind;
Yet Love uſurps her tender Breaſt,
And paints a Phœnix to her Eyes;
Some darling Youth diſturbs her Reſt,
And painful Sighs in ſecret riſe.
Oh, cruel Pow'rs, ſince you've deſign'd,
That Man, vain Man, ſhould bear the Sway;
To a Slave's Fetters add a ſlaviſh Mind,
That I may chearfully your Will obey.

SONG 120.

HOW wretched is the Slave to Love,
Who can no real Pleaſures prove,
For ſtill they're mix'd with Pain:
When not obtain'd, reſtleſs is the Deſire;
Enjoyment puts out all the Fire,
And ſhews the Love was vain.
It wanders to another ſoon,
Wanes and increaſes, like the Moon,
And, like her, never reſts;
Brings Tides of Pleaſure now, and then of Tears,
Makes Ebbs and Floods of Joys and Cares,
In Lovers wav'ring Breaſts.
But, ſpite of Love, I will be free,
And triumph in the Liberty
I without him enjoy:
I'th'worſt of Priſons I'll my Body bind,
Rather than change my Free-born Mind
For ſuch a fooliſh Toy.

SONG 121.

CHLORIS.

HYlas, oh Hylas! why ſit we mute,
Now that each Bird ſaluteth the Spring!
Wind up the ſlacken'd Strings of thy Lute,
Never canſt thou want Matter to ſing:

For Love thy Breaſt does fill with ſuch a Fire,
That whatſoe'er is fair moves thy Deſire.

HYLAS.

Sweeteſt! you know, the ſweeteſt of Things
Of various Flow'rs the Bees do compoſe;
Yet no particular Taſte it brings
Of Violet, Wood-bine, Pink, or Roſe:
So Love the Reſult is of all the Graces,
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral Faces.

CHLORIS.

Hylas! the Birds which chant in this Grove,
Could we but know the Language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in Love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe:
For Love their Breaſt does fill with ſuch a Fire,
That what they once do chuſe bounds their Deſire.

HYLAS.

Chloris! this Change the Birds do approve,
Which the warm Seaſon hither does bring;
Time from yourſelf does further remove
You, than the Winter from the gay Spring:
She that like Lightning ſhin'd while her Face laſted,
The Oak now reſembles which Lightning hath blaſted.

SONG 122.

I Am a jolly Bowler,
Of the Free-thinking Club;
And all my Notes are, Fly, fly, fly,
Rub, rub a thouſand, rub.
And a Bowling we will go, &c.

There's ne'er a Set of Bowlers
So far and near renown'd:
We twiſt and ſkrew, and with Grimace
We coax the Bowl around.
And a Bowling, &c.

We have the fineſt Bowling-Green,
There's none with us can vie;
Tho' void of Mugs, and Pots and Jugs,
To drink when we're a-dry.
And a Bowling, &c.

The

The Rudiments and Sciences
In Bowling may be found;
For 'tis in vain to think to Bowl,
'Till you firſt know the Ground,
And a Bowling, &c.

From Bowling we may learn too
The Patience of a JOB;
For as in Bowling, ſo in Life,
We bear with many a Rub.
And a Bowling, &c.

What Trifles Men contend for,
In Bowling's underſtood;
Where Mortals ſweat, and fret, and vex
About a Piece of Wood.
And a Bowling, &c.

The Fickleneſs of Fortune
In Emblem here is ſeen;
For often thoſe that touch the Block
Are thrown out of the Green.
And a Bowling, &c.

Of Courtiers and of Bowlers
The Fortune is the ſame;
Each joſtles t'other out of Place,
And plays a ſep'rate Game.
And a Bowling, &c.

In Bowling, as in Battle,
The Leader's apt to claim
The Glory to himſelf alone,
Tho' the Followers get the Game.
And a Bowling, &c.

A Challenge from the beſt
We value not a Straw,
But firſt and ſecond too muſt yield,
If we do once but Draw.
And a Bowling, &c.

The Jack is like a young Coquet;
Each Bowl reſembles Man;
They follow whereſoe'er ſhe leads,
As cloſe as e'er they can.
And a Bowling, &c.

What tho' they fetch a Compaſs round,
The Byaſs draws them in;
And he that lies the cloſeſt to't,
Cock-ſure he is to win.
And a Bowling, &c.

Alas! here's one that knocks it off,
And touches to a Hair!
Hold, hold an Inch---your Tongue, you Dog---
A Pox! I can't forbear.
And a Bowling, &c.

Here, quickly bring a Reed, Boy,
And meaſure't out of hand;
The Caſe is clear, 'tis loſt, 'tis loſt,
You cannot make it ſtand.
And a Bowling, &c.

For tho' in other Gaming
A Block-head be in Jeſt,
Yet he that's neareſt Block-head,
In Bowling is the beſt.
And a Bowling, &c.

Then to the Roſe!----of Bowling
Now we have had our Fill:
Let's lay aſide our Jack, Boys,
And each Man take his GILL.
And a Bowling, &c.

SONG 123.

I Am a jolly Huntſman,
My Voice is ſhrill and clear,
Well known to drive the Stag,
And the drooping Dogs to chear.
And a hunting we will go, will go, will go,
And a hunting we will go.

I leave my Bed betimes,
Before the Morning grey,
Let looſe my Dogs, and mount a Horſe,
And halloo, Come away.
And a hunting, &c.

The

The Game's no ſooner rous'd,
But in ruſh the chearful Cry,
Thro' Buſh and Brake, o'er Hedge and Stake,
The frighted Beaſt does fly.
And a hunting, &c.

In vain he flies to Covert,
A num'rous Pack purſue,
That never ceaſe to trace his Steps,
Ev'n tho' they've loſt the View.
And a hunting, &c,

To Scentwell, hark! he calls,
And faithful Finder joins;
Whip in the Dogs, my merry Rogues,
And give your Horſe the Reins.
And a hunting, &c.

Hark! forward how they go,
The View they'd loſt they gain;
Tantivy, high and low,
Their Legs and Throats they ſtrain.
And a hunting, &c.

Now ſweetly in full Cry,
Their various Notes they join;
Gods! what a Concert's here, my Lads!
'Tis more than half divine.
And a hunting, &c.

The Woods, Rocks, and Mountains,
Delighted with the Sound,
To neighb'ring Dales and Fountains,
Repeating, deal it round.
And a hunting, &c.

A glorious Chaſe it is,
We drove him many a Mile
O'er Hedge and Ditch,
And hit off many a Foil.
And a hunting, &c.

And yet he runs it ſtoutly;
How wide, how ſwift he ſtrains!
With what a Skip he took that Leap,
And ſcow'rs it o'er the Plains!
And a hunting, &c.

See, how our Horſes foam,
The Dogs begin to droop;
The winding Horn, on Shoulder born,
'Tis Time to chear 'em up.
And a hunting, &c. (Sound Tantivy.

Hark! Leader, Counteſs, Bouncer,
Chear up, my merry Dogs all;
To Tatler, hark! he holds it ſmart,
And anſwers ev'ry Call.
And a hunting, &c.

Co, Co, there, Drunkard, Snowball,
'Gadzooks! whip Bomer in;
We'll die i'th' Place, ere quit the Chaſe,
Till we've made the Game our own.
And a hunting, &c.

Up yonder Steep I'll follow,
Beſet with craggy Stones;
My Lord cries, Jack, you Dog, come back,
Or elſe you'll break your Bones.
And a hunting, &c.

Huzzah! he's almoſt down;
He begins to ſlack his Courſe;
He pants for Breath; I'll in at's Death,
Tho' I ſhould kill my Horſe.
And a hunting, &c.

See, now he takes the Moors,
And ſtrains to reach the Stream;
He leaps the Flood, to cool his Blood,
And quench his thirſty Flame.
And a hunting, &c.

He ſcarce has touch'd the Bank,
The Cry bounce finely in,
And ſwiftly ſwim a-croſs the Stream,
And raiſe a glorious Din.
And a hunting, &c.

His Legs begin to fail,
His Wind and Speed are gone;
He ſtands at Bay, and gives 'em Play,
He can no longer run.
And a hunting, &c.

Old

Old Hector long behind,
By Uſe and Nature bold,
In ruſhes firſt, and ſeizes faſt,
But ſoon is flung from's Hold.
And a hunting, &c.

He traverſes his Ground,
Advances and retreats,
Gives many Hound a mortal Wound,
And long their Force defeats.
And a hunting, &c.

He bounds, and ſprings, and ſnorts;
He ſhakes his branched Head;
'Tis ſafeſt, fartheſt off, I ſee
Poor Talboy is lain dead.
And a hunting, &c.

Vain are Heels and Antlers,
With ſuch a Pack ſet round,
Spite of his Heart, ſeize ev'ry Part,
And pull him fearleſs down.
And a hunting, &c.

Ha! dead, we're dead, whip off,
And take a ſpecial Care;
Diſmount with Speed, and cut his Throat,
Leſt they his Haunches tear.
And a hunting, &c.

The Sport is ended now,
We're laden with the Spoil;
As home we paſs, we talk o'th' Chace,
O'erpaid for all our Toil.
And a hunting, &c.

SONG 124.

I Am a jolly Toper,
I am a ragged Soph,
Known by the Pimples in my Face,
With taking Bumpers off,
And a toping we will go, &c.

Come let's ſit down together,
And take our Fill of Beer,
Away with all Diſputes,
For we'll have no wrangling here,
And a toping, &c.

With Clouds of Tobacco
We'll make our Noddles clear,
We'll be as great as Princes
When our Heads are full of Beer.
And a toping, &c.

With Juggs, Muggs, and Pitchers,
And Bellarmines of Stale,
Daſh'd lightly with a little,
A very little Ale,
And a toping, &c.

A Fig for the Spaniards,
And for the King of France;
Kind Heav'n preſerve our Juggs, and Muggs,
And K - - g from all Miſchance,
And a toping, &c.

Againſt the Preſbyterians
Pray give me leave to rail,
Who ne'er had thirſted for Kings Blood,
Had they been drunk with Stale,
And a toping, &c.

Againſt the Low-Church Saints,
Who ſlily play their Parts,
Who rail at the Diſſenters;
Yet love 'em in their Hearts,
And a toping, &c.

Here's a Health to the King,
Let's Bumpers take in Hand,
And may Prince F - - - 's Roger
Grow ſtiff again and ſtand,
And a toping, &c.

Oh! how we toſs about
The never-failing Cann,
We drink and piſs, and piſs and drink,
And drink to piſs again,
And a toping, &c.

O that my Belly
It were a Tun of Stale,
My Cock were turn'd into a Tap
To run when I did call,
And a toping, &c.

Of all ſorts of Topers,
A Soph is far the beſt;
'Till he can neither go nor ſtand,
By Jove, he's ne'er at reſt,
And a toping, &c.

We fear no Wind or Weather,
When good Liquor dwells within;
And ſince a Soph does live ſo well,
Then who would be a King?
And a toping, &c.

Then dead drunk we'll march, Boys,
And reel into our Tombs,
That jollier Sophs (if ſuch there be)
May march into our Rooms,
And a toping, &c.

SONG 125.

I Am a luſty lively Lad,
Now come to One and Twenty;
My Father left me all he had,
Both Gold and Silver plenty:
Now he's in Grave, I will be brave,
The Ladies ſhall adore me;
I'll court and kiſs, what Hurt's in this,
My Dad did ſo before me.

My Father was a thrifty Sir,
Till Soul and Body ſundred;
Some ſay he was an Uſurer,
For Thirty in the Hundred:
He ſcrapt and ſcratcht; ſhe pincht and patcht,
That in her Body bore me;
But I'll let fly, good Reaſon why,
My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his Duty done
In getting ſo much Treaſure;
I'll be as dutiful a Son,
For ſpending it in Pleaſure;
Five Pound a Quart ſhall chear my Heart,
Such Nectar will reſtore me:
But I'll let fly, good Reaſon why,
My Father was born before me.

My Grannum liv'd at Waſhington,
My Grandſire delv'd in Ditches,
The Son of old John Thraſhington,
Whoſe Lantern Leather Breeches
Cry'd, whither go ye? whither go ye?
Tho' Men do now adore me,
They ne'er did ſee my Pedigree,
Nor who was born before me.

My Grandſire ſtriv'd, and wiv'd, and thriv'd,
'Till he did Riches gather,
And when he had much Wealth atchiev'd,
Oh! then he got my Father:
Of happy Memory, cry I,
That e'er his Mother bore him,
I ne'er had been worth one Penny,
Had I been born before him.

To Free-ſchool, Cambridge, and Gray's-Inn,
My grey-coat Grandſire put him,
Till to forget he did begin
The Leathren Breech, that got him;
One dealt in Straw, t'other in Law;
The one did ditch and delve it,
My Father ſtore of Sattin wore,
My Grandſire Beggars Velvet.

So I get Wealth, what care I if
My Grandſire were a Sawyer?
My Father prov'd to be a chief,
And ſubtle, learned Lawyer:
By Coke's Reports, and Tricks in Courts,
He did with Treaſure ſtore me,
That I may ſay, Heavens bleſs the Day,
My Father was born before me.

Some ſay of late, a Merchant that
Had gotten Store of Riches,
In's Dining-Room hung up his Hat,
His Staff, and Leathern Breeches:
His Stockings garter'd up with Straws,
E'er Providence did ſtore him,
His Son was Sh'riff of London, 'cauſe
His Father was born before him.

So

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
And put on Scarlet Clothing,
At firſt did ſpring from Butter-milk,
Their Anceſtors worth nothing;
Old Adam, and our Grandam Eve,
By digging and by ſpinning,
Did to all Kings and Princes give
Their radical Beginning.

My Father to get my Eſtate,
Tho' ſelfiſh, yet was ſlaviſh;
I'll ſpend it at another rate,
And be as lewdly laviſh:
From Madmen, Fools, and Knaves he did
Litigiouſly receive it;
If ſo he did, Juſtice forbid,
But I to ſuch ſhould leave it.

At Play-houſes, and Tennis-Court,
I'll prove a noble Fellow;
I'll court my Doxies to the Sport
Of O brave Punchinello:
I'll drink and drab, I'll dice and ſtab,
No Hector ſhall outroar me;
If Teachers tell me Tales of Hell,
My Father is gone before me.

Our aged Counſellors would have
Us live by Rule and Reaſon,
'Cauſe they are marching to their Grave,
And Pleaſure's out of Seaſon:
I'll learn to dance the Mode of France,
That Ladies may adore me;
My thrifty Dad no Pleaſure had,
Tho' he was born before me.
I'll to the Court, where Venus' Sport
Doth revel it in Plenty;
I'll deal with all, both great and ſmall,
From twelve to five and twenty;
In Play-houſes I'll ſpend my Days,
For they're hung round with Plackets;
Ladies make room, behold I come,
Have at your cleanly Jackets.

So

SONG 126.

I Am a poor Maiden forſaken,
Yet I bear a contented Mind;
I am a poor Maiden forſaken,
Yet I'll find another more kind:
For altho' I be forſaken,
Yet this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was ſo ill provided,
But I'd two'r three Strings to my Bow.

I own that once I lov'd him,
But his Scorn I could never endure;
Nor yet to that Height of Perfection,
For his Slights to love him the more.
I own he was very engaging,
Yet this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was ſo ill provided,
But I'd two'r three Strings to my Bow.

Ye Maidens who hear of my Ditty,
And are unto Loving inclin'd,
Mens Minds they are ſubject to changing,
And wavering like the Wind;
Each Object creates a new Fancy:
Then this I would have you to do;
Be eaſy and free, take Pattern by me,
And keep two'r three Strings to your Bow.

SONG 127.

I Am a poor Shepherd undone,
And cannot be cur'd by Art,
For a Nymph as bright as the Sun
Has ſtole away my Heart;
And how to get it again,
There's none but ſhe can tell,
To cure me of my Pain,
By ſaying ſhe loves me well;
And alas! poor Shepherd, alack, a well-a-day,
Before I was in Love, oh! every Month was May.

If to love ſhe could not incline,
I told her I'd die in an Hour.
To die, ſays ſhe, 'tis in thine,
But to love 'tis not in my Pow'r.

I aſk'd her the Reaſon why
She could not of me approve?
She ſaid, 'Twas a Taſk too high
To give any Reaſon for Love.
And alas! &c.

She aſk'd me of my Eſtate;
I told her a Flock of Sheep;
The Graſs whereon they graze,
Where ſhe and I might ſleep;
Beſides a good ten Pound,
In old King Harry's Groats;
With Hooks and Crooks abound,
And Birds of ſundry Notes.
And alas! &c.

SONG 128.

I Am come to lock all faſt,
Love without me cannot laſt;
Love, like Counſels of the wiſe,
Muſt be hid from vulgar Eyes;
'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we muſt, we muſt conceal it,
They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.

SONG 129.

I Am in truth
A Country Youth,
Unus'd to London Faſhions:
Yet Virtue guides,
And ſtill preſides
O'er all my Steps and Paſſions.
No courtly Leer,
But all ſincere,
No Bribe ſhall ever blind me;
If you can like
A Yorkſhire Tike,
An honeſt Man you'll find me.

Tho' Envy's Tongue
With Slander hung,
Does oft belye our County;
No Men on Earth
Boaſt greater Worth,
Or more extend their Bounty.

Our Northern Breeze
With us agrees,
And does for Buſineſs fit us;
In publick Cares,
In Love's Affairs,
With Honour we acquit us.
A noble Mind
Is ne'er confin'd
To any Shire or Nation;
He gains moſt Praiſe,
Who beſt diſplays
A generous Education:
While Rancour rolls
In narrow Souls,
By narrow Views diſcerning;
The truly Wiſe
Will only prize
Good Manners, Senſe, and Learning.

SONG 130.

I Burn, my Brain conſumes to Aſhes:
Each Eye-ball too like Lightning flaſhes,
Within my Breaſt there glows a ſolid Fire,
Which in a thouſand Ages can't expire.

Blow the Winds, great Ruler blow;
Bring the Po and the Ganges hither,
'Tis ſultry Weather.
Pour them all on my Soul,
It will hiſs like a Coal,
But never be the cooler.
'Twas Pride hot as Hell
That firſt made me rebel;
From Love's awful Throne a curs'd Angel I fell:
And mourn now my Fate,
Which myſelf did create,
Fool, Fool, that conſider'd not when I was well.
Adieu, tranſporting Joys;
Off, ye vain fantaſtick Toys,
That dreſs their Face and Body to allure.
Bring me Daggers, Poiſon, Fire,
Since Scorn is turn'd into Deſire;
All Hell feels not the Rage which I, poor I, endure.

SONG 131.

I Cannot change, as others do,
Tho' you unjuſtly ſcorn,
Since that poor Swain, that ſighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no, your Heart to move,
A ſurer Way I'll try,
And to revenge my ſlighted Love,
Will ſtill love on and die.

When kill'd with Grief Amyntas lies,
And you to mind ſhall call,
The Sighs that now unpity'd riſe,
The Tears that vainly fall,
That welcome Hour that ends this Smart
Will then begin your Pain,
For ſuch a faithful tender Heart
Can never break in vain.

SONG 132.

I Come, my faireſt Treaſure,
To ſeize the Bleſſing;
With thee is ev'ry Pleaſure
Beyond expreſſing.
The Spring, when Flow'rs are blooming,
And ev'ry Sweet perfuming,
Your Bloom ſurpaſſes.

SONG 133.

I Did but look and love awhile,
'Twas but for one half Hour;
Then to reſiſt I had no Will,
And now I have no Pow'r.
To ſigh, and wiſh, is all my Eaſe;
Sighs which do Heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldeſt Ice,
Yet cannot warm your Heart.

Oh! would your Pity give my Heart
One Corner of your Breaſt;
'Twould learn of your's the winning Art,
And quickly ſteal the reſt.

SONG

SONG 134.

I Gently touch'd her Hand; ſhe gave
A Look that did my Soul enſlave;
I preſt her rebel Lips in vain,
They roſe up to be preſt again:
Thus happy I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her ſoft Breaſts my Hand I laid,
And a quick, light Impreſſion made;
They with a kindly Warmth did glow,
And ſwell'd, and ſeem'd to overflow:
Yet truſt me, I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her Eyes my Eyes did prey,
O'er her ſmooth Limbs my Hand did ſtray;
Each Senſe was raviſh'd with Delight,
And my Soul ſtood prepar'd for Flight:
Blame me not, if at laſt I meant,
More to be pleas'd, than innocent.

SONG 135.

I Go to the Elyſian Shade,
Where Sorrow ne'er ſhall wound me,
Where nothing ſhall my Reſt invade,
But Joy ſhall ſtill ſurround me,

I fly from Cælia's cold Diſdain,
From her Diſdain I fly;
She is the Cauſe of all my Pain,
For her alone I die.

Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid-day Sun,
When he but half his radiant Courſe has run,
When his Meridian Glories gaily ſhine,
And glad all Nature with a Warmth divine.

See yonder River's flowing Tide,
Which now ſo full appears:
Thoſe Streams, that do ſo ſwiftly glide,
Are nothing but my Tears.

There have I wept, till I could weep no more,
And curs'd mine Eyes, when they have ſhed their Store;
Then, like the Clouds that rob the azure Main,
I've drain'd the Flood, to weep it back again.

Pity

Pity my Pains,
Ye gentle Swains;
Cover me with Ice and Snow,
I ſcorch, I burn, I flame, I glow:
Furies, tear me,
Quickly bear me
To the diſmal Shades below;
Where Yelling, and Howling,
And Grumbling and Growling,
Strike our Ears with horrid Woe.

Hiſſing Snakes,
Fiery Lakes,
Would be a Pleaſure and a Cure;
Not all the Hells
Where Pluto dwells,
Can give ſuch Pains as I endure.

To ſome peaceful Plain convey me,
On a moſſy Carpet lay me;
Fan me with ambroſial Breeze,
Let me die, and ſo have Eaſe.

SONG 136.

I Grant a thouſand Oaths I ſwore,
I none would love but you:
But not to change would wrong me more,
Than breaking them can do.

Yet you thereby a Truth will learn
Of much more worth than I;
Which is, that Lovers which do ſwear,
Do always uſe to lie.

Chloris does now poſſeſs that Heart,
Which to you did belong:
But, tho' thereof ſhe brags a while,
She ſhall not do ſo long.

She thinks, by being fair and kind,
To hinder my Remove,
And ne'er ſo much as dreams that Change,
Above both thoſe, I love.

Then grieve not any more, nor think
My Change is a Diſgrace:
For tho' it robs you of one Slave,
It leaves another Place:

Which

Which your bright Eyes will ſoon ſubdue
With him does them firſt ſee:
For if they could not conquer more,
They ne'er had conquer'd me.

SONG 137.

I Had a Heart, but now I heartleſs gae;
I had a Mind, but daily was oppreſt;
I had a Friend that's now become my Fae;
I had a Will that now has Freedom loſt:
What have I now?
Naithing I trow,
But Grief where I had Joy:
What am I than?
A heartleſs Man:
Could Love me thus deſtroy!
I love, I ſerve ane whom I much regard,
Yet for my Love Diſdain is my Reward.

Where ſhall I gang to hide my weary Face?
Where ſhall I find a Place for my defence?
Where my true Love remains the fitteſt Place,
Of all the Earth that is my Confidence.
She is my Heart
'Till I depart:
Let her do what ſhe liſt,
I cannot mend,
But ſtill depend,
And daily to inſiſt,
To purchaſe Love, if Love my Love deſerve;
If not for Love, let Love my Body ſtarve.

O Lady fair! whom I do honour moſt,
Your Name and Fame within my Breaſt I have;
Let not my Love and Labour thus be loſt,
But ſtill in Mind I pray thee to engrave,
That I am true,
And fall not rue
Ane Word that I have ſaid:
I am your Man,
Do what you can,
When all theſe Plays are plaid.
Then ſave your Ship unbroken on the Sand,
Since Man and Goods are all at your command.

SONG 138.

I Had rather enjoy
A Girl that is coy,
Than one who is eaſy perſuaded;
For tho' for a while
She ſcarcely will ſmile,
Yet at length her Fort is invaded.

When then ſhe's poſſeſt,
You doubly are bleſt,
Tho' from Pleaſure a while you're confin'd;
The Heart is on fire
With zealous Deſire,
And the Joy of a Lover refin'd.

The Pleaſure's not full,
But damnably dull,
When too willing a Miſtreſs we find;
I'd have her firſt frown,
Her Paſſion diſown,
And begin by Degrees to be kind.

SONG 139.

I Hate thoſe cowardly Tribes,
Who by mean ſneaking Bribes,
By Trick and Diſguiſe,
By Flattery and Lies,
To Power and Grandeur riſe.
Like Heroes of old,
You are greatly bold,
The Sword your Cauſe ſupports:
Untaught to fawn,
You ne'er were drawn
Your Truth to pawn
Among the Spawn
Who practiſe the Frauds of Courts.

SONG 140.

I Have a green Purſe and a wee pickle Gowd,
A bonny Piece Land and Planting on't,
It fattens my Flocks, and my Barns it has ſtow'd;
But the beſt Thing of a's yet wanting on't:

To grace it, and trace it,
And gi'e me Delight;
To bleſs me, and kiſs me,
And comfort my Sight,
With Beauty by Day, and Kindneſs by Night,
And nae mair my lane gang ſauntring on't.

My Chriſty ſhe's charming and good as ſhe's fair;
Her Een and her Mouth are enchanting ſweet,
She ſmiles me on Fire, her Frowns gi'e Deſpair;
I love while my Heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou faireſt, and deareſt
Delight of my Mind,
Whoſe gracious Embraces
By Heaven were deſign'd
For happieſt Tranſports, and Bliſſes refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting, Sweet.

For thee, bonny Chriſty, my Shepherds and Hinds
Shall carefully make the Year's Dainties thine:
Thus freed frae leigh Care, while Love fills our Minds,
Our Days ſhall with Pleaſure and Plenty ſhine.
Then hear me, cheer me,
With ſmiling Conſent;
Believe me, and give me
No Cauſe to lament:
Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou ſay, Content,
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he ſhall be mine.

SONG 141.

I Have been in Love, and in Debt, and in Drink,
This many and many a Year:
And thoſe are three Plagues enough, I ſhould think,
For one poor Mortal to bear.
'Twas Love made me fall into Drink,
And Drink made me fall into Debt;
And tho' I have ſtruggl'd, and ſtruggl'd, and ſtrove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but Money can cure me,
And rid me of all my Pain;
'Twill pay all my Debts,
And remove all my Letts;

And

And my Miſtreſs, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again:
Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking again.

SONG 142.

I Heard much talk of Oxford Town,
And fain I wou'd go thither;
When ploughing and ſowing, that was done,
It being gallant Weather.
Father he did to't agree,
That Nell and I ſhou'd go:
But Mother cry'd, that we ſhou'd ride,
So we had Dobbin too.

So I goes unto Sifter Nell,
And bids her make her ready;
And put on all her Zundy Cloſe,
As fine as any Lady:
'Tis a gallant Day; the Morning's grey,
And likely to be fair;
Therefore make haſte, and ſoon be lac'd,
And I'll go bait the Mare.

So upon the Mare we got,
And away we rid together;
And ev'ry Body as we met,
We aſk'd how far 'twas thether.
Till at the laſt, when on the Top
Of Chiffelden Hill we riſs;
I ſomewhat ſpy'd, like Steeples; and cry'd,
Zooks, Nell, look yonder 'tis.

So when as nearer to't we came,
We ſee Folks, infant thick;
I heard a little Baſtard zay,
Look, here comes Country Dick.
Another Baſtard call'd me Ralph,
And how is't, honeſt Joan?
Nay Roger too, and little Sue;
And all the Folk at home.

So we rode on and nothing ſaid,
But looked for an Alehouſe;
At laſt we zee a hugeous Sign,
As big as any Gallows;

It was two Dogs; ſo in we rode,
And call'd for the Hoſtler:
Out came a luſty Fellow then,
I w'an'd he was a Wroſtler.

Here take this Horſe, and ſet'en up;
And ge'en a Lock of Hay;
For we be come to zee the Town,
And tarry here all Day.
Yes, Sir, he ſaid; and call'd the Maid,
That ſtood within the Entry:
She had us into a Room as clean,
As tho' we'd both been Gentry.

So we zet down, and bid 'em fetch
A Flaggon of their Beer:
But when it come, Nell ſhook her Head,
And zed 'twas plaugy dear.
Says ſhe to me, If we ſtay here long,
'Twill ſoon make us go a begging;
For I am ſhure it cannot be
So much as old Martin's Flaggon.

So we got up, and away we went
To zee the gallant Town;
And at the Gate we met a Man
With a pitiful ragged Gown:
As for his Sleeves, I do believe
That they was both tore off;
And inſtead of a Hat, he wore a Cap,
'Twas a Trencher cover'd wi' Cloth.

And as we were going along the Town,
I thote I had found a Knife:
I ſtooped down to take it up,
But was ne'er ſo ſham'd in my Life.
For the underſide was all be - - - t
With an arrant Chriſtian's T - - d:
The Boys fell a hollooing, An April Fool,
But I zed ne'er a Word.

As we went through a narrow Lane
One ketch'd faſt hold of Sifter;
He'd Parſons Cloſe, and he du'dnt know us;
But fain he wou'd ha' kiſs'd her.

He

He was plaugy fine; but to my Mind
He look'd much like a Wencher:
I up wi' my Stick, and ga'en a Lick,
I b'lieve, I ſlit his Trencher.

Then we went into a fine Place;
And there we went to Church:
I kneeled down to ſay my Pray'rs
And du'dnt think no hurt.
In the Middle of the Pray'rs, juſt up the Stairs,
Was Bagpipes to my thinking;
And the Folk below fell a ſinging too,
As tho' they'd been a drinking.

I du'dnt like the Doings there,
And zo I took my Hat:
I du'dnt think they wou'd ha' done ſo,
In zitch a Place as that:
But Nell was for ſtaying, till the'd quite done playing,
Becauſe ſhe lik'd the Tune;
For ſhe was ſure, ſhe ne'er did hear
Old Crundall play't at home.

Then we went into a fine Garden,
All up upon a Hill;
And juſt below, a Dial did grow
Much like a Waggon Wheel:
But bigger by half, which made me laugh,
'Twas like a Garden Knot:
When the Zun ſhown bright, it went as right
As our Parſon's Clock.

Then we went out o' that fine Place,
And went into another,
Which was vorty Times as fine
As any of the other:
Bleſs me, our John, quite all along
There's Books piled up like Mows!
Faith Nell, I wiſh that Mother was here,
If 'twas not for the Cows.

And in the middle ſtood two Things
As round as any Ball;
They told us 'twas the Picture of
The World, the Zea, and all:

And thoſe that knew how to turn 'em right,
And how to turn 'em round,
Cou'd tell us what it was a Clock
In the World under Ground.

And many more Things they cou'd tell
That was a'moſt as ſtrange;
As when the Sun ſhou'd ſet and riſe,
And when the Moon ſhou'd change:
I du'dnt care to ſtond ſo near,
When all theſe Things I heard;
For I thote in my Heart, it was the black Art,
And I was a little afeard.

The Sun being low, then we begun
To think of going home;
But one Thing more we zaw before
We got quite out of Town:
We went apace; for being in haſte,
For fear of being benighted;
Two hugeous Men ſtood ſtrutting within,
And Nell and I was frighted.

Nell had a Colour as red as a Roſe,
And darſt not go no furder;
They had bloody Weapons in their Hands,
Stood ready there for Murder:
So we went back and took our Mare,
And away come trotting home;
Wi' Stories enough to tell Father and Mother,
And little Siſter Joan.

W.N.H. 1801. HARDING

SONG 143.

I Know I'm no Poet, my Song it will ſhew it,
My Sorrow it flows like a Spring;
Altho' you may ſhame me, the World cannot blame me,
While I thus dolefully ſing.
My Loſs it is great, and ſuch a Defeat
No Mortal had ever before;
She had ev'ry Feature, a ſweet pretty Creature;
And what Man can ſay any more,
And what Man, &c.

Her

Her Lips they were true, of a Coventry blue,
Her Hair of a fine Bow Dye;
Her Stature was low, but her Noſe was not ſo,
It was a moſt delicate high:
Her upper Lip thin, which fairly turn'd in,
Her Teeth were as black as a Coal;
Her under ſtood out, to receive from her Snout
The Droppings that fell from each Hole.
The Droppings, &c.

No Needle or Pin were more ſharp than her Chin,
Which her Noſe did moſt lovingly meet;
Like Siſter and Brother, they kiſſed each other;
It was a great Pleaſure to ſee't.
No Globe could be found ſo perfectly round,
As her Back was to all that did mind her;
To give her her Due, her Head turn'd like a Screw,
To ſtudy the Globe behind her.
To ſtudy, &c.

Tho' ſome Teeth ſhe wanted, the reſt were well planted,
'Cauſe Nature ſhould know no Neglect;
What in one ſhe deny'd, ſhe in t'other ſupply'd,
Becauſe there ſhould be no Defect.
It's common, you know, Teeth ſtand in a Row,
The beſt, and the neweſt Way;
Yet without all doubt, her's ſtood in and out,
As if they'd been dancing the Hay.
As if they'd, &c.

Her Breath very ſtrong; one Leg ſhort, t'other long,
To make up her perfect Shape;
Her Cheeks were like Lent, when 'tis almoſt ſpent,
She had a delicate Face like an Ape;
Her Skin might be taken for a Gammon of Bacon,
Her Breaſts like a Trencher, ſo flat;
She had a fine Mouth, which ſtood North and South;
Oh! ſhe'd delicate Eyes like a Cat.
Oh! ſhe'd, &c.

Now I think it meet to talk of her Feet,
I'll tell you how fine they were made;
If you'll believe me, I will not deceive ye,
They were the true Shape of a Spade:

So broad, and ſo flat, that when ſhe did pat,
So good a Guard ſhe did keep,
With her Legs high and low, that when ſhe did go,
You'd ſwear ſhe'd been playing Boh-peep.
You'd ſwear, &c.
But this long Narration breeds ſuch Moleſtation
Within my unfortunate Breaſt,
I'll now give it o'er, and ſo ſay no more,
But leave you to gueſs at the reſt.
Search the World round, no ſuch can be found,
So well ſhe pleaſed my Fancy;
I ſhall pine all my Life, for the Loſs of my Wife,
And there is an End of poor Nancy,
And there is an End of poor Nancy.

SONG 144.

I Like a Ship in Storms, was toſt,
Yet afraid to put into Land;
For ſeiz'd in the Port, the Veſſel's loſt,
Whoſe Treaſure is contraband;
The Waves are laid,
The Duty's paid,
O Joy beyond Expreſſion!
Thus ſafe on Shore,
I aſk no more,
My All's in my Poſſeſſion, Poſſeſſion,
My All's in my Poſſeſſion.

SONG 145.

I Love, I doat, I rave with Pain,
No Quiet in my Mind;
Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,
Were Sylvia leſs unkind:
For when, as long her Chain I've worn,
I aſk Relief from Smart,
She only gives me Looks of Scorn:
Alas! 'twill break my Heart.
My Rivals, rich in worldly Store,
May offer Heaps of Gold:
But ſurely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be ſold.

Can Sylvia ſuch a Coxcomb prize
For Wealth, and not Deſert,
And my poor Sighs and Tears deſpiſe?
Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

When, like ſome wanting, hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliſs contend;
And plead the Cauſe of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend.
Ah! Sylvia, thus in vain you ſtrive
To act a healing Part:
'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,
Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely penſive Bed
I lay me down to Reſt,
In hopes to calm my raging Head,
And cool my burning Breaſt;
Her Cruelty all Eaſe denies,
With ſome ſad Dream I ſtart;
All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
And breaking feel my Heart!

Then riſing, thro' the Path I rove
That leads me where ſhe dwells;
Where to the ſenſeleſs Waves my Love
Its mournful Story tells.
With Sighs I dew and kiſs the Door,
Till Morning bids depart:
Then vent ten thouſand Sighs and more:
Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

But, Sylvia, when this Conqueſt's won,
And I am gone, and cold;
Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told:
For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
Will take my injur'd Part;
And curſe thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart!

SONG 146.

I Love thee, by Heav'ns I cannot ſay more;
Then ſet not my Paſſion a-cooling;
If thou yield'ſt not at once, I muſt e'en give thee o'er
For I'm but a Novice at fooling.

What my Love wants in Words, it ſhall make up in Deeds,
  Then why ſhou'd we waſte Time in Stuff, Child?
A Performance, you wot well, a Promiſe exceeds;
  A Word to the Wiſe is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love known,
  But I hate all proteſting and arguing:
Had a Goddeſs my Heart, ſhe ſhou'd ev'n lye alone,
  If ſhe made many Words to the Bargain.

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm
  Whate'er my fond Eyes have been ſaying;
Pr'ythee, be thou ſo too, ſeek for no better Term,
  But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear Love, like a Chancery Suit,
  The Age of a Patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
  Give it one way or other an Ending.

Long Courtſhip's the Vice of a phlegmatick Fool,
  Like the Grace of fanatical Sinners,
Where the Stomachs are loſt, and the Victuals grow cool,
  Before Men ſit down to their Dinners.

SONG 147.

I Look'd and ſaw within the Book of Fate,
  Where many Days did low'r,
  When lo! one happy Hour
Leap'd up, and ſmil'd to ſave thy ſinking State.

A Day ſhall come, when in thy Pow'r
  Thy cruel Foes ſhall be:
  Then ſhall the Land be free,
And thou in Peace ſhalt reign;
  But take, oh! take that Opportunity,
Which once refus'd will never come again.

SONG 148.

I Look'd, and I ſigh'd, and I wiſh'd I could ſpeak,
  For I very fain would have been at her;
But when I ſtrove moſt my Paſſion to break,
  Still then I ſaid leaſt of the Matter.
I ſwore to myſelf, and reſolv'd I would try,
  Some Way my poor Heart to recover;
But that was all vain; for I ſooner could die,
  Than live with forbearing to love her.

Dear

Dear Celia, be kind then; and ſince your own Eyes
By Looks can command Adoration;
Give mine Leave to talk too, and do not deſpiſe
Thoſe Oglings that tell you my Paſſion.
We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither ſhould ſpeak,
The Pleaſures we'll ſtill be purſuing;
And ſo, without Words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good End of this Wooing.

SONG 149.

I Met with the Devil in the Shape of a Ram,
Then over and over the Sow-gelder came;
I roſe and halter'd him faſt by the Horns,
And pickt out his Stones, as you would pick out Corns;
Maa, quoth the Devil; with that out he ſlunk,
And left us a Carcaſs of Mutton that ſtunk.

I chanc'd to ride forth a Mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in Diſguiſe of a Calf;
I bound him and gelt him e'er he did any Evil;
For he was at the beſt but a young ſucking Devil;
Maa, yet he cries, and forth he did ſteal,
And this was ſold after for excellent Veal.

Some half a Year after, in the Form of a Pig,
I met with the Rogue, and he look'd very big;
I caught at his Leg, laid him down on a Log,
Ere a Man could fart twice I made him a Hog.
Huh, huh, quoth the Devil, and gave ſuch a Jerk,
That a Jew was converted, and eat of that Pork.

In Woman's Attire I met him moſt fine;
At firſt Sight I thought him ſome Angel divine:
But viewing his crab Face I fell to my Trade,
I made him forſwear ever acting a Maid:
Meaw, quoth the Devil, and ſo ran away,
Hid himſelf in a Friar's old Weeds, as they ſay.

I walk'd along, and it was my good Chance,
To meet with a Black-coat that was in a Trance,
I ſpeedily grip'd him, and whipt off his Cods,
'Twixt his Head and his Breech I left little Ods.
O! quoth the Devil, and ſo away ran,
Thou oft will be curſt by many Woman.

SONG

SONG 150.

I Never lov'd but one fair Maid,
And ſhe did prove untrue;
Untrue to him who to her paid
More Love than was her Due.

Her wand'ring Heart, and faithleſs Eyes,
Made many a Shepherd weep;
Whilſt all of them fought for the Prize,
Which none of them could keep.

Ah! Since 'tis ſo, Ye Gods, ſaid I,
Ye right'ous Pow'rs above,
Revenge on her my Miſery,
My true, but ſlighted Love.

So may ſhe love, as ſhe made me,
And find the ſame Diſdain;
Since ſhe was pleas'd with Cruelty,
Now may ſhe feel the Pain.

May ſhe know what it is to love,
And loſe her wand'ring Heart
To one who will inconſtant prove,
And let her feel the Smart.

I ſpake; and, lo! there did enſue
A ſtrange Cataſtrophe;
The Gods would puniſh her, I knew;
But I little thought, by me.

SONG 151.

I Never ſaw a Face till now,
That could my Paſſion move:
I lik'd, and ventur'd many a Vow,
But durſt not think of Love.

'Till Beauty, charming every Senſe,
An eaſy Conqueſt made;
And ſhew'd the Vainneſs of Defence,
While Phillis does invade.

But oh! her colder Heart denies
The Thoughts her Looks inſpire;
And while in Ice that frozen lies,
Her Eyes dart only Fire.

Betwixt Extremes I am undone,
Like Plants too Northward ſet,
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
Or chill'd for Want of Heat.

SONG 152.

1. Man. I Once was a Poet at London,
I kept my Heart ſtill full of Glee;
There's no Man can ſay that I'm undone,
For Begging's no new Trade to me.
Tol derol, &c.

2. Man. I once was an Attorney at Law,
And after a Knight of the Poſt:
Give me a briſk Wench in clean Straw,
And I value not who rules the Roaſt.
Tol derol, &c.

3. Man. Make Room for a Soldier in Buff,
Who valiantly ſtrutt'd about,
'Till he fancy'd the Peace breaking off,
And then he moſt wiſely - - ſold out.
Tol derol, &c.

4. Man. Here comes a Courtier polite, Sir,
Who flatter'd my Lord to his Face;
Now Railing is all his Delight, Sir,
Becauſe he miſs'd getting a Place.
Tol derol, &c.

5. Man. I ſtill am a merry Gut-ſcraper,
My Heart never yet felt a Qualm;
Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And ſing any Tune but a Pſalm.
Tol derol, &c.

6. Man. I was a fanatical Preacher,
I turn'd up my Eyes when I pray'd;
But my Hearers half ſtarv'd their Teacher,
For they believ'd not one Word that I ſaid.
Tol derol, &c.

1. Man. Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him liſt, and from us he may learn:
In Palaces who ſhall you ſee
Half ſo happy as we in a Barn?
Tol derol, &c. Choru

Chorus of all.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him liſt, and from us he may learn:
In Palaces who ſhall you ſee
Half ſo happy as we in a Barn?
Tol derol, &c.

SONG 153.

I Prithee ſend me back my Heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then ſhould you keep mine?
Yet now I think on't, let it lye,
To ſend it me were vain,
For thou'ſt a Thief in either Eye,
Will ſteal it back again.

SONG 154.

I Said to my Heart, between ſleeping and waking,
Thou wild Thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what Clime or Nation,
By Turns, has not taught thee a Pit-a-patation?
Derry down, &c.

Thus accus'd, the wild Thing gave this ſober Reply:
See the Heart without Motion, tho' Celia paſs'd by!
Not the Beauty ſhe has, nor the Wit that ſhe borrows,
Gives the Eye any Joys, or the Heart any Sorrows.
Derry down, &c.

When our Sapho appears, ſhe whoſe Wit's ſo refin'd,
I'm forc'd to applaud, with the reſt of Mankind:
Whatever ſhe ſays is with Spirit and Fire;
Ev'ry Word I attend, but I only admire.
Derry down, &c.

Prudentia, as vainly would put in her Claim,
Ever gazing on Heav'n, tho' Man is her Aim:
'Tis Love, not Devotion, that turns up her Eyes;
Thoſe Stars of this World are good for the Skies.
Derry down, &c.

But Chloe, ſo lively, ſo eaſy, ſo fair,
Her Wit ſo genteel, without Art, without Care,
When ſhe comes in my Way, the Motion, the Pain,
The Leapings, the Achings, return all again.
Derry down, &c.

O wonderful Creature! a Woman of Reaſon!
Never grave out of Pride, never gay out of Seaſon:
When ſo eaſy to gueſs who this Angel ſhou'd be,
Wou'd one think Mrs H---d ne'er dreamt it was ſhe?
Derry down, &c.

SONG 155.

I Sigh'd and I writ,
And employ'd all my Wit,
And ſtill pretty Sylvia deny'd;
'Twas Virtue I thought,
And became ſuch a Sot,
I ador'd her the more for her Pride.

'Till maſk'd in the Pit,
My coy Lucrece I met,
A Croud of gay Fops held her Play,
So briſk and ſo free,
With her ſmart Repartee,
I was cur'd, and went bluſhing away.

Poor Lovers miſtake
The Addreſſes they make,
With Vows to be Conſtant and True;
Tho' all the Nymphs hold
For the Sport that is old,
Yet their Play-mates muſt ever be new.

Each pretty new Toy
They would die to enjoy,
And then for a newer they pine;
But when they perceive
Others like what they leave,
They will cry for their Bauble again.

SONG 156.

I Sigh'd and own'd my Love;
Nor did the Fair my Paſſion diſapprove:
A ſoft engaging Air,
Not often apt to cauſe Deſpair,
Declar'd ſhe gave Attention to my Pray'r.
She ſeem'd to pity my Diſtreſs,
And I expected nothing leſs,
Than what her very Look does now confeſs.

But, oh! her Change deſtroys
The charming Proſpect of my promis'd Joys:
She's robb'd of ev'ry Grace,
That argu'd Pity in her Face,
And cold, forbidding Frowns ſupply their Place.
But while ſhe ſtrives to chill Deſire,
Her brighter Eyes ſuch Warmth inſpire,
She checks the Flame, but cannot quench the Fire:

SONG 157.

I Sing mighty Markam's Gullet;
For when to his Head
He claps a Bottle of Red,
No Devil like him can pull it:
His Fame ſhall never be dead;
He topes off Nantz by the Flaggon,
Till he ſpits out Fire, like a Dragon;
He was never heard to ſay,
He'd enough, and away,
But would ſtay till he'd ſpent ev'ry Rag on.
Damn'd Niggards, I can't abide 'em;
The Canaries, and the Rhine
Can't furniſh me with Wine;
Drawer, fetch me a Hogſhead to ſtride on,
And call me the God of the Vine,
With Cluſters of Grapes come crown me,
Let a Deluge of Liquor flow round me;
For my Living I could chuſe
In an Element of Booze,
For an Ocean of it can't drown me.
Let the Dutch and the Germans thunder,
Revel Sun from Sun,
Drink Tun upon Tun,
I'll make the d---d Dogs knock under;
Still as freſh as when I begun.
Bacchus, come drink, and be poxed,
Your Noſe ſhall ſoon be foxed:
Sipping Gallons at a Draught,
Can't ſerve my thirſty Throat,
For I never tope leſs than a Hogſhead.

SONG

SONG 158.

I Sing of Diſcords that happen'd of late,
Of ſtrange Revolutions, but not in the State;
How old England grew fond of old Tunes of her own,
And our Ballads went up, and our Opera's down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Our Op'ra's, I ſay; for with our Engliſh Money,
We have paid for the Trills of Signora Cuzzoni;
Nor yet had I ly'd, had I ſaid Seneſino
Has got a brave Spill of our good ready Rhino.
Derry down, &c.

They ſtill pick our Pockets, and fear no Alarm,
For they thought their Sonata's for ever would charm;
But the bold Johnny Gay he ſoon made it appear,
That the Songſters had got the wrong Sow by the Ear.
Derry down, &c.

For, nobly reſolv'd, their due Diſtance to teach 'em,
He let forth his Canary Birds, Lockit and Peachum;
With theſe and their Mates put 'em clean to the Rout,
And out-ſung them all, for he ſung them all out.
Derry down, &c.

No Quarter they found, no, nor Time to take Breath,
He ply'd them ſo hard with the mighty Mackheath;
But Captain Mackheath did not quite do his Duty,
He ſcar'd them, but let them go off with their Booty.
Derry down, &c.

And if ever they dare to engage us agen,
My Life on't, they'll find we are ſtill the beſt Men;
Proud Rome muſt knock under to fair London City,
And Knights of the Road prove too hard for Banditti.
Derry down, &c.

No more with a languiſhing Audience ſurrounded,
Their Cremona's unroſin'd, their Voices dumbfounded;
They let drop in a Fright all their lofty Pretences,
And are out of their Wits to find us in our Senſes.
Derry down, &c.

Now the Bone is remov'd, their Contentions may ceaſe,
And their long Civil Wars end at laſt in a Peace.
Now may each jealous Queen be the other's dear Crony,
And Fauſtina ſhake Hands with her Rival Cuzzoni.
Derry down, &c.

Tho' this Union, I doubt, would bring little Relief,
Since they ſtill muſt remember, with Hearts full of Grief,
How hard 'twas to leave an unfortunate Land
To ſing nothing at all but what all underſtand.
Derry down, &c.

We have ſign'd 'em their Paſs, and the vagabond Throng,
Now without Lett or Hindrance may jig it alone,
Over Sea, over Land, thro' Geneva or France;
They have pip'd along enough, 'tis high Time they [ſhould dance.
Derry down, &c.

And what farther remains, but to wiſh them well home,
To the Doge, the Grand Duke, or the old Pope of Rome.
They are gone: Let 'em go, we ſhall ſee 'em no more;
And ſo farewel to Bravo, and farewel to Encore.
Derry down, &c.

SONG 1591

I Smile at Love, and all its Arts,
The charming Cynthia cry'd;
Take heed, for Love has piercing Darts,
A wounded Swain reply'd.

Once free and bleſt as you are now,
I trifled at his Charms;
I pointed at his little Bow,
And ſported with his Arms:

Till urg'd too far, Revenge, he cries;
A fatal Shaft he drew,
It took its Paſſage thro' your Eyes,
And to my Heart it flew.

To tear it thence I try'd in vain;
To ſtrive, I quickly found,
Was only to increaſe the Pain,
And to enlarge the Wound.

Ah! much too well, I fear, you know
What Pain I'm to endure,
Since what your Eyes alone could do,
Your Heart alone can cure.

And that (grant Heav'n I may miſtake)
I doubt, is doom'd to bear
A Burden for another's Sake,
Who ill rewards its Care.

SONG

SONG 160.

I Tell thee, Charmion, could I Time retrieve,
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I ſhould my earlieſt Off'ring give;
I know my Eyes would lead my Heart to you,
And I ſhould all my Oaths and Vows renew;
But to be plain, I never would be true.

For by our weak and weary Truth I find,
Love hates to enter in a Point aſſign'd,
But runs with Joy the Circle of the Mind.
Then never let us chain what ſhould be free,
But for Relief of either Sex agree,
Since Women love to change, and ſo do we.

SONG 161.

I Thank thee, my Friend,
That at length you declare,
Why Silvia's ſo coy
As to ſhun me with Care:
I mus'd every Night,
And rack'd my poor Soul,
To find out the Cauſe
Of a Falſhood ſo foul.

But ſhe tells me, ſhe cannot
With Claret agree,
That ſhe thinks of a Hogſhead
Whene'er ſhe ſees me:
That I ſmell like a Beaſt,
And therefore that I
Muſt reſolve to forſake her,
Or Claret, good Claret, deny.

Ye Gods! was e'er it known
That Beaſts ſmell'd of Wine?
They brutiſhly abhor
A Liquor ſo divine:
'Tis then we are moſt Beaſts,
When like them in common,
We eagerly go a hunting
For the next lewd Woman.

Muſt I leave my dear Bottle,
That has been ever my Friend,
Which prolongs all my Joys,
To my Grief puts an end?
Which inſpires me with Wit,
And makes me ſo ſublime,
That there's none are like us
That drink the beſt Wine.

But Silvia, whom Nature
So perfect has made,
Has no room left for Wiſhes,
New Beauties to add.
Muſt I leave her, I'm ſorry,
It is too hard a Taſk;
Yet ſhe may go to the Devil,
Bring me the other Flaſk.

SONG 162.

I Toſs and tumble thro' the Night,
And wiſh th' approaching Day,
Thinking when Darkneſs yields to Light,
I'll baniſh Care away:
But when the glorious Sun doth riſe,
And chears all Nature round,
All Thought of Pleaſure in me dies,
My Cares do ſtill abound.

My tortur'd and uneaſy Mind
Bereaves me of my Reſt;
My Thoughts are to all Pleaſure blind,
With Care I'm ſtill oppreſt:
But had I her within my Breaſt,
Who gives me ſo much Pain,
My raptur'd Soul would be at reſt,
And ſofteſt Joys regain.

I'd not envy the God of War,
Bleſs'd with fair Venus' Charms,
Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter,
In fair Alcmena's Arms:
Paris with Helen's Beauty bleſt,
Would be a Jeſt to me;
If of her Charms I were poſſeſt,
Thrice happier I would be.

But ſince the Gods do not ordain
Such happy Fate for me,
I dare not 'gainſt their Will repine,
Who rule my Deſtiny.
With ſprightly Wine I'll drown my Care,
And cheriſh up my Soul;
Whene'er I think on my loſt Fair,
I'll drown her in the Bowl.

SONG 163.

I Try'd not to love, but I try'd all in vain,
I harden'd with Hate, but I melted again;
But now I'll perſiſt, and no longer purſue
A Love ſo uncertain, a Lover ſo true.

Around all the World my fond Eyes they ſhall range,
Till they fix on a Lover that never will change;
My Heart with his Heart ſhall in ſoft Sighs agree,
Forgetting that ever it breath'd one for thee.

SONG 164.

I Was anes a well-tocher'd Laſs,
My Mither left Dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor Paſs,
My Step-dame has gart them flee.
My Father he's aften frae hame,
And ſhe plays the Deel with his Gear;
She neither has Lateth nor Shame,
And keeps the hale Houſe in a Steer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftleſs, and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, haff naked, and cauld,
I ſee her deſtroy what's mine:
But ſoon I might hope a Revenge,
And ſoon of my Sorrows be free,
My Poortith to Plenty wad change,
If ſhe were hung up on a Tree.

Quoth Ringan, who lang Time had loo'd
This bonny Laſs tenderly,
I'll take thee, ſweet May, in thy Snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis only your Sell that I want,
Your Kindneſs is better to me,
Than a' that your Step-mother, ſcant
Of Grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young Farmer it's true,
And ye are the Sprout of a Laird;
But I have Milk-cattle enew,
And Rowth of good Rucks in my Yard:
Ye ſhall have naithing to faſh ye,
Sax Servants ſhall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy Coats, my Laſſie,
And gae thy Ways hame with me.

The Maiden her Reaſon employ'd,
Not thinking the Offer amiſs,
Conſented;---- while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a Kiſs.
And now ſhe ſits blythly ſingan,
And joking her drunken Step-dame;
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her Good-wife at hame.

SONG 165.

I Will awa' wi' my Love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my Kin had ſworn and ſaid,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her Conſent,
I dinna care a Strae;
Tho' ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now ſhe's Miſtreſs of my Heart,
And wordy of my Hand;
And well I wat we ſhanna part
For Siller or for Land.
Let Rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
And Beaus admire fine Lace;
But my chief Pleaſure is to blink
On Betty's bonny Face.
I will awa', &c.

There a' the Beauties do combine,
Of Colour, Treats, and Air;
The Saul that ſparkles in her Een
Makes her a Jewel rare:
Her flowing Wit gives ſhining Life
To a' her other Charms;
How bleſt I'll be, when ſhe's my Wife,
And lock'd up in my Arms!
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her Sweets I range;
I'll cry, your humble Servant, King,
Shamefa' them that wa'd change
A Kiſs of Betty, and a Smile,
Albeit ye wad lay down
The Right ye hae to Britain's Iſle,
And offer me ye'r Crown.
I will awa, &c.

SONG 166.

I Yield, dear Laſſie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as Light flows frae the Sun,
Frae Love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or ſay,
'Gainſt Love, nae Thinker heeds us;
They ken our Boſoms lodge the Fae,
That by the Heart-ſtrings leads us.

SONG 167.

JACK thou'rt a Toper,
Jack thou'rt a Toper,
Let's have t'other Quart;
Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
ring, ring, ring, ring,
We're ſo ſober, ſo ſober, ſo ſober,
'Twere a Shame to part.

None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold,
a Cuckold, a Cuckold,
Bully'd by his Wife for coming, coming,
Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
coming, coming, coming late,
Fears a domeſtick Strife.

I'm

I'm free, I'm free, and ſo are you,
ſo are you, ſo are you too,
Call and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly,
knock boldly, knock boldly,
The Watch cry paſt Two o'Clock.

S O N G 168.

IAnthe the lovely, the Joy of her Swain,
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;
She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair,
Their Pleaſure was equal, and equal their Care:
No Time, no Enjoyment, their Dotage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd ſtill the fonder they grew.

A Paſſion ſo happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain:
Some ſwore 'twould be pity their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone for each other were made:
But all, all conſented, that one never knew
A Nymph yet ſo kind, or a Shepherd ſo true.

Love ſaw them with Pleaſure, and vow'd to take Care
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent Pair;
What either did want, he bid either to move;
But they wanted nothing, but ever to love:
Said, 'Twas all that to bleſs 'em his Godhead could do,
That they ſtill might be kind, and they ſtill might be true.

S O N G 169.

IDLE Creature!
Form and Feature
Give thy anxious Soul its Pain;
Pretty Faces,
Modiſh Graces,
O'er thy conquer'd Reaſon reign.

Slave to Paſſion,
Fool to Faſhion,
Rouſe thy Courage to thy Aid,
If, to gain thee,
She diſdain thee,
Let her, let her die a Maid.

S O N G 170.

IF a Lover
You'd diſcover
Jealouſy detects his Ways;

If

If he's roving,
That will prove him,
If he's knowing
The leaſt glowing,
That's the Gale which bids it blaze.

SONG 171.

IF all that I love is her Face,
From looking I ſure can refrain;
In others her Likeneſs may trace,
Or Abſence may cure all my Pain.
This ſaid, from her Charms I retir'd,
Nor knew I till then how I lov'd:
Whom preſent my Paſſion admir'd,
In abſence my Reaſon approv'd.
Ah! why ſhould I hope for Relief,
Where all that I ſee is Diſdain?
No Pity in her for my Grief,
No Merit in me to complain.
Nor yet do I Fortune upbraid,
Tho' robb'd of my Freedom and Eaſe,
Still proud of the Choice I have made,
Tho' hopeleſs it ever can pleaſe.

SONG 172.

IF all things ſucceed,
As already decreed,
By immutable Powers that rule us;
To repine, and to pray,
Is but Time thrown away,
And our Teachers, in ſhort, do but fool us.
Then let's prove our Free-will,
By our Drinking about,
And by quitting the Glaſs, when its Time to give out:
But if Man has no Pow'r
To chuſe or to ſhun,
'Tis no Sin to drink boldly, or Virtue to run.
If we're driv'n by Fate,
Either this Way or that,
As a Carrier whips on his Horſes;
No Mortal can ſtray,
But muſt go the right Way,
Like the Stars that are bound to their Courſes.

But

But if we've Free-will,
To go on or ſtand ſtill,
As may beſt ſerve each preſent Occaſion:
Then pray fill the Glaſs,
And confirm him an Aſs,
That depends upon Predeſtination.

SONG 173.

IF any ſo wiſe is,
That Sack he deſpiſes,
Let him drink his ſmall Beer, and be ſober;
Whilſt we drink Wine, and ſing
As if it were Spring,
He ſhall droop like the Trees in October.

But be ſure, over Night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a Warning,
Soon as out of your Bed,
To ſettle your Head,
Take a Hair of his Tail in the Morning.

And not be ſo ſilly
To follow old Lilly;
For there's nothing but Wine that can tune us;
Let his ne aſſueſcas
Be put in his Cap-caſe,
And ſing bibito vinum jejunus.

SONG 174.

IF any Wench Venus' Girdle wear,
Though ſhe be never ſo ugly;
Lilies and Roſes will quickly appear,
And her Face look wond'rous ſmugly.
Beneath the left Ear ſo fit but a Cord,
(A Rope ſo charming a Zone is)
The Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a Lord,
And we cry, There dies an Adonis!

SONG 175.

IF Corinna would but hear
What impatient Love could ſay,
She would baniſh idle Fear,
And with Eaſe his Laws obey;
She would ſoon approve the Song,
Like the Voice and bleſs the Tongue,

Since

Since to Silence I'm confin'd,
Sighs and Ogles muſt declare,
What torments my thoughtful Mind;
How I wiſh, and how deſpair:
All the Motions of my Heart
Sighs and Ogles muſt impart.

SONG 176.

IF ever Charms did Laura move,
Or Beauty ever ſhow
A worthy Triumph of her Love,
It ſurely muſt be now.

Yet turn, O turn thoſe radiant Eyes!
View not th' ecſtatic Joy;
Believe me, fair One, Beauty may
Its beauteous Self deſtroy;

As once Narciſſus fondly view'd
A Form of leſſer Pow'r
In the clear Boſom of a Flood,
And languiſh'd to a Flow'r.

If then, upon his Form to gaze,
Did force himſelf to pine,
What muſt it be to view a Face
So lovely fair as thine?

Yet as the Charms you juſtly boaſt,
May well increaſe Deſire,
Let not a Wiſh or Thought be loſt,
But ſtill, O ſtill admire!

And if, as coy Narciſſus pin'd,
Your Form a Change receives,
May I change too to ſome ſoft Wind,
And breathe amidſt the Leaves.

SONG 177.

IF ever, Damon, you ſhou'd rove,
Still bear me ever in your Mind;
If walking in ſome ſhady Grove,
Or on ſome flow'ry Bank reclin'd:
Still let my faithful Image be
Among the Shades retir'd with thee.

If

If you ſhou'd wander where ſome Brooks
  Does o'er the murm'ring Pebbles flow,
As on the ſilver Stream you look,
  Think how I weep, oppreſt with Woe:
And ſhou'd the Current want Supplies,
I cou'd recruit it from my Eyes.

If perch'd upon ſome pointed Thorn,
  The Nightingale renews her Strain;
Let it remind thee how forlorn,
  When you are abſent, I complain:
Or, ſhou'd you hear the widow'd Dove,
Think I like her lament my Love.

Where you behold the ſetting Ray
  Trembling beneath the loweſt Skies,
The ſullen Gloom of cloſing Day
  May repreſent me to your Eyes:
For, languid as departing Light
Am I, when abſent from your Sight.

SONG 178.

IF ever you mean to be kind,
  To me the Favour, the Favour allow;
For fear that to morrow ſhould alter my Mind,
  Oh! let me now, now, now.
If in Hand then a Guinea you'll give,
  And ſwear by this kind Embrace;
That another to morrow, as you hope to love,
  Oh! then I will ſtrait unlace:
For why ſhould we two diſagree,
  Since we have, we have Opportunity?

SONG 179.

IF from the Luſtre of the Sun,
  To catch your fleeting Shade you run,
In vain is all your Haſte, Sir;
But if your Feet reverſe the Race,
The Fugitive will urge the Chace,
  And follow you as faſt, Sir.

Thus, if at any Time, as now,
Some ſcornful Chloe you purſue,
  In Hopes to overtake her;

Be ſure you ne'er too eager be,
But look upon't——as cold as ſhe,
And ſeemingly forſake her.
So I and Laura, t'other Day,
Were courſing round a Cock of Hay,
While I could ne'er o'erget her;
But when I found I ran in vain,
Quite tir'd, I turned back again,
And flying from her met her.

SONG 180.

IF Gold could lengthen Life, I ſwear,
It then ſhould be my chiefeſt Care;
To get a Heap, that I might ſay,
When Death came to demand his Pay,
Thou Slave, take this, and go thy Way.
But ſince Life is not to be bought,
Why ſhould I plague myſelf for nought?
Or fooliſhly diſturb the Skies
With vain Complaints, or fruitleſs Cries?
For if the fatal Deſtinies
Have all decreed it ſhall be ſo,
What good will Gold or Crying do?
Give me, to eaſe my thirſty Soul,
The Joys and Comforts of the Bowl;
Freedom and Health, and whilſt I live,
Let me not want what Love can give:
Then ſhall I die in Peace and have
This Conſolation in the Grave,
That once I had the World my Slave.

SONG 181.

IF Heaven, its Bleſſings to augment,
Call Henny to the Skies,
Hence from the Earth flies all Content,
The Moment that ſhe dies:
For in this Earth there is no Fair
Can give ſuch Joy to me;
How great muſt then be my Deſpair,
My Henny, ann thou die!

But now pale Sickneſs leaves her Face,
And now my Charmer ſmiles;
New Beauty heightens ev'ry Grace,
And all my Fear beguiles:
The bounteous Powers have heard the Prayers
I daily made for thee,
Like them be kind, and eaſe my Cares,
Elſe I myſelf muſt die.

SONG 182.

IF I hear Orinda ſwear,
She cures my jealous Smart;
If I hear Orinda ſwear,
She cures my jealous Smart:
The Treachery becomes the Fair,
And doubly fire my Heart.

Beauty's Strength and Treaſure
In Falſhood ſtill remain;
She gives the greateſt Pleaſure,
That gives the greateſt Pain,
That gives the greateſt Pain, &c.

SONG 183.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I grow down,
Let this be my Fate in a Country Town:
May I have a warm Houſe, with a Stone at my Gate,
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.
May I govern my Paſſion with an abſolute Sway,
And grow wiſer and better as my Strength wears away;
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

In a Country Town by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at diſtance on which I may look;
With a ſpacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
And an eaſy Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more,
Of the beſt Wits that liv'd in the Ages before;
With a Diſh of Roaſt-Mutton, not Ven'ſon nor Teal,
And clean, tho' coarſe Linnen, at every Meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on Sunday, and ſtout huming Liquor,
And a Remnant of Latin to puzzle the Vicar;

With

With a hidden Reſerve of Burgundy Wine,
To drink the King's Health as oft as we dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a Courage undaunted may I face my laſt Day;
And when I am dead may the better Sort ſay,
In the Morning when ſober, in the Ev'ning when mellow,
He is gone, and han't left behind him his Fellow.
For he govern'd his Paſſions with an abſolute Sway,
Aud grew wiſer and better as his Strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

SONG 184.

IF I love a Man for his Money,
As many have done before;
Tho' to Night he may call me his Honey,
To-morrow he'll call me his Whore.

Then better be frank and free,
And love him for Loving's Sake;
The ſooner we Women agree,
The better's the Bargain we make.

Chuſe you a dear Man that is kind,
That's generous, eaſy and true;
And to keep him ſtill in the ſame Mind,
Do you keep yourſelf in the ſame too.

If when he begins to change,
You fiercely the Fault reprove,
He may like others, out of Revenge,
He ne'er could have lik'd out of Love.

To all his Follies be blind,
But moſtly to that of roving;
When he's moſt croſs, be you moſt kin,
And teach him to love you by loving.

If with a hard Word he is vex'd,
A Kiſs will ſoon heal the Sore;
But if not one Kiſs, then try the next,
And if not the next, the next Score.

Thus ſoften him by Degrees,
And bring him to your Lure:
By pleaſing him, yourſelf you may pleaſe;
And when you've half loſt him, ſecure.

SONG 185.

IF Love be a Fault, and in me thought a Crime,
How great my Offence, bear ye Witneſs, O Time!
The Days and the Nights, and the Hours, as they roll'd,
You know may be felt, but are ne'er to be told.

One Day paſs'd away, and ſaw nothing but Love,
Another came on, and the ſame thing did prove:
The Sun it grew tir'd ſtill to look on the ſame,
But I grew more pleas'd when the next Moment came.

I ſaw you all Day, and each Night, with new Guſt,
And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the firſt.
Thus fleeting Time paſſes, with Down on its Wings,
And whilſt this remains, reſt unenvy'd ye Kings.

If this be my Crime, be my Judges, ye Fair,
And if I muſt ſuffer for what is ſo rare,
True Lovers hereafter this Wonder ſhall tell,
The Cauſe of my Death is for loving too well.

SONG 186.

IF Love's a ſweet Paſſion, why does it torment?
If a Bitter, O tell me, whence comes my Content?
Since I ſuffer with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain?
Or grieve at my Fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the Pain is, ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

I graſp her Hands gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate Silence I make my Love known.
But oh! how I'm bleſt, when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing Miſtake to diſcover her Love;
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.

How pleaſing is Beauty, how ſweet are the Charms?
How delightful Embraces, how peaceful her Arms?
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above:
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes muſt yield,
For 'tis Beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair Field.

SONG 187.

IF Love the Virgin's Heart invade,
How, like a Moth, the ſimple Maid

Still

Still plays about the Flame!
If ſoon ſhe be not made a Wife,
Her Honour's ſing'd, and then for Life,
She's - - - - - what I dare not name.

S O N G 188.

IF Phillis denies me Relief,
If ſhe's angry, I'll ſeek it in Wine;
Tho' ſhe laughs at my amorous Grief,
At my Mirth why ſhould ſhe repine?
The ſparkling Champaign ſhall remove
All the Grief my dull Soul has in Store:
My Reaſon I loſt when I lov'd,
By drinking what can I do more?

Would Phillis but pity my Pain,
Or my amorous Vows would approve,
The Juice of the Grape I'd diſdain,
And be drunk with nothing but Love.

S O N G 189.

IF ſhe be not kind as fair,
But peeviſh and unhandy,
Leave her, ſhe's only worth the Care
Of ſome ſpruce Jack-a-dandy.

I would not have thee ſuch an Aſs,
Had'ſt thou ne'er ſo much Leiſure,
To ſigh and whine for ſuch a Laſs
Whoſe Pride's above her Pleaſure.

S O N G 190.

IF the Glaſſes they are empty,
Fill again, my Soul's adry:
Sure ſuch Wine as this will tempt ye
To carouſe in Sympathy.
Thirſty Souls, like Plants aſpiring,
Moiſture ever are deſiring.
Thus careſſing
Nature's Bleſſing,
We'll the ſober World deſy.

See the Bottle, how its Beauty
Smiles in ev'ry ruby Face;
We to Bacchus owe a Duty,
Drink, brave Heroes, drink apace.

Cou'd the Globe be fill'd with Claret,
Souls like mine wou'd never ſpare it:
Ever drinking,
Void of thinking,
We'd the happy Hours embrace.

SONG 191.

IF the Heart of a Man is depreſs'd with Cares,
The Miſt is diſpell'd when a Woman appears;
Like the Notes of a Fiddle, ſhe ſweetly, ſweetly,
Raiſes the Spirits, and charms our Ears.
Roſes and Lillies her Cheeks diſcloſe,
But her ripe Lips are more ſweet than thoſe:
Preſs her,
Careſs her,
With Bliſſes,
Her Kiſſes
Diſſolve us in Pleaſure, and ſoft Repoſe.

SONG 192.

IF to Love or good Wine
Your Heart ſhould incline,
Great Bacchus gives th' only true Pleaſure;
The Follies of Love
Will quickly remove
'Tis Drinking has Joys above Meaſure.
All Friendſhip is here,
Come, kiſs me, my Dear,
No Embrace like a ſolid full Glaſs.
By Love you can gain
No more but a Chain,
And then you will look like an Aſs.
See, look on this Wine,
The Charms are divine,
Which ever will ſmile to invite ye;
'Tis pure, without Art,
No Tricks or falſe Heart,
And never will fail to delight ye.
Fond Love is a Bubble,
A Toil and a Trouble,
It brings neither Profit nor Eaſe;

To

To Bacchus we'll ſing,
Always young as the Spring,
'Tis Wine that adds Length to our Days.

CHORUS.

Fill every one his Glaſs,
About then let it paſs,
A Bumper gives the only happy Minute,
A Pox of Love,
A Pox of Love,
There's nought but Dulneſs in it.

SONG 193.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring Heart,
Let Damon urge his Claim:
He feels the Paſſion, void of Art,
The pure and conſtant Flame.
Though ſighing Swains their Torments tell,
Their ſenſual Love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous Shell,
But ſlight the inward Gem.
Poſſeſſion cures the wounded Heart,
Deſtroys the tranſient Fire;
But when the Mind receives the Dart,
Enjoyment whets Deſire.
Your Charms each ſlaviſh Senſe controul,
A Tyrant's ſhort-liv'd Reign:
But milder Reaſon rules the Soul,
Nor Time can break the Chain.
By Age your Beauties will decay,
Your Mind improves with Years;
As when the Bloſſoms fade away,
The rip'ning Fruit appears.
May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my Suit,
And bleſs each future Hour;
That Damon, who can taſte the Fruit,
May gather ev'ry Flower.

SONG 194.

IF Wealth a Man cou'd keep alive,
I'd ſtudy only how to thrive:
That having got a mighty Maſs,
I might bribe the Fates ſo let me paſs.

But ſince we can't prolong our Years,
Why ſpend we Time in needleſs Sighs and Tears?
For ſince Deſtiny
Has decreed us to die,
And all muſt paſs o'er the old Ferry,
Hang Riches and Cares,
Since we han't many Years,
We'll have a ſhort Life and a merry.
Time keeps its Round, and Deſtiny
Regards not whether we laugh or cry;
And Fortune never does beſtow
A Look on what we do below:
But Men with equal Swiftneſs run
To play on others, or be play'd upon.
Since we can take no Courſe
For the better or the worſe;
Let none be a melancholy Thinker;
Let the Times the Round go,
So the Cups do ſo too,
Ne'er bluſh at the Name of a Drinker.

S O N G 195.

IF Wine and Muſick have the Pow'r
To eaſe the Sickneſs of the Soul,
Let Phœbus ev'ry String explore,
And Bacchus fill the ſprightly Bowl.
Let them their friendly Aid employ,
To make my Chloe's Abſence light,
And ſeek for Pleaſures to deſtroy
The Sorrows of this live-long Night.
But ſhe to-morrow will return;
Venus be thou to-morrow great,
Thy Myrtles ſtrew, thy Odours burn,
And meet the fav'rite Nymph in State.
Kind Goddeſs, to no other Pow'rs
Let us to-morrow's Bleſſings own;
Thy darling Loves ſhall guide the Hours,
And all the Day be thine alone.

S O N G 196.

IF Wine be a Cordial, why does it torment?
If a Poiſon, oh tell me, whence comes my Content?

Since

Since I drink it with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain?
Or repent ev'ry Morn, when I know 'tis in vain:
Yet ſo charming the Glaſs is, ſo deep is the Quart,
That at once it both drowns and enlivens my Heart.

I take it off briſkly, and when it is down,
By my jolly Complexion I make my Joy known.
But oh! how I'm bleſt! when ſo ſtrong it does prove,
By its ſovereign Heat to expel that of Love!
When in quenching the old, I create a new Flame,
And am wrapt in ſuch Pleaſures that ſtill want a Name.

SONG 197.

IF you at an Office ſollicite your Due,
And would not have Matters neglected;
You muſt quicken the Clerk with the Perquiſite too,
To what his Duty directed.
Or would you the Frowns of a Lady prevent,
She too has this palpable Failing,
The Perquiſite ſoftens her into Conſent;
That Reaſon with all is prevailing.

SONG 198.

IF you ſue to Venalia to grant you the Bleſſing,
Like Jove, in Gold court her, or vain's your addreſſing;
For ſhe ſays, that Love nought but what's gen'rous inſpires,
And therefore rich Tokens of Love ſhe requires.

Such Suitors as nothing but Love have to give her,
(Like pennyleſs Ghoſts at the Stygian River,
To Elyſium a Paſſage deny'd by old Charon)
Eternal Attendance may dance on the Fair-one.

SONG 199.

IF you my wand'ring Heart wou'd find,
That Heart you ſay is like the Wind,
That varies here, that wanders there,
To ev'ry Nymph that's kind and Fair:
I ſay if then this Heart you'd find,
Turn to your own unſettled Mind,
If e'er it wanders, 'tis to be,
In wand'ring conſtantly with thee.

How can it ſettle when you fly,
And ſhun this faithful Votary,
It oft a Nymph that's fair doth find,
But never yet the Nymph that's kind.

If

If you wou'd fix this wand'ring Heart,
Join it with yours, 'twill ne'er depart:
But in the Pangs of Death will prove,
It wander'd but to fix your Love.

SONG 200.

IF you'd court the Joy won't leave you,
Pay your Vows at Bacchus' Shrine;
Other Pleaſures will deceive you,
Truth is only found in Wine.
If you'd court, &c.

Let the puny ſneaking Lover
Bow to Cupid like a Fool;
Juſt Experience will diſcover,
He's no more than Woman's Tool.
He's no more, &c.

Bring more Wine then, charge the Glaſſes,
Let 'em flow with gen'rous Red;
Drown a thouſand loving Aſſes,
Then in Triumph march to Bed.
Bring more, &c.

SONG 201.

JIlting is in ſuch Faſhion,
And ſuch a Fame
Runs o'er the Nation,
There's never a Dame
Of higheſt Rank, or of Name,
Sir, but will ſtoop to your Careſſes,
If you do but put home your Addreſſes:
It's for that ſhe paints, and ſhe patches,
All ſhe hopes to ſecure is her Name, Sir.

But when you find the Love-fit comes upon her,
Never truſt much to her Honour:
Tho' ſhe may very high ſtand on't,
Yet when her Love is aſcendant,
Her Virtue's quite out of Doors:
High Breeding, rank Feeding,
With lazy Lives leading,
In Eaſe and ſoft Pleaſures,
And taking looſe Meaſures,
With Playhouſe Diverſions,
And Midnight Excurſions,

With

With Balls maſquerading,
And Nights ſerenading,
Debauch the Sex into Whores, Sir.

SONG 202.

I'LL face e'ery Danger to reſcue my Dear,
For Fear is a Stranger, where Love is ſincere.
I'll face e'ery Danger to reſcue my Dear,
For Fear is a Stranger, where Love is ſincere.
Repulſes but fire us, Deſpair we deſpiſe,
If Beauty inſpire us to pant for the Prize.

SONG 203.

I'LL go to my Love where he lies in the Deep,
And in my Embraces my Deareſt ſhall ſleep;
When we wake the kind Dolphins together ſhall throng,
And in Chariots of Shells ſhall draw us along.

The Orient hath Pearls, which the Ocean beſtows,
All mixed with Coral, a Crown to compoſe;
Tho' the Sea-Nymphs do ſpite us, and envy our Bliſs,
We will teach them to love, and the Cockles to kiſs;

For my Love lies now in his wat'ry Grave,
And hath nothing to ſhew for his Tomb but a Wave:
I'll kiſs his dear Lips, than the Coral more red
That grows where he lies in his wat'ry Bed.

Ah, ah, ah! my Love's dead;
There was not a Bell,
But a Triton's Shell,
To ring, to ring, out his Knell.

SONG 204.

I'LL languiſh no more at the Glance of your Eye;
Can view you all o'er and ne'er fetch a deep Sigh.
No more ſhall your Voice, Syren like, charm my Heart,
In vain you may ſigh, uſe in vain all your Art.
No, Madam, I'm free; when I'm recreant again,
Let me, unpity'd, feel again my old Pain.

I'll Libertine turn, uſe all Things in common;
No more than one Diſh be bound to one Woman;
Yet I'll ſtill love the Sex, but my Bottle before 'em;
I'll uſe 'em ſometimes, but I'll never adore 'em.
Go, Madam, be wiſe: When a Woodcock's i'th' Nooſe,
Be ſure hold him faſt, leſt like me he gets looſe.

SONG 205.

I'LL range around the ſhady Bowers,
And gather all the ſweeteſt Flowers;
I'll ſtrip the Garden and the Grove,
To make a Garland for my Love.

When in the ſultry Heat of Day,
My thirſty Nymph does panting lay,
I'll haſten to the Fountain's Brink,
And drain the Stream that ſhe may drink.

At Night, when ſhe ſhall weary prove,
A graſſy Bed I'll make my Love,
And with green Boughs I'll form a Shade,
That nothing may her Reſt invade.

And whilſt diſſolv'd in Sleep ſhe lyes,
My ſelf ſhall never cloſe theſe Eyes;
But gazing ſtill with fond Delight,
I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.

And then as ſoon as chearful Day
Diſpels the gloomy Shades away,
Forth to the Foreſt I'll repair,
And find Proviſion for my Fair.

Thus will I ſpend the Day and Night
Still mixing Pleaſure with Delight;
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can Eaſe for her procure.

But if the Maid, whom thus I love,
Shou'd e'er unkind and faithleſs prove,
I'll ſeek ſome diſmal diſtant Shore,
And never think of Woman more.

SONG 206.

I'LL ſail upon the Dog-ſtar,
And then purſue the Morning;
I'll chaſe the Moon 'till it be Noon,
I'll make her leave her Horning.

I'll climb the froſty Mountain,
And there I'll coin the Weather:
I'll tear the Rain-bow from the Sky,
And tie both Ends together.

The

The Stars pluck from their Orbs too,
And croud them in my Budget;
And whether I'm a roaring Boy,
Let Gresham College judge it.

While I mount you blue Cœlum,
To ſhun the tempting Gipſies;
Play at Foot-ball with Sun and Moon,
And fright ye with Eclipſes.

SONG 207.

I'LL ſing you a Ditty, and warrant it true,
Give but Attention unto me a while,
Of Tranſactions in Court and in Country too;
Toilſome Pleaſures, and pleaſing Toil.
Accept it, I pray, as your Help-mates you take:
To ſome 'twill give Joy,
And ſome others annoy;
All's fair at a Country-wake; all's fair, &c.

At Courts we ſee Patriots, noble and juſt,
Fit for Employments of Honour and Power:
But then there are Sycophants, unfit for Truſt,
Blend with the Great, and in Number are more;
Slaves, who would Honour and Honeſty ſtake,
With ſordid Intention,
To get Place, or Penſion;
Strange News at a Country-wake; ſtrange, &c.

Some Ladies at Court are ſtil'd unpolite,
Becauſe truly virtuous, and prone to no Ill:
Whilſt others, who ſparkle in Diamonds-bright,
Are ſtript of their Pride at Baſſet, or Quadrille,
'Till their Loſſes at Play do their Lord's Credit ſhake;
Then, their Toys to recover,
They'll grant the laſt Favour;
Strange News at a Country-wake; ſtrange, &c.

Here moſt of our Gentlemen Patriots are,
Though very bad Stateſmen, I freely confeſs;
They deſign Harm to none—but a Fox or a Hare,
And are always found loyal, in War, and in Peace.

The Farmer's Industry doth Earth fertile make;
The Husbandman's Plowing,
His Planting and Sowing,
Gets Health and good Cheer at a Country-wake.
Gets Health, &c.

Our Girls blooming fair, without Washes or Paints,
From neighbouring Villages hither resort;
They kiss sweet as Roses, yet virtuous as Saints,
Who can say more for the Ladies at Court?
No worldly Cares vex them, asleep or awake;
But their Time they improve
In Peace, and true Love,
And innocent Mirth at the Country-wake.
And innocent, &c.

The Schemes of a Courtier are full of Intrigue;
Here all's fair and open, dark Deeds we despise:
Set rural Contentment 'gainst courtly Fatigue,
Who chuses the former, is happy and wise.
Now let's pray for the King, and for England's sake,
From all Faction free,
May his Subjects agree,
As well at the Court as the Country-wake.
As well, &c.

SONG 208.

I'LL sing you a Song was never in Print,
'Tis newly and truly come out of the Mint,
And I'll tell you before-hand, you'll find Nothing in't.
Tol, tol, &c.

'Tis Nothing I think, 'tis Nothing I write,
'Tis Nothing I court, 'tis Nothing I slight,
And I don't care a Pin if I get Nothing by't.
Tol, tol, &c.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Birds, Beasts, Fish, and Men,
Did start out of Nothing, a Chaos, a Den,
And all things must turn to Nothing again.
Tol, tol, &c.

The Lad that makes Love to a delicate Smoothing,
And hopes to obtain her by sighing and soothing,
Most frequently makes much ado about Nothing.
Tol, tol, &c.

But

But ſoon as his Patience and Purſe is decay'd,
He may to the Arms of a Whore be betray'd,
For ſhe that is Nothing muſt needs be a Maid.
Tol, tol, &c.

'Tis Nothing makes many things often-times hit;
As when Fools amongſt wiſe Men do ſilently ſit,
The Fool that ſays Nothing may paſs for a Wit.
Tol, tol, &c.

When firſt by the Ears, we together did fall,
Then Something got Nothing, and Nothing got All;
From Nothing we came, and to Nothing we fall,
Tol, tol, &c.

If any Man tax me with Weakneſs of Wit,
And ſays, that on Nothing I Nothing have writ,
I ſhall anſwer, Ex nihilo nihil fit.
Tol, tol, &c.

But let his Diſcretion be never ſo tall,
This very Word Nothing may give him a Fall,
For in writing of Nothing I comprehend All.
Tol, tol, &c.

So let ev'ry Man give the Poet his due,
For then 'twas with him, as 'tis now with you,
He wrote it when that he had Nothing to do.
Tol, tol, &c.

This very Word Nothing, if took the right way,
May be of advantage; for what will you ſay,
When the Landlord he tells you there's Nothing to pay?
Tol, tol, &c.

SONG 209.

I'LL tell her the next time, ſaid I,
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my timorous Tongue the trembling Accents die:
Alas! a thouſand thouſand Fears
Still over-awe when ſhe appears!
My Breath is ſpent in Sighs, my Eyes are drown'd in Tears.

SONG 210.

I'LL tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rareſt Things have ſeen;
Oh Things without Compare!
Such Sights again cannot be found
In any Place on Engliſh Ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair,

At Charing Croſs, hard by the Way,
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our Hay,
There is a Houſe with Stairs;
And there did I ſee coming down
Such Folk as are not in our Town,
Vorty at leaſt in Pairs.

Among the reſt one peſt'lent fine
(His Beard no bigger though than thine,)
Walk'd on before the reſt:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bleſs him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At Courſe a Pack, without all Doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out,
By all the Maids i'th' Town:
Though luſty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? The Youth was going
To make an End of all his Wooing;
The Parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his Leave (for all his Haſte)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt,
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid——and thereby hangs a Tale——
For ſuch a Maid no Whitſon Ale
Could ever yet produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe cou'd be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of Juice.

Her Finger was ſo ſmall, the Ring
Would not ſtay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a Peck:
And to ſay Truth (for out it muſt)
It look'd like the great Collar (juſt)
About our young Colt's Neck.

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the Light,

But

But oh! ſhe dances ſuch a Way!
No Sun upon an Eaſter Day
Is half ſo fine a Sight.

He would have kiſs'd her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was ſo nice,
She would not do't in Sight:
And then ſhe looks as who ſhould ſay,
I will do what I liſt to Day;
And you ſhall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks ſo rare a White was on,
No Daiſie makes Compariſon,
(Who ſees them is undone)
For Streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine Pear,
(The Side that's next the Sun.)

Her Lips were red; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin,
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly:)
But (Dick) her Eyes ſo guard her Face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in July.

Her Mouth ſo ſmall, when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her Teeth her Words did break,
That they might Paſſage get:
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the Matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any Sin,
The Prieſt himſelf had guilty been,
She look'd that Day ſo purely:
And did the Youth ſo oft the Feat,
At Night, as ſome did in Conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him ſurely.

Juſt in the Nick the Cook knock'd thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
His Summons did obey;
Each Serving-man with Diſh in Hand,
March'd boldly up, like our Train'd-Band,
Preſented, and away.

But

When all the Meat was on the Table,
What Man of Knife or Teeth was able,
To ſtay to be intreated?
And this the very Reaſon was,
Before the Parſon could ſay Grace,
The Company was ſeated.

The Buſ'neſs of the Kitchen's great,
For it is fit that Men ſhould eat,
Nor was it there deny'd:
Paſſion oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
(I trow) beſides the Bride.

Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouſe,
Healths firſt go round, and then the Houſe,
The Bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,
Perhaps he made it her's by Stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O'th' ſudden up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again, and ſigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiſs:
Thus ſeveral Ways the Time did paſs,
Till ev'ry Woman wiſh'd her Place,
And ev'ry Man wiſh'd his.

By this Time all were ſtol'n aſide,
To counſel and undreſs the Bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But yet 'twas thought he gueſs'd her Mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an Hour or ſo.

When in he came (Dick) there ſhe lay,
Like new-fal'n Snow melting away,
('Twas Time, I trow, to part)
Kiſſes were now the only Stay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay,
Good B'ye! with all my Heart.

But, juſt as Heav'n would have, to croſs it,
In came the Bride-Maids with the Poſſet:
The Bridegroom eat in Spite;

For had he left the Women to't,
It would have coſt two Hours to do't,
Which were too much that Night.
At length the Candle's out, and now,
All that they had not done, they do:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget and with Nell.

SONG 211.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story muſt merry,
Of a Wager that happen'd near Elford-Ferry;
Where my Friend Parſon V—n ſet out with much heat,
And ſo run a Race with himſelf, and was beat.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Says the noble Lord Berkſhire, a Peer yet unſold,
Whoſe Wit is ſtill new, and whoſe Bounty is old;
That you cannot five times round my Garden, Friend, run,
I'll lay half a Crown; ſays the Doctor, 'tis done.
Derry, &c.

Like a large Knave of Clubs, in your Boots and your Gown,
Firſt prithee Tom V—n lay Divinity down;
Then tho' down Hill you run, don't deſpair of ſome Stay,
Thoſe Legs with that Belly can ne'er run away.
Derry, &c.

'Twas then that of Staffordſhire's Prieſthood, the Pride,
Laid his Boots, and his Robe, and his Girdle aſide;
My Lungs which ne'er fail, for my Guts ſhall attone,
And I'll do a Miracle Woolſton ſhall own.
Derry, &c.

It was in Defiance of thick and of thin,
That God's holy Envoy ſtood ſtript to the Skin;
Oh! he labour'd ſo well with Arms, Elbows and Head,
That my Lord thought his Wager was merrily laid.
Derry, &c.

And as he urg'd on o'er the gravelly Plain,
Thoſe Worms which were trod on could ne'er turn again,
The Gard'ners rejoic'd o'er each reverend Stride,
And bleſſing the Prieſt, laid the Rollers aſide.
Derry, &c.

Each Eccho reply'd in the Praiſe of Tom V——n,
As with Speed he urg'd on his large Collar of Brawn,
'Till his Legs not rememb'ring a very long Score,
Forſook the great Paunch which ſupply'd them before.
Derry, &c.

Whilſt Biſhops for Places and Penſions contend,
New Tranſlations are wiſh'd, and old Hereſies mend;
Then let us remember in Bumpers around,
The ſtaunch Parſon V—n who ſo firm ſtands his Ground.
Derry, &c.

And let all the Staffordſhire Laymen go pray,
Since firſt the fat Vicar has ſhewn us the Way,
That our Biſhops when next in the Senate they meet,
May ſo run a Race by themſelves, and be beat.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

SONG 212.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story that's true,
A Story that's diſmal, and comical too;
It is of a Fryar, who ſome People think,
Tho' as ſweet as a Nut, might have dy'd of a Stink.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

The Fryar would often go out with his Gun,
And tho' no good Markſman, he thought himſelf one;
For tho' he for ever was wont to miſs Aim,
Still ſomething, but never himſelf, was to blame.
Derry down, &c.

It happen'd young Peter, a Friend of the Fryar's,
With Legs arm'd with Leather, for Fear of the Briars,
Went out with him once, tho' it ſignifies not,
Where he hir'd his Gun, or who tick'd for the Shot.
Derry down, &c.

Away theſe two trudg'd it, o'er Hills and o'er Dales;
They popp'd at the Partridges, frighten'd the Quails;
But, to tell you the Truth, no great Miſchief was done,
Save ſpoiling the Proverb, As ſure as a Gun.
Derry down, &c.

But at length a poor Snipe flew direct in the Way,
In open Defiance, as if he would ſay,
" If only the Fryar and Peter are there,
" I'll fly where I liſt, there's no Reaſon to fear,"
Derry down, &c.

Tho'

Tho' little he thought his Death was ſo nigh,
Yet Peter, by Chance, fetch'd him down from on high;
His Shot was ramm'd down with a Journal, I wiſt,
The firſt Time he charg'd ſo improper with Miſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then on both Sides the Speeches began to be made,
As—I beg your Acceptance.—Oh! no, Sir, indeed—
I beg that you would, Sir.—For both wiſely knew
That one Snipe could ne'er be a Supper for two.
Derry down, &c.

What the Fryar declin'd in moſt civil Sort,
Peter ſlipt in his Pocket,—the De'il take him for't;
But were the Truth known, 'twould plainly appear,
He oft-times had found a longer Bill there.
Derry down, &c.

Hid in his Pocket, the Snipe ſafely lay,
While a Week did paſs over his Head, and a Day,
Till the Ropes for a Toaſt too offenſive were grown,
And were ſmelt out by every Noſe but his own.
Derry down, &c.

The Fryar look'd wholeſome, it muſt be agreed,
So no one could ſay, whence the Stink ſhould proceed;
Where the Stink might be laid, tho' no one could ſay,
'Tis certain he brought it, and took it away.
Derry down, &c.

At Sight of the Fryar began the Perfume,
And ſcarce he appear'd but he ſcented the Room.
Snuff-boxes were held in the higheſt Eſteem,
And all the wry Faces were made where he came.
Derry down, &c.

As the Place he was in, it was call'd this and that,
In his Room 'twas a Cloſe-ſtool, or elſe a dead Rat;
In the Fields where he walk'd, for ſome Carrion 'twas
'Twas a Fart at the Angel, and paſt for a Jeſt. [gueſs'd;
Derry down, &c.

At length the Suſpicion fell thick on poor Tray,
Till he took to his Heels, and with Speed ran away:
Thought the Fryar, poor Tray, I'll remember thee ſoon;
If I live to grow ſweet, I'll give thee a Bone.
Derry down, &c.

For

For he knew that poor Tray was highly abus'd,
And, if any, himſelf thus deſerv'd to be us'd;
For 'twas certainly he,——who elſe could he think?——
'Twas certainly he, that muſt make all the Stink.
Derry down, &c.

So when he came Home, he ſat down on his Bed,
His Elbow at Diſtance ſupported his Head:
His Body long while like a Pendulum went;
But all he could do did not alter the Scent.
Derry down, &c.

Thus hypp'd, he got up, and pull'd off his Cloaths,
He peep'd in his Breeches, and ſmelt to his Hoſe,
And the very next Morning freſh Cloaths he put on,
All, all but a Waiſtcoat, for he had but one.
Derry down, &c.

But changing his Cloaths did not alter the Caſe,
And ſo he ſtunk on for three Weeks and three Days;
Till to ſend for the Doctor he thought it moſt meet;
For tho' he was not, his Life it was ſweet.
Derry down, &c.

The Doctor he came, felt his Pulſe in a trice;
Then crept at a Diſtance to give his Advice:
But Sweating, nor Bleeding, nor Purging would do,
For inſtead of one Stink, this only made two.
Derry down, &c.

The Fryar oft-times to his Glaſs would repair,
But to Death he was frighten'd whene'er he came there;
His Eyes were ſo ſhrunk, and he look'd ſo aghaſt,
He verily thought he was ſtinking his laſt.
Derry down, &c.

So for Credit he haſtens to burn all his Proſe,
And into the Fire his Verſes he throws;
When ſearching his Pockets to make up the Pile,
He found out the Snipe, that had ſtunk all the while.
Derry down, &c.

So he hopes you will now think him wholeſome again,
Since his Waiſtcoat diſcovers the Cauſe of his Pain.
To conclude, the poor Fryar intreats you to note,
That you might have been ſweet had you been in his Coat.
Derry down, &c.

SONG

SONG 213.

I'M Cupid's Warriour, my Fair,
Then quickly for the Fight prepare.
Ah! why, Celinda would you fly,
When I at firſt am ſure to yield?
If you th'Engagement ſhun, I die;
Oh! take me, and I've won the Field.

SONG 214.

I'M not one of your Fops, who, to pleaſe a coy Laſs,
Can lie whining and pining, and look like an Aſs.
Life is dull without Love, and not worth the Poſſeſſing;
But Fools make a Curſe, what was meant for a Bleſſing.
While his Godſhip's not rude, I'll allow him my Breaſt;
But, by Jove, out he goes, ſhou'd he once break my Reſt.
I can toy with a Girl for an Hour, to allay
The Fluſter of Youth, or the Ferment of May;
But muſt beg her Excuſe, not to bear Pain of Anguiſh,
For that's not to love, by her leave, but to languiſh.

SONG 215.

I'M old mad Tom, behold me,
My Wits are quite unframed;
I'm mad, I'm ſure, and paſt all Cure,
And in Hopes of being proclaimed.

I'll mount the froſty Mountains,
And there I'll ſkin the Weather;
I'll pluck the Rainbow from the Sky,
And I'll ſplice both Ends together.

I'll mount the Pride of Marble,
And there I'll fright the Gypſies;
And I'll play at Bowls with Sun and Moon,
And win them with Eclipſes.

I 'Prentice was to Vulcan,
And ſerv'd my Maſter faithful,
In making Tools for jovial Fools;
But, ye Gods, ye prov'd unfaithful.

The Stars pluck'd from their Orbs too,
I'll put them in my Budget;
And if I'm not a roaring Boy,
Then let the Nation judge it.

SONG 216.

IMpatient with Desire, at last
I ventur'd to lay Forms aside;
'Twas I was Modest, not she Chast,
The Nymph, as soon as ask'd, comply'd.
With am'rous Awe a silent Fool,
I gaz'd upon her Eyes with Fear:
Speak, Love, how came your Slave so dull,
To read no better there?
Thus to ourselves the greatest Foes,
Altho' the Fair be well inclin'd;
For want of Courage to propose,
By our own Folly, she's unkind.

SONG 217.

IMportunate Love be gone,
My Heart you no more shall have;
With Freedom and Ease
My Senses I'll please,
And never be more thy Slave.
With whining and pining
A Lover must shew his Art,
Professing
No Blessing
Like gaining the fair One's Heart:
Which once in possessing,
Like others confessing,
He soon will be ready to part.
But he that the Grape is caressing,
Will always find a true Blessing;
For that never cloys,
But ripens his Joys,
And makes him look frolick and gay:
Then fill up your Glass,
And round let it pass,
And thus to the God you will say:
Importunate Love be gone,
Thy Quiver is now in vain,
With Freedom and Ease
My Senses I'll please,
And ne'er be in Love again.

SONG

SONG 218.

IN a dark ſilent ſhady Grove,
Fit for the Delights of Love,
As on Corinna's Breaſt I panting lay,
My right Hand playing with & cætera.
A thouſand Words and amorous Kiſſes,
Prepar'd us both for more ſubſtantial Bliſſes;
And thus the haſty Moments ſlipt away,
Loſt in the Tranſports of & cætera.
She bluſh'd to ſee her Innocence betray'd,
And the ſmall Oppoſition that ſhe made;
Yet hugg'd me cloſe, and with a Sigh did ſay,
Once more, my Dear, once more & cætera.
But O the Pow'r to pleaſe this Nymph was paſt,
Too violent a Flame can never laſt;
So we remitted to another Day
The Proſecution of & cætera.

SONG 219.

IN a Humour I was late,
As many good Fellows be,
To think of no Matters of State,
But ſeek for good Company;
That beſt contented me.
I travell'd up and down
No Company I could find,
Till I came to the Sign of the Crown:
My Hoſteſs was ſick of the Mumps,
The Maid was ill at eaſe;
The Tapſter was drunk in his Dumps;
They were all of one Diſeaſe,
Says Old Simon the King.
Conſidering in my Mind,
And thus I began to think;
If a Man be full to the Throat,
And cannot take off his Drink;
And if his Drink will not down,
He may hang himſelf for Shame;
So may the Tapſter at the Crown,
Whereupon this Reaſon I frame;

Drink will make a Man drunk,
And drunk will make a Man dry;
Dry will make a Man ſick,
And ſick will make a Man die,
Says Old Simon the King.

If a Man ſhould be drunk to Night,
And laid in his Grave to Morrow;
Will you or any Man ſay, - - -
That he dy'd of Care or Sorrow?
Then hang up Sorrow and Care,
'Tis able to kill a Cat,
And he that will drink all Night,
Is never afraid of that!
For drinking will make a Man quaff,
Quaffing will make a Man ſing;
Singing will make a Man laugh,
And laughing long Life doth bring,
Says Old Simon the King.

If a Puritan Skinker cry,
Dear Brother it is a Sin
To drink unleſs you be dry,
Then ſtrait this Tale I begin.
A Puritan left his Can,
And took him to his Jug,
And there he play'd the Man,
As long as he could tug;
But when that he was ſpy'd,
What did he ſwear or rail;
No, no truly, dear Brother, he cry'd,
Indeed all Fleſh is frail,
Says Old Simon the King.

So Fellows, if you'll be drunk,
Of Frailty it is a Sin,
Or for to keep a Punk,
Or play at In and In:
For Drink and Dice and Drabs,
Are all of one Condition,
And will breed Want and Scabs,
In ſpite of the Phyſician:

Whoſo

Whoſo fears every Graſs,
Muſt never piſs in a Meadow:
And he that loves a Pot and a Laſs,
Muſt never cry oh! my Head oh!
Says Old Simon the King.

SONG 220.

IN ancient Days I've heard, with Horns
The Wife her Spouſe could fright;
Which now the Hero bravely ſcorns,
So common is the Sight.

To City, Country, Camp, or Court,
Or whereſoe'er he go,
No horned Brother dares make Sport,
They're Cuckolds all a-row.

SONG 221.

IN ancient Times, in Britain's Iſle,
Lord Henry well was known,
Nor Knight in all the Land more fam'd,
Or more deſerv'd Renown;
His Thoughts on Honour always run,
He ne'er cou'd bow to Love,
No Nymph in all the Land had Charms
His frozen Heart to move.

Amongſt the Nymphs where Katharine came,
The faireſt Face ſhe ſhows,
She was as bright as morning Sun,
And ſweeter than the Roſe:
Although ſhe was of mean Degree,
She daily Conqueſts gains;
For ne'er a Youth who her beheld,
Eſcap'd her powerful Chains.

But ſoon her Eyes their Luſtre loſt,
Her Cheek grew pale and wan,
A pining ſeiz'd her lovely Form,
And Cures were all in vain:
The Sickneſs was to all unknown
That did the Fair one waſte,
Her Time in Sighs and Floods of Tears,
And broken Slumbers paſt.

Once in a Dream ſhe cry'd aloud,
  Oh Henry, I'm undone!
Oh cruel Fate! oh wretched Maid!
  Thy Love muſt ne'er be known!
Such is the Fate of Womankind,
  They muſt the Truth conceal,
I'll die ten thouſand thouſand Deaths,
  Ere I my Love reveal.

A tender Friend that watch'd the Fair,
  To Henry hey'd away,
My Lord, ſays ſhe, we've found the cauſe
  Of Katharine's quick decay,
She in a Dream the Secret told,
  Till now no Mortal knew:
Alas! ſhe now expiring lies,
  And dies for Love of you!

The gen'rous Henry's Soul was touch'd,
  His Heart began to flame,
Ah, poor unhappy Maid! he cry'd,
  Yet I am not to blame.
Ah Kath'rine! too too modeſt Maid,
  Thy Love I never knew;
I'll eaſe your Pain: and ſwift as Wind
  To her Bed-ſide he flew.

Awake! awake! he fondly cry'd,
  Awake! awake! my Dear;
If I had only gueſs'd your Love,
  You ne'er had ſhed a Tear:
'Tis Henry calls, complain no more,
  Renew thy wonted Charms;
I come to ſave thee from Deſpair,
  And take thee to my Arms.

Theſe Words reviv'd the dying Fair,
  She rais'd her drooping Head,
And gazing on the long-lov'd Youth,
  She ſtarted from the Bed,
Around his Neck her Arms ſhe flung,
  In Extaſy, and cried,
Will you be kind? Will you indeed
  My Love! —and ſo ſhe died.

SONG 222.

IN April, when Primroſes paint the ſweet Plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain;
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
To wild and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn Trees grow.

There under the Shade of an old ſacred Thorn,
With Freedom he ſung his Loves Ev'ning and Morn:
He ſang with ſo ſaft and inchanting a Bound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unſeen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus ſung, Tho' young Maia be fair,
Her Beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud Air;
But Suſie was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing;
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That Madie in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was unconſtant, and never ſpoke Truth:
But Suſie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddeſs who ſprung from the Sea.

That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great Dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſow'r.
Then ſighing, he wiſted, would Parents agree,
The witty ſweet Suſie his Miſtreſs might be.

SONG 223.

IN Beauty or Wit,
No Mortal as yet,
To queſtion your Empire has dar'd;
But Men of Diſcerning,
Have thought that, in Learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard.

Impertinent Schools,
With muſty dull Rules,
Have Reading to Ladies deny'd;
So Papiſts refuſe
The Bible to uſe,
Leſt Flocks ſhould be wiſe as their Guide.

'Twas a Woman at firſt,
(Indeed ſhe was curſt)
In Knowledge that taſted Delight;
And Sages agree
The Law ſhould decree,
To the firſt Poſſeſſors the Right. Then

Then bravely, fair Dame,
Renew the Old Claim,
That to the whole Sex does belong,
And let Man receive,
From a ſecond bright Eve,
The Knowledge of Right and of Wrong.
But as the firſt Eve
Hard Doom did receive,
When only an Apple had ſhe;
What a Puniſhment now
Muſt be found out for you,
Who have taſted, and robb'd the whole Tree?

SONG 224.

IN Chloe's Frowns I read my Fate,
Her Eyes bid me deſpair;
Each Action ſhews her rooted Hate;
Oh Pain! too great to bear!

When I in Tears fall at her Feet,
She'll not one Look afford;
Nor all the Torments I repeat,
Can gain one tender Word.

Since Chloe's Love, alas! I know,
It is in vain to crave,
Her Pity muſt one Word beſtow,
And dying Damon ſave.

Ye Lovers happy with the Fair,
O teach me all your Art,
That I to Joy may change my Care,
And gain my Chloe's Heart.

SONG 225.

IN Chloris all ſoft Charms agree,
Delightful Humour, pow'rful Wit,
Beauty from Affectation free,
And for eternal Empire fit.
Where'er ſhe goes, Love waits her Eyes,
The Women envy, Men adore;
And wou'd ſhe leſs the Triumph prize,
She wou'd deſerve the Conqueſt more.

SONG

SONG 226.

IN Country Quarters ſtill confin'd,
From Berwick I do write:
Why can't my Body, like my Mind,
To Silvia take its Flight?
Oh! Silvia! if a Wiſh could do,
My Soul ſhould quarter ſoon with you.
Fa, la, la, la.

Whilſt I ſtay here, my love-ſick Heart,
With you is left behind:
Alas! why ſhould our Bodies part,
Since both our Souls are join'd?
My Body to my Prince is due,
My Soul its Orders takes from you.

My blooming Hopes of ſeeing you,
Are wither'd in their Prime;
Confin'd to ſtay for a Review,
Oh! why was this the Time!
For what's a dull Review to me,
If Silvia is not there to ſee?

When heavy Beat of dull Tattoo,
Commands the Soldier home,
The Hopes I have to dream on you,
Gives Muſick to the Drum:
Next Morning with the Reveilé,
I only wake to think on thee.

SONG 227.

IN Courts, Ambition kills the Great,
And Cities ſtrive for needleſs Gain;
Some do in Battles meet their Fate,
But I by Love, by Love am ſlain:
Phaeton by Thunder, Thunder dy'd,
Prometheus by the Vultur's Pain;
This doom'd for Stealth, and that for Pride,
But I by Love, by Love am ſlain.

Let noiſy deſp'rate Fools be brave,
And build up Trophies to the Sky:
My only Wiſh, ye Gods, I have,
When at Clorinda's Feet I die:

Where

'Were I like ſome to Greatneſs born,
To Fame and Empire rais'd up high;
That Fame, that Empire I wou'd ſcorn,
And at Clorinda's Feet would die.

SONG 228.

IN good King Charles's Golden Days,
When Loyalty had no harm in't,
A Zealous High Church Man I was,
And ſo I got Preferment:
To teach my Flock I never miſt,
Kings are by God appointed;
And thoſe are damn'd that do reſiſt,
And touch the Lord's Anointed.
And this is Law I will maintain,
Until my dying Day, Sir,
That whatſoever King ſhall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When Royal James obtain'd the Throne,
And Pop'ry came in Faſhion,
The Penal Laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my Conſtitution;
And had become a Jeſuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is Law, &c.

When William was our King declar'd,
To eaſe the Nation's Grievance;
With this new Wind about I ſteer'd,
And ſwore to him Allegiance:
Old Principles I did revoke,
Set Conſcience at a Diſtance;
Paſſive-Obedience was a Joke,
And Piſh for Non-reſiſtance.
And this is Law, &c.

When Gracious Anne aſcends the Throne,
The Church of England's Glory;
Another Face of things was ſeen,
And I became a Tory:

Occa-

Occaſional-Conformiſts baſe,
I damn'd their Moderation,
And thought the Church in Danger was,
By ſuch Prevarication.
And this is Law, &c.

When George in Pudding-time came o'er,
And Moderate-Men look'd big, Sir,
I turned Cat-in-Pan once more,
And then became a Whig, Sir;
And ſo Preferment I procur'd
By Our new Faith's Defender;
And always every Day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is Law, &c.

Th' Illuſtrious Houſe of Hanover,
And Proteſtant Succeſſion,
To theſe I do Allegiance ſwear,
While they can keep Poſſeſſion;
For by my Faith and Loyalty
I never more will faulter,
And George my lawful King ſhall be,
Until the Times ſhall alter.

And this is Law I will maintain,
Until my dying Day, Sir,
That whatſoever King ſhall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

SONG 229.

IN good King Lewis's Land,
In a City of high Degree,
There liv'd a Dyer grand,
And a very good Dyer was he:
This Dyer was married forſooth,
And married in truth was he,
To a Maid in the Bloom of her Youth;
And ſhe gave him ſome Jealouſy.

In vain had he ſought to diſcover
What he little deſir'd to ſee;
Never dreaming his Wife had a Lover,
Of Monkey-fac'd Monſieur l' Abbe.

He thought of a politick Way,
To bring all the Matter to Light,
By his feigning a Journey one Day,
And by lying in Ambuſh at Night.

The Horſes were brought to the Door,
Ev'ry Sign of a Journey appears;
Whilſt his Wife (that diſſembling Whore)
Was bedew'd in her Crocodile Tears.

A thouſand Grimaces ſhe made,
To ſhew forth her Grief at his Parting:
But that was the Trick of the Jade,
And regardleſs as old Womens Farting.

The Dyer was now out of Sight,
And prepar'd to diſcover the Treaſon;
You will find he was much in the right,
And I'm going to tell you the Reaſon.

The Wife was no ſooner alone,
But ſhe ſent for her Father Confeſſor,
He put his beſt Pantaloons on,
And he ran like the Devil to bleſs her.

The Damſel, with Smiles on her Face,
Met the Abbot, and gave him a Kiſs;
But no Man would have been in his Place,
Had he known of the Jerker in Piſs.

We now may ſuppoſe them together,
Confeſſing and preſſing each other;
Bound faſt in Love's Thong of Whit-leather,
Was the reverend Catholick Brother.

Some Hours were paſt at this Rate,
When the Huſband, with paſſe-par-tout Keys,
Made no Scruple to open his Gate,
And caught napping the Hog in his Peas.

Father Abbot, quoth he, (without Paſſion)
Is this your Church Way of Confeſſion?
Altho' 'tis a Thing much in Faſhion,
It is nevertheleſs a Tranſgreſſion.

The Abbot, as you may believe,
Had but little to ſay for himſelf;
He knew well what he ought to receive,
For his being ſo errant an Elf:

His Clothes he got on with all Speed,
And conducted he was by the Dyer,
To be duck'd (as you after may read)
And be cool'd from his amorous Fire.

Quoth the Dyer, Moſt reverend Father,
Since I find you're ſo hot upon Wenching,
I have gather'd my Servants together,
To give you a Taſte of our Drenching.
Here, — Tom, Harry, Roger, and Dick!
Take the Abbot, undreſs him, and douſe him,
They obey'd in that very ſame Nick,
To the Dye-vat they take him, and ſouſe him.

To behold what a Figure he made,
Such a Monſter there never was ſeen;
'Twas enough to make Satan afraid,
He was colour'd all over with Green.
The Dyer had Pleaſure enough,
When he thought how he dy'd him for Life:
'Twas much better than uſing him rough,
Since he only had lain with his Wife.

The Abbot was led to the Door,
And he took to his Heels in a trice;
Never looking behind or before;
It was not a Time to be nice.
'Tis reported by ſome of his Neighbours,
That he did not diſcover, till Morning,
The excellent Fruits of his Labours,
Nor the Colour he had for his Horning.

But, good lack! when he came to the Glaſs,
And beheld ſuch a ſtrange Alteration,
He was dy'd of the Colour of Graſs,
And had lik'd to have dy'd with Vexation.
As this Stain can be never got out,
And the Abbot muſt loſe the Church-fleece,
Let him bear the Diſgrace (like a Lout)
To be ſhewn for a Penny a-piece.

SONG 230.

IN January laſt, on Munnonday at Morn,
As I along the Fields did paſs to view the Winter's Corn.

I looked me behind, and I ſaw come over the Knough,
Yan glenting in an Apron with a bonny brent Brow.
I bid gud Morrow fair Maid, and ſhe right courteſlie
Bekt low and fine, Kind Sir, ſhe ſaid, gud Day again to ye.
I ſpear'd o' her, Fair Maid, quo' I, how far intend ye now?
Quo' ſhe, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny Brow.
Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to have ſike Company,
For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend ta be.
When we had walk'd a Mile or twa, Ize ſaid to her, My Doe,
May I not dight your Apron fine, and kiſs your bonny Brow?
Nea, gud Sir, you are far miſteen, for I am nean o' thoſe;
I hope ya ha more Breeding than to dight a Woman's Clothes;
For I've a better choſen than any ſike as you,
Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kiſs ma bonny Brow.
Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mair to ſay,
Rather than be rejected, I will give o'er the Play;
And I will choſe yan o' me own that ſhall not on me rew,
Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kiſs her bonny Brow.
Sir, Ize ſee ye are proud-hearted, and leath to be ſaid nay,
You need not tall ha ſtarted, for aught that Ize did ſay;
You know Women for Modeſtie, ne at the firſt time boo,
But, gif we like your Company, we are as kind as you.

SONG 231.

IN Kent ſo fam'd of Old,
Near by the pleaſant Knold,
A Swain a Goddeſs told
An am'rous Story;
Saying, in theſe jarring Days,
When Kings contend for Bays,
Your Love my Soul does raiſe
Above its Glory.
My Life, my lovely Dear,
Whilſt you are ſmiling here,
The Plants and Flow'rs appear
Moſt ſweetly charming;

The

The Sun may ceaſe to ſhine,
And all its Pow'rs reſign,
Your Eyes dart Rays divine,
All Nature warming.

Then leaning on her Breaſt,
He claſp'd her lovely Waiſt,
With Words endearing preſt,
No Thought of harming;
At which the bluſhing Maid
Thus, ſighing, to him ſaid,
My fooliſh Heart's betray'd
By Words ſo charming.

Near by there was a Grove,
A proper Place for Love,
To which this Couple move,
Alike deſiring;
She fell into his Arms,
And ſaid, Take all my Charms,
Love beats his laſt Alarms,
I'm juſt expiring.

SONG 232.

IN London Town there liv'd, well known,
A Doctor old and wary,
A Daughter fair was all his Care,
How to diſpoſe and marry:
This Daughter, ſhe, as all agree,
Was wond'rous neat and pretty:
Ye Parents dear, I pray draw near,
And liſten unto my Ditty.

The Doctor bent with full Intent,
A Country 'Squire ſhould have her;
For he had Pence inſtead of Senſe,
Which gain'd this old Man's Favour;
The Daughter ſhe would not agree;
This was no Match for Kitty:
Ye Maidens all, too apt to fall,
Come liſten unto my Ditty.

A neighb'ring Spark, a Lawyer's Clerk,
This fair Maid's Heart obtain'd;
With Love and Truth, the gentle Youth
All her Affections gained:

The Doctor he would not agree,
Alas! and more the Pity:
Ye Lovers true, altho' but few,
Come liſten unto my Ditty.
The 'Squire addreſt, the Doctor preſt,
But could not bring her over;
She each defies, and both denies,
Nor will ſhe loſe her Lover:
The Lover flew, when this he knew,
And runs away with Kitty:
Thus ſoon, my Love, I hope to prove
The Fact of this my Ditty.

SONG 233.

IN Love and Life the preſent uſe,
One Hour we grant, the next refuſe;
Who then would riſque a nay?
Were Lovers wiſe, they would be kind,
And in our Eyes the Moment find,
For only then they may.

SONG 234.

IN my triumphant Chariot hurl'd
I range around the World;
'Tis mad Tom drive all before me,
While to my royal Throne I come;
Bow down, my Slaves, and adore me,
Your Sovereign Lord, mad Tom.
What, though the Sceptre that I bear,
Is all but Dream and Air?
I've the Pleaſure of Crowns,
Without the Care.

And tho' I give Law
From Beds of Straw,
And dreſs in a tatter'd Robe;
The Madman can be
More a Monarch than he
That commands the Vaſſal Globe.

SONG 235.

IN Phillis all vile Jilts are met,
Fooliſh, uncertain, falſe Coquet.
Love is her conſtant welcome Gueſt,
And ſtill the neweſt pleaſes beſt.

Quickly

Quickly ſhe likes, then leaves as ſoon;
Her Life on Woman's a Lampoon.
Yet for the Plague of human Race,
This Devil has an Angel's Face;
Such Youth, ſuch Sweetneſs in her Look,
Who can be Man, and not be took?
What former Love, what Wits, what Art,
Can ſave a poor inclining Heart?
In vain, a thouſand times an Hour,
Reaſon rebels againſt her Pow'r.
In vain I rail, I curſe her Charms;
One Look my feeble Rage diſarms.
There is Enchantment in her Eyes;
Who ſees 'em, can no more be wiſe.

SONG 236.

IN Pimps and Politicians
The Genius is the ſame;
Both raiſe their own Conditions
On others Guilt and Shame.
With a Tongue well tipt with Lies,
Each the want of Parts ſupplies,
And with a Heart that's all Diſguiſe,
Keeps his Schemes unknown.
Seducing as the Devil,
They play the Tempter's Part,
And have, when moſt they're civil,
Moſt Miſchief in their Heart.
Each a ſecret Commerce drives,
Firſt corrupts, and then connives,
And by his Neighbours Vices thrives,
For they are all his own.

SONG 237.

IN Richmond's cool Grotto's, reclin'd,
On a verdant ſoft moſſy Bed;
Who wou'd to a Court be confin'd,
When ſuch Bliſs is poſſeſs'd in the Shade?
The Thames that flows ſmoothly along,
A Witneſs to Lovers ſad Pains,
Inſpires their am'rous Song,
And echo's in Rills to their Strains.

Sweet

Quickly

Sweet warble the Lark and the Thruſh,
In every Field and each Grove;
The Nightingale too from each Buſh,
Replies to the ſoft cooing Dove.

The Zephyrs, that play 'midſt the Trees,
Spread a genial Fragrance around,
And refreſh, with a ſweet cooling Breeze,
The Flow'rs that enamel the Ground.

The Ruſtic, polite and refin'd,
All Nature's vaſt Pleaſures in view;
New Graces ſtill riſe to the Mind,
And Tranſports each Hour renew.

Were Mortals their Stations to chooſe,
In lieu of their Paradiſe loſt,
Each Retreat but this they'd refuſe,
And find it as bleſs'd as the firſt.

SONG 238.

IN Slumber ſweet as Venus lay
Within a fragrant Myrtle Grove,
Where Odour-breathing Zephyrs play,
There wily Cupid chanc'd to rove.

Surpriz'd, he ſees the Goddeſs there
Alone, and calmly lull'd to Reſt,
With looſen'd Zone, and golden Hair,
Soft wav'ring o'er her ſnowy Breaſt.

This Love-creating Zone, he cries,
Shall now diviner Cart'ret grace,
Shall give new Luſtre to her Eyes,
And ſpread new Beauty o'er her Face.

The Girdle ſeiz'd, and Cupid flown,
From Sleep aroſe the Queen of Love,
She miſs'd her Beauty-giving Zone,
And ſought it, anxious, thro' the Grove.

This Loſs will all my Charms deſtroy,
She cries, and O I fear, — my Son,
To give a fav'rite Female Joy,
Hath all his Parent's Pow'r undone.

To ſearch him out, ſhe ſpeeds away
From Place to Place with eager Haſte,
And ſpies him full of Mirth and Play,
At beauteous Cart'ret's Toilet plac'd.

The Fair ſuch Charms poſſeſs'd before,
As ne'er in mortal Form were ſeen,
The Girdle adds a thouſand more,
By which ſhe rivals Beauty's Queen.

In Cart'ret's Face ſuch Graces ſmil'd
The Goddeſs looks away her Rage,
I'm pleas'd, ſhe cries, ſince thus beguil'd,
To ſhow Perfection to the Age.

S O N G 239.

IN ſpite of Love, at length I find
A Miſtreſs that will pleaſe me,
Her Humour free and unconfin'd,
Both Night and Day ſhe'll eaſe me;
No jealous Thoughts diſturb my Mind,
Tho' ſhe's enjoy'd by all Mankind;
Then drink and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you, thro' all her naked Charms
Her little Mouth diſcover,
Then take her bluſhing to your Arms,
And uſe her like a Lover;
Such Liquor ſhe'll diſtill from thence,
As will tranſport your raviſh'd Senſe;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

But beſt of all! ſhe has no Tongue,
Submiſſive ſhe obeys me;
She's truly better old than young,
And ſtill to ſmiling ſways me;
Her Skin is ſmooth, Complexion black,
And has a moſt delicious Smack;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you her Excellence would taſte,
Be ſure you uſe her kind, Sir;
Clap your Hands about her Waiſt,
And raiſe her up behind, Sir;

As for her Bottom never doubt,
Push but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

SONG 240.

IN Storms, when Clouds the Moon does hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea, the boldest there,
Who does not wish for Quiet here.

For Quiet (Friend) the Soldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights;
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

Since Wealth and Pow'r too weak we find,
To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait.

Happy the Man with little blest'd,
Of what his Father left possest'd;
No base Desires corrupt his Head,
No Fears disturb him in his Bed.

What then in Life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain Designs intend?
From Shore to Shore why should we run,
When none his tiresome Self can shun?

For baneful Care will still prevail,
And overtake us under Sail;
'Twill dodge the great Man's Train behind,
Out-run the Roe, out-fly the Wind.

If then my Soul rejoice To-day,
Drive far To-morrow's Cares away;
In Laughter let them all be drown'd;
No perfect Good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fate's sudden Blow,
Another's ling'ring Death comes slow;
And what of Life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to punish me.

Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,
A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,

Horses

Horſes and Chariots for thy Eaſe,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee pleaſe.
For me a little Cell I chuſe,
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muſe;
Which ſoft Content does beſt adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I ſcorn.

SONG 241.

IN the Fields, in Froſt and Snows,
Watching late and early,
There I kept my Father's Cows,
There I milk'd 'em early:
Booing here, booing there,
Here a Boo, there a Boo, every where a Boo.
We defy all Care and Strife,
In a charming Country Life.

Then at home amongſt the Fowls,
Watching late and early,
There I tend my Father's Owls,
There I feed them early:
Whooing here, whooing there,
Here a Whoo, there a Whoo, every where a Whoo,
We defy all Care, &c.

When the Summer Fleeces heap,
Watching late and early;
Then I ſheer my Father's Sheep,
Then I keep them early:
Baeing here, baeing there,
Here a Bae, there a Bae, every where a Bae.
We defy all Care, &c.

In the Morning, ere 'twas light,
In the Morning early,
There I met with my Delight,
Once he lov'd me dearly:
Wooing here, wooing there,
Here a Woo, there a Woo, every where a Woo.
O! how free from Care, &c.

Ere the Light came from above,
In the Morning early;
There I met with my true Love,
There I met him early:

Wooing

Wooing here, wooing there,
Here a Woo, there a Woo, every where a Woo.
O! how free from Care, &c.
In the Morn at Six o'Clock,
In the Morning early,
There I fed our Turky Cock,
There I fed him early:
Cou, cou, goble, goble, goble:
Here a Cou, there a Cou, every where a Cou.
O! how free from Care, &c.
In the Morning near the Fens,
In the Morning early,
There I feed my Father's Hens,
There I feed them early:
Cackle here, cackle there,
Here a Cack, there a Cack, every where a Cack.
O! how free from Care, &c.
In the Morning with good Speed,
In the Morning early,
I my Father's Ducks do feed,
In the Morning early,
Quacking here, quacking there,
Here a Quack, there a Quack, every where a Quack.
O! how free from Care, &c.
In the Morning fair and fine,
In the Morning early,
There I feed my Father's Swine,
There I feed them early:
Grunting here, grunting there,
Here a Grunt, there a Grunt, every where a Grunt:
O! how free from Care and Strife
Is a pleasant Country Life.

SONG 242.

IN the pleasant Month of May,
When the merry, merry Birds began to sing,
And the Blossoms fresh and gay
Usher'd in the welcome Spring;
When the long cold Winter's gone,
And the bright enticing Moon,
In the Evening sweetly shone:

When

When the bonny Men and Maids tript it on the Graſs;
At a jolly Country Fair,
When the Nymphs in their beſt appear;
We reſolv'd to be free, with a Fiddle and a She,
E'ery Shepherd and his Laſs.

In the middle of the Sport,
When the Fiddle went briſk, and the Glaſs went round,
And the pretty gay Nymphs for Court,
With their merry Feet beat the Ground;
Little Cupid arm'd unſeen,
With a Bow and Dart ſtole in,
With a conqu'ring Air and Mien,
And empty'd his Bow thro' the Nymphs and Swains;
Ev'ry Shepherd and his Mate
Soon felt their pleaſing Fate,
And longing to try in Enjoyment to die,
Love reign'd o'er all the Plains.

Now the ſighing Swains gave o'er,
And the weary'd Nymphs could dance no more;
There were other Thoughts that mov'd
Ev'ry pretty kind Pair that lov'd:
In the Woods the Shepherds lay,
And mourn'd the Time away,
And the Nymphs, as well as they,
Long'd to taſte what it is that their Senſes cloys;
Till at laſt by Conſent of Eyes,
Ev'ry Swain with his pretty Nymph flies,
Ev'ry buxom She retires with her He,
To act Love's ſolid Joys.

SONG 243.

IN theſe ſtrong Dominions here,
Like a King I live and reign,
Have no foreign Foes to fear,
Nor rich Subjects to complain.
Theſe my Priſ'ners are my Slaves,
Who obey my Laws and Rules;
Wealthy Dealers think them Knaves,
But, alas, they're honeſt Fools.

Here

Here I keep them close confin'd,
Tax and see them as I please,
Money only makes me kind,
Bribery's my lawful Fees.
I have artful sundry Ways,
To torment the Bold and Stout;
But the Wretch, that freely pays,
May be as easy in as out.
Why should Mortals think us base,
For extorting double Fees,
Since each Jaylor buys his Place
At what Price his Betters please.
Were the Purchase-Money low,
Wonders might perhaps be seen;
And we Rogues may honest grow,
As the Saints who put us in.
Since like Monsters in the Sea,
Great ones do the less devour;
Why should not such Wolves as we
Prey on those within our Power?
What we do from others drain,
Greater Bites new Ways have found,
To extort from us again,
So the sharping World goes round.

SONG 244.

IN this Grove my Strephon walk'd,
Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd,
Here he lov'd, &c.
In this Place his Loss I prove,
A sad Remembrance of our Love;
Oh! sad Remembrance of our Love.
In this Grove my Strephon stray'd,
Here he smil'd, and there betray'd;
Here he smil'd, &c.
Every whisp'ring Breeze can tell,
How I, poor I, believing, fell;
Ah! by too soon believing, fell.
By this Stream my Strephon mov'd,
Here he sung, and there he lov'd;
Here he sung, &c.

Every

Every Stream and every Tree
Cries out, Perfidious cruel he!
And helpleſs poor forſaken ſhe!
On this Bank my Strephon lean'd,
A lovely Foe, but faithleſs Friend;
A lovely Foe, &c.
Ye verdant Banks, each Stream and Grove,
Once joyous Scenes, now diſmal prove,
Since Strephon's falſe to me and Love.

SONG 245.

IN Town of Warwickſhire,
Fam'd for Godina's Praiſe,
I to a comely Fair,
One grateful Song wou'd raiſe:
Genteel, of Temper ſweet,
Of Courteſy the Cream,
Agreeably diſcreet,
And Patty is her Name.
More Wit than Woman's Share,
Yet innocently gay;
And from all Scandal clear,
That ancient Friend of Tea.
Nor ſtiff, nor full of Airs;
Nor formal, nor yet rude;
Without Offence ſhe ſteers,
Betwixt Coquet and Prude.
Such cheerful Influence,
Darts from her laughing Eyes,
As Phœbus does diſpenſe
His Thetis at his Riſe.
May all his whiter Hours
Be to her Wiſhes kind,
And grant, ye rural Pow'rs,
A Shepherd to her Mind.

SONG 246.

IN Tyburn-Road a Man there liv'd,
A juſt and honeſt Life,
And there he might have lived ſtill,
If ſo had pleas'd his Wife.

Every

But ſhe, to vicious Ways inclin'd,
A Life moſt wicked led,
With Taylors and with Tinkers too,
She oft defil'd his Bed.

Full twice a-day to Church he went,
And ſo devout would be,
Sure never was a Saint on Earth,
If that no Saint was he.

This vex'd his Wife unto the Heart,
She was of Wrath ſo full,
That finding no Hole in his Coat,
She pick'd one in his Skull.

But then her Heart 'gan to relent,
And griev'd ſhe was full ſore,
That Quarter to him for to give,
She cut him into Four.

All in the dark and dead of Night,
Theſe Quarters ſhe convey'd,
And in a Ditch at Marybone,
His Marrow-bones ſhe laid.

His Head at Weſtminſter ſhe threw
All in the Thames ſo wide;
Says ſhe, my Dear, the Wind ſets fair,
And you may have the Tide.

But Heav'n, whoſe Pow'r no Limit knows,
On Earth, or on the Main,
Soon caus'd this Head for to be thrown
Upon the Land again.

This Head being found, the Juſtices
Their Heads together laid,
And all agreed there muſt have been
Some Body to this Head.

But ſince no Body could be found,
High mounted on a Shelf,
They e'en ſet up this Head to be
A Witneſs for itſelf.

Next, that it no Self-murder was,
The Caſe itſelf explains,
For no Man could cut off his Head,
And throw it in the Thames.

E'er

E'er many Days had gone and paſt,
The Deed at length was known,
And Kath'rine ſhe confeſs'd at laſt,
The Fact to be her own.
God proſper long our noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all,
And grant that we may take Advice
By Kath'rine Hays's Fall.

SONG 247.

IN vain a thouſand Slaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's Pride:
Pity pleading,
Love perſuading,
When her icy Heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and ſtraight ſhe's aw'd.
Fooliſh Creature,
Follow Nature,
Waſte not thus your Prime;
Youth's a Treaſure,
Love's a Pleaſure,
Both deſtroy'd by Time.

SONG 248.

IN vain by Parallels you ſtrive;
Panthæa's Eyes to praiſe;
Perfection, which we can't conceive,
It ſelf alone diſplays.
Gaze on them only, if you'd know
What dazling Rays they dart;
But if what piercing Darts they throw,
Then view my wounded Heart.

SONG 249.

IN vain, Clymene, you beſtow
The promis'd Empire of your Heart,
If you refuſe to let me know
The wealthy Charms of ev'ry Part.
My Paſſion with your Kindneſs grew,
Tho' Beauty gave the firſt Deſire:
But Beauty only to purſue,
Is following a wand'ring Fire.

E'er

As Hills in Perſpective ſuppreſs
The free Enquiry of the Sight;
Reſtraint makes every Pleaſure leſs,
And takes from Love the full Delight.

Faint Kiſſes may in Part ſupply
Thoſe eager Longings of my Soul;
But oh! I'm loſt, if you deny
A quick Poſſeſſion of the Whole.

SONG 250.

IN vain, dear Chloe, you ſuggeſt,
That I, inconſtant, have poſſeſt,
Or lov'd a fairer She:
Wou'd you with Eaſe at once be cur'd
Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
Conſult your Glaſs and me.

If then you think, that I can find
A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
You've Reaſon for your Fears;
But if impartial you will prove
To your own Beauty, and my Love,
How needleſs are your Tears!

If in my Way I ſhould, by chance,
Give, or receive a Wanton Glance,
I like but while I view:
How ſlight the Glance, how faint the Kiſs,
Compar'd to that ſubſtantial Bliſs,
Which I receive from you!

With wanton Flight the curious Bee
From Flow'r to Flow'r ſtill wanders free,
And where each Bloſſom blows,
Extract the Juice from all he meets;
But for his Quinteſſence of Sweets,
He raviſhes the Roſe.

So I, my Fancy to employ,
In each Variety of Joy,
From Nymph to Nymph do roam;
Perhaps ſee fifty in a Day;
They're all but Viſits which I pay,
For Chloe's ſtill my Home.

SONG

SONG 251.

IN vain, fond Youth; thy Tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can Flavia do?
Thy Truth I own, thy Fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.

Suppreſs thoſe Sighs, and weep no more;
Should Heav'n and Earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, ſince any Pow'r,
To crown thy Love, muſt alter mine.

But if Revenge can eaſe thy Pain,
I'll ſooth the Ills I cannot cure;
Tell that I drag a hopeleſs Chain,
And all that I inflict endure.

SONG 252.

IN vain poor Damon proſtrate lies,
And humbly trembles at my Feet,
While pleading Looks, and begging Sighs,
With moving Eloquence entreat.

Pity perſuades my trembling Breaſt,
That Pains ſo great ſhould be redreſt.

But ſome ſtrong Whiſper intercedes,
And tells me I muſt let him wait,
And make him ſeal reſtrictive Deeds,
Ere I admit him to my State.

Women ſhould triumph whilſt they can,
Since Marriage makes them Slaves to Man.

SONG 253.

IN vain ſhe frowns, in vain ſhe tries
The Darts of her diſdainful Eyes;
She ſtill is charming, ſtill is fair,
And I muſt love, tho' I deſpair:
Nor can I of my Fate complain, or her Diſdain:
Who would not die to be ſo ſweetly ſlain?

Like thoſe who Magic Spells employ,
At Diſtance would, and cloſe deſtroy;
She kills with her ſevere Diſdain;
And abſent I endure the Pain:
But ſpare, O ſpare your cruel Art! the fatal Dart
Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.

SONG

SONG 254.

IN vain's the Force of female Arms,
In vain their offer'd Love,
Their Smiles, their Airs, nor all their Charms,
My Paſſion can remove;
For all that's fair and good I find
In Chloe's Form, in Chloe's Mind.

Let Cælia all her Wit diſplay
That glitters while it kills,
My Heart diſdains the feeble Ray,
Nor Light nor Heat it feels:
For all that's bright and gay I find
In Chloe's Form, in Chloe's Mind.

Fair Flavia ſhines in Gems of Gold,
And uſes all her Arts;
Not richeſt Chains my Heart can hold,
Unpierc'd by Diamond Darts:
For all that's rich and fair I find
In Chloe's Form, in Chloe's Mind.

Theſe Notes, ſweet Myra, now give o'er,
They once had Pow'r to wound;
When Chloe ſpeaks, they are no more,
But mix with common Sound:
All Grace, all Harmony I find
In Chloe's Form, in Chloe's Mind.

SONG 255.

IN vain you fable Weeds put on,
Clouds cannot long eclipſe the Sun;
Nature has plac'd you in a Sphere,
To give us Day-light all the Year:
'Tis well for thoſe
Of Cupid's Foes,
That your Charms thus ſhrouded lie:
For when that Night
Puts on the Light,
What Crowds of martyr'd Slaves will die!

SONG 256.

IN vain you tell your parting Lover,
You wiſh fair Winds may waft him over;
Alas! what Winds can happy proſe
That bear me far from what I love? Alas!

Alas! what Dangers on the Main
Can equal thoſe that I ſuſtain
From ſlighted Vows and cold Diſdain?
Be gentle, and in Pity chuſe
To wiſh the wildeſt Tempeſt looſe,
That, thrown again upon the Coaſt
Where firſt my ſhipwreck'd Heart was loſt,
I may once more repeat my Pain,
Once more in dying Notes complain
Of ſlighted Vows and cold Diſdain.

SONG 257.

IN Winter when the Rain rain'd cauld,
And Froſt and Snaw on ilka Hill,
And Boreas, with his Blaſts ſae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our Ky to kill:
Then Bell my Wife, wha loves nae Strife,
She ſaid to me right haſtily,
Get up, Goodman, ſave Cromie's Life,
And tauk your auld Cloak about ye.
My Cromie is an uſeful Cow,
And ſhe is come of a good Kyne;
Aft has ſhe wet the Bairn's Mou,
And I am laith that ſhe ſhould tyne;
Get up, Goodman, it is fou Time,
The Sun ſhines in the Lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious End,
Go tak your auld Cloak about ye.
My Cloak was anes a good gray Cloak,
When it was fitting for my Wear;
But now it's ſcantly worth a Groat,
For I have worn't this thirty Year;
Let's ſpend the Gear that we have won,
We little ken the Day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new Cloak about me.
In Days when our King Robert rang,
His Trews they coſt but half a Crown;
He ſaid they were a Groat o'er dear,
And call'd the Taylor Thief and Loon.

He was the King that a Crown,
And thou the Man of laigh Degree:
'Tis Pride puts a' the Country down,
Sae talk thy auld Cloak about thee.

Every Land has its ain Laugh,
Ilk kind of Corn it has its Hool;
I think the Warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka Wife her Man wad rule;
Do ye not ſee, Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I ſit hurklen in the Aſe;
I'll have a new Cloak about me.

Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty Years,
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa,
Of Lads and bonny Laſſes ten:
Now they are Women grown and Men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good Huſband,
E'en tak your auld Cloak about ye.

Bell, my Wife, ſhe loves na Strife;
But ſhe wad guide me, if ſhe can,
And to maintain an eaſy Life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm Goodman
Nought's to be won at Woman's Hand,
Unleſs ye give her a' the Plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld Cloak about me.

SONG 258.

IN yonder Town there wons a May,
Snaek and perfyte as can be ony,
She is ſae jimp, ſae gamp, ſae gay,
Sae capernoytie, and ſae bonny:
She has been woo'd and loo'd by Mony,
But ſhe was very ill to win;
She wadna hae him except he were bonny:
Tho' he were ne'er ſae noble a kin.

Her bonnyneſs has been foreſeen
In ilka Town baith far and near,
And when ſhe kirns her minny's kirn
She rubs her Face till it grows clear;

But

But when her minny ſhe did perceive
Sic great inlack amang the Butter,
Shame fa' that filthy Face of thine,
'Tis criſh that gars your grunzie glitter.
There's Dunkyſon, Davyſon, Robie Carniel,
The Laſs with the Petticoat dances right well,
Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrom, Stony,
Ann ye dance ony mair, we'ſe tell meſs Johny.

SONG 259.

INgrateful Love! thus every Hour,
To puniſh me by her Diſdain;
You tyrannize, to ſhew your Pow'r;
And ſhe, to triumph in my Pain.

You, who can laugh at human Woes,
And Victims to her Pride decree,
On me, your yielding Slave, impoſe
Your Chains; but leave the Rebel free.

How fatal are your poiſon'd Darts!
Her conqu'ring Eyes the Trophies boaſt,
Whilſt you inſnare poor wandring Hearts,
That in her Charms and Scorn are loſt.

Impious and cruel! You deny
A Death to eaſe me of my Care;
Which ſhe delays, to make me try
The Force of Beauty and Deſpair.

SONG 260.

NYMPH.

INjurious Charmer of my vanquiſh'd Heart,
Canſt thou feel Love, and yet no Pity know;
Since, of my ſelf, from thee I cannot part,
Invent ſome gentle Way to let me go:
For what with Joy thou did'ſt obtain,
And I with more did give,
In Time will make thee falſe and vain,
And me unfit to live.

SHEPHERD.

Frail Angel, that would'ſt leave a Heart forlorn;
With vain Pretence, Falſhood therein might lie:
Seek not to caſt wild Shadows o'er thy Scorn,
You cannot ſooner change than I can die.

To tedious Life I'll never fall,
Thrown from thy dear-lov'd Breaſt;
He merits not to live at all,
Who cares to live unbleſt.

CHORUS.

Then let our flaming Hearts be join'd,
While in that ſacred Fire,
Ere thou prove falſe, or I unkind,
Together both expire.

SONG 261.

INſpir'd by Int'reſt, Paſſions, or Whims,
What one calls Meat, t'other Poiſon eſteems:
How Fancies, like Faces, various prove:
If Sons of Bacchus ſo oft diſagree
In Choice of Liquors, then why may not we
Have divers and ſundry Objects of Love.
A free-born Briton, each Man may delight,
As pleaſes him moſt, in Jokes black or white;
But, like a dull Jeſt,
To me are the reſt,
In Country and Town,
Compar'd with the brown,
The nut-brown that might captive a Jove.
If Virtue the middlemoſt Station claims,
And Danger lies moſt in diſtant Extreams,
How ſafe, how charming then is my Choice?
The nut-brown Joke, not a Saturn, nor Sol,
Invites my Senſes and raptures my Soul;
The temp'rate Zone! a Canaan of Joys!
To all other Jokes for ever adieu;
The brown that conquers can keep me true.
How ſweet is the Yoke
To a nut-brown Joke!
To Bounds ſuch as this,
Confinement's a Bliſs;
And all other earthly Manna cloys.
Nor Splendour of Courts, nor warlike Alarms,
Affect me in my Florella's Arms,
Or make Impreſſions in my Mind.

I'll

I'll laugh at ev'ry rival Fair,
At Fortune, at Fame, and anxious Care,
While my Florella's true and kind.
No Magick has ſo mighty a Force,
Both Perſon and Heart, for better and worſe,
In a Circle to lock,
As her nut-brown Joke,
Where Ages are loſt,
And Pleaſures engroſt,
Where Soul and Senſe their Paradiſe find.

SONG 262.

INſult no longer, cruel Fair!
A Wretch deſtroy'd by your Diſdain;
Who can, alas! no longer bear
The racking Torment of Deſpair,
But dies to end an hopeleſs Pain.

One gentle Look of Pity give,
And he contented will expire,
Without one murm'ring Groan receive
His deſtin'd Fate, nor wiſh to live
Abandon'd to a vain Deſire.

Since You his Paſſion can't approve,
Nor He, without your Favour, live;
Let Death your Prejudice remove,
Compaſſionate this fatal Love,
And his unhappy Crime forgive.

But when ſome more ſucceſsful Slave
Shall not (in vain) for Mercy ſue;
Remember Strephon in the Grave,
And let his mould'ring Aſhes crave
One Tear, who wept ſo much for you.

SONG 263.

JOckey and Jenny together were laid,
Jockey was happy, and ſo was the Maid:
He often did ſigh, and cry, Jenny, with thee,
My Life, tho' in Bondage, would ſeem to be free.

Jenny, who greatly for Jockey did burn,
Would Sigh to his Sigh, and kind Language return:
There's no Pair ſo happy, ſo much of one Mind,
As Jockey to Jenny, ſo Jenny's inclin'd.

Content

Content with each other, in humble Retreat,
They court not new Beauties, nor envy the Great;
He'll not quit his Nymph, nor the Nymph quit her Swain,
For Pleaſures yet thought of, or Riches to gain.

Come all you gay Courtiers, who Greatneſs admire,
And ſhine in gilt Coaches with pompous Attire,
Regard the true Pleaſure this Couple enjoy,
For Pleaſures with Jockey and Jenny ne'er cloy.

While you quit your Sylvia for Chloe's bright Eyes,
Let Aminta purſue, you fair Chloe deſpiſe;
When one Nymph's undone, you another undo,
And rambling, the Fair does the ſame Thing by you:

'Till Nature grows weary, decrepid, and poor,
Not aged, but quite has exhauſted her Store:
'Tis Jockey and Jenny enjoy the true Taſte;
Be conſtant, like them, and your Pleaſures will laſt.

SONG 264.

JOckey's fou, Jenny fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain;
She was courtly, he was kind,
And thus the Wooer tell'd his Mind.

Jenny I'll nae mair be nice,
Gi'e me Love at ony Price;
I winna prig for Red or Whyt,
Love alone mun gi'e Delyt.

Others ſeek they kenna what,
In Looks, in Carriage, and a' that;
Give me Love, for her I court:
Love in Love makes a' the Sport.

Colours mingled unco fine,
Common Motives lang ſinſyne,
Never can engage my Love,
Until my Fancy firſt approve.

It is na Meat but Appetite
That makes our eating a Delyt;
Beauty is at beſt Deceit;
Fancy only kens nae Cheat.

SONG 265.

JOckie met with Jenny fair
Aft by the Dawning of the Day;
But Jockie now is fu' of Care,
Since Jenny ſtaw his Heart away:
Altho' ſhe promis'd to be true,
She proven has, alake! unkind,
Which gars poor Jockie often rue,
That e'er he loo'd a fickle Mind.
And it's o'er the Hills and far away,
It's o'er the Hills and far away,
It's o'er the Hills and far away,
The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.

Now Jockie was a bonny Lad,
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now, poor Man, he's e'en gane wood,
Since Jenny has gart him deſpair.
Young Jocky was a Piper's Son,
And fell in Love when he was young;
But a' the Springs that he could play,
Was o'er the Hills and far away.
And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

He ſung --- When firſt my Jenny's Face
I ſaw, ſhe ſeem'd ſo fu' of Grace,
With meikle Joy my Heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with Sorrow kill'd;
Oh! was ſhe but as true as fair,
'Twad put an End to my Deſpair.
Inſtead of that, ſhe is unkind,
And wavers like the Winter Wind.
And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Ah! could ſhe find the diſmal Wae,
That for her Sake I undergae,
She coudna chuſe but grant Relief,
And put an End to a' my Grief;
But oh! ſhe is as fauſe as fair,
Which cauſes a' my Sighs and Care;
But ſhe triumphs in proud Diſdain,
And takes a Pleaſure in my Pain.
And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Hard was my Hap to fa' in Love
With ane that does ſae faithleſs prove;
Hard was my Fate to court a Maid,
That has my conſtant Heart betray'd:
A Thouſand Times to me ſhe ſware,
She wou'd be true for evermair;
But to my Grief, alake! I ſay,
She ſtaw my Heart, and ran away.
And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Since that ſhe will nae Pity take,
I mun gae wander for her Sake,
And in ilk Wood and gloomy Grove,
I'll ſighing ſing, adieu to Love;
Since ſhe is fauſe whom I adore,
I'll never truſt a Woman more;
Fra' a' their Charms I'll flee away,
And on my Pipe I'll ſweetly play,
O'er the Hills and Dales, and far away,
Out o'er the Hills, and far away,
Out o'er the Hills, and far away,
The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.

SONG 266.

JOckie ſaid to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my Tocher-good,
For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee.
E'ens ye like, quo' Johnny, ye may let be.

I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land enough,
I ha' ſeven good Owſen ganging in a Pleugh,
Ganging in a Pleugh, and linking o'er the Lee,
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I ha' a good Ha'-Houſe, a Barn and a Byer,
A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin Fire;
I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry ſhall we be,
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany ſaid to Jockie, gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſhall be the Lad, I'll be the Laſs my ſell.
Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Laſſie free,
Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.

SONG

SONG 267.

JOckie was a dowdy Lad,
And Jemmie ſwarth and tawny:
They my Heart no Captive made,
For that was Prize to Sawnie.
Jockie woes, and ſighs and ſues,
And Jemmie offers Money;
Weel I ſee they both love me,
But I love only Sawnie.

Jockie high this Voice can raiſe,
And Jemmie tunes the Viol;
But when Sawnie pipes ſweet Lays,
My Heart kens no Denial.
One, he ſings, and t'other's Strings,
Tho' ſweet, yet only teaze me:
Sawnie's Flute can only do't,
And pipe a Tune to pleaſe me.

SONG 268.

JOlly Mortals, fill your Glaſſes,
Noble Deeds are done by Wine;
Scorn the Nymph and all her Graces,
Who'd for Love or Beauty pine?

Look within the Bowl that's flowing,
And a thouſand Charms you'll find,
More than Phillis has, tho' going
In a Moment to be kind.

Alexander hated Thinking,
Drank about at Council-board:
He ſubdu'd the World by Drinking,
More than by his conqu'ring Sword.

SONG 269.

JOlly Roger, Twangdillo of Plowden-Hill,
In Cheſt had two thouſand good Pound,
Fat Oxen and Sheep, and a Barn well fill'd,
And a hundred good Acres of Ground;
Which made ev'ry Maiden with Maidenhead laden,
And Widows tho' juſt ſet free,
To wrangle and fret, and pump up their Wit
To train to the Net, Twangdillo, Twangdee.

The firſt that brake Ice was a Laſs had been
Born of a good Houſe, but decay'd;
Her Gown was new dy'd, and her Nightrail clean,
And to ſing and talk French had been bred;
She'd dance Northern Nancy,
And, Parlez vous Francois?
That Hodge might her Breeding ſee;
She'd roll her black Eye,
Breathe ſhort with a Sigh,
Whene'er ſhe came nigh Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

The next was a Sempſtreſs of Stature low,
That fancy'd ſhe wanted a Male;
Her Hair as black as an Autumn Sloe,
And hard as a Coach-Horſe's Tail:
She'd ogle and wheedle,
And prick with her Needle;
What d'ye lack? what d'ye buy? cry'd ſhe;
But now her briſk Tone
Is chang'd to a Groan,
Ah! Pity my Moan, Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

A muſty old Chambermaid, lean and tall,
The next as a Suitor appears;
With a Tongue loud and ſhrill, but no Teeth at all,
For Time had drawn them many Years;
Caſt Gowns, and ſuch Lumber,
Old Smocks without Number,
She bragg'd ſhould her Dowry be:
Forty Pair of lac'd Shoes,
Ribbons Green, Red, and Blues?
But all wou'd not nooſe Twangdillo, &c.

The next was a Laſs of a Popiſh Strain,
That Jeſuit Whims had been taught;
She bragg'd they ſhould ſoon have King J---s again,
Tho' her Spouſe was late hang'd for the Plot;
The French wou'd come over,
And land here at Dover,
And all as they wiſh'd would be;
The Jacobite Jade
Talk'd as if ſhe was mad,
In hopes to have had Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

A Vintner's fat Widow then ſtraight was view'd,
Whoſe Cuckold had pick'd up ſome Pelf;
He had kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he'd brew'd,
And lately had poiſon'd himſelf.
With Bumpers of Claret,
No Souſe paying for it,
She'd Roger's Companion be;
Strike Fiſt on the Board,
Huzza was the Word,
Come kiſs me, ador'd Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

But Roger reſolv'd not to be her Man,
And ſo gave a Looſe to the next,
The Niece of a canting blear-ey'd Non-con,
That ſtifly cou'd canvaſs a Text.
A Dame of Cheapſide too,
Wou'd fain be his Bride too,
And make him of London free;
But no Laſs wou'd down,
In Country or Town,
So Purſe-proud was grown Twangdillo, &c.

Till at laſt pretty Nancy, a Farmer's Joy,
That newly a milking had been;
Round-fac'd, cherry-cheek'd, with a ſmirking Eye,
Came tripping it over the Green:
She mov'd like a Goddeſs,
And in her lac'd Bodice
A Span ſhe wou'd hardly be;
Her Lips were plump grown,
And her Hair a dark Brown;
'Twas ſhe that brought down Twangdillo, &c.

SONG 270.

JOlly Souls that are gen'rous and free,
And true Vot'ries to Bacchus will be,
To great Bacchus' Shrine let's repair,
And a Bottle or two offer there.

CHORUS.

Exempt from Exciſe, our Joys higher riſe,
Still Drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;
Our Bottle at Night gives us Joy and Delight,
And drowns all the drowſy Fatigues of the Day.

Let the gripping old Uſurer pine,
Let the Lover call Phillis divine,
Let each Man what he fancies command,
My Delight's in my Bottle and Friend.
Exempt from, &c.

O what Joy from the Bottle there ſprings,
It can make us greater than Kings;
If our Spirits by Grief are oppreſt,
Wine alone can procure us ſome Reſt.
Exempt from, &c.

Great Influence has Wine over Love,
And the Coy can make kinder to prove;
Tho' the Nymph very ſlighting denies,
It diſcovers the Truth in her Eyes.
Exempt from, &c.

It can make us all Heroes in brief,
And the Wretched forget all his Grief:
It inſpires the Gallant and Brave,
And Freedom can give to the Slave.
Exempt from, &c.

SONG 271.

JOY to great Cæſar,
Long Life, Love and Pleaſure,
'Tis a Health that divine is;
Fill your Glaſs full as mine is:
Let none fear a Fever,
But take it off thus, Boys;
Let the King live for ever,
'Tis no Matter for us, Boys.
Try all the Loyal,
Defy all, give Denial,
Sure none thinks his Glaſs too big here,
Nor any Prig here,
Or ſneaking Whig here
Of Cripple Tony's Crew,
That now looks blue,
His Heart akes too,
The Tap won't do,
His Zeal ſo true,
And Projects new,
Ill Fate does now purſue,

Let Tories guard the King,
Let Whigs in Halter ſwing,
Let Pilk and Shute be ſhamm'd;
Let bugg'ring Oates be damn'd;
Let cheating Play'rs be nick'd,
The Turn-coat Scribe he kick'd,
Let Rebel City Dones
Ne'er beget their Sons,
Let every Whiggiſh Peer
That rapes a Lady fair,
And leaves his only Dear
The Sheets to gnaw and tear,
Be puniſh'd out of Hand,
And forc'd to pawn his Land,
T'attone the grand Affair.

Great Charles, like Jehovah,
Spares Foes would unking him,
And warms with his Graces
The Vipers that ſting him.
'Till crown'd with juſt Anger
The Rebel he ſeizes;
Thus Heaven can thunder
Whenever it pleaſes.

Then to the Duke fill fill up the Glaſs,
The Son of our Martyr, belov'd of the King:
Envy'd and lov'd,
Yet bleſs'd from above,
Secur'd by an Angel ſafe under his Wing.
Faction and Folly,
And State Melancholy,
With Tony in Whigland for ever ſhall dwell;
Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty
Then teach us our Duty,
For none e'er can love, or be wiſe, and rebel.

SONG 272.

JOY to the Bridegroom! fill the Sky
With pleaſing Sounds of welcome Joy:
Joy to the Bride, may laſting Bliſs,
And every Day ſtill prove like this.

Never were Marriage Joys Divine,
But where two conſtant Hearts combine;

He that proves falſe, himſelf doth cheat,
Like ſick Men taſtes, but cannot eat.

What is a Maidenhead? ah what?
Of which weak Fools ſo often prate?
'Tis the young Virgin's Pride and Boaſt,
Yet never was found but when 'twas loſt.

Fill me a Glaſs then to the Brink,
And its Confuſion here I'll drink;
And he that baulks the Health I nam'd,
May he die young, and then be blam'd,

SONG 273.

IRIS on a Bank of Thyme,
With a Sigh, and weeping Eye,
Said to lovely Celamine,
Let no Men your Heart ſurprize,
Men are all compos'd of Lies.

Tho' a thouſand Oaths they ſwear,
And as many Vows repeat;
All they ſwear, is common Air,
All they promiſe, but Deceit:
Man was never conſtant yet.

Wiſely then preſerve your Heart
From the Tyranny of Fate;
For only they can act their Part,
When Love has its Return of Fate;
Then Repentance comes too late.

SONG 274.

IRIS, your lovely fatal Eyes
Command ſuch pow'rful Darts,
No Wonder if you one deſpiſe,
To wound a thouſand Hearts.

But could you gueſs the vaſt Delight
To conſtant Lovers known,
You would your thouſand Conqueſts ſlight,
And rule my Heart alone.

SONG

SONG 275.

IS Hamilla then my own?
O! the dear, the charming Treaſure!
Fortune now in vain ſhall frown;
All my future Life is Pleaſure.

See how rich, with youthful Grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry Feature;
Smiling Heaven is in her Face,
All is gay, and all is Nature.

See what mingling Charms ariſe,
Roſy Smiles and kindling Bluſhes;
Love ſits laughing in her Eyes,
And betrays her ſecret Wiſhes.

Haſte then from th' Idalian Grove,
Infant Smiles, and Sports and Graces:
Spread the downy Couch for Love,
And lull us in your ſweet Embraces.

Softeſt Raptures, pure from Noiſe,
This fair, happy Night ſurround us:
While a thouſand ſprightly Joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unſour'd with Care, or Strife,
Heaven ſtill guard this deareſt Bleſſing!
While we tread the Path of Life,
Loving ſtill, and ſtill poſſeſſing.

SONG 276.

IS there a Charm, ye Pow'rs above,
To eaſe a wounded Breaſt?
Thro' Reaſon's Glaſs to look at Love,
To wiſh and yet to reſt.
Let Wiſdom boaſt, 'tis all in vain,
An Empire o'er the Mind;
'Tis Beauty, Beauty holds the Chain,
And triumphs o'er Mankind.

Thrice happy Birds, who on the Spray
Unartful Notes prolong:
Your feather'd Mates reward the Lay,
And yield to pow'rful Song.

By Nature fierce, without controul,
The human Savage ran;
'Till Verſe refin'd the ſtubborn Soul,
And civilized the Man.

Verſe turns aſide the Tyrant's rage,
And cheers the drooping Slave;
It wins a Smile from hoary Age,
And diſappoints the Grave.
The Force of Numbers muſt ſucceed,
And ſooth each other Ear;
Tho' my fond Cauſe ſhould Phœbus plead,
He'll find a Daphne here.

Did Heav'n ſuch wond'rous Gifts produce,
To curſe our wretched Race;
Say, muſt we all the Heart accuſe,
And yet approve the Face?
Thus in the Sun, bedrop'd with Gold,
The baſking Adder lies;
The Swain admires each ſhining Fold,
Is charm'd, is ſtung, and dies.

SONG 277.

IT is not, Cælia, in our Pow'r
To ſay how long our Love will laſt;
It may be we, within this Hour,
May loſe thoſe Joys we now do taſte:
The Bleſſed that immortal be,
From Change of Love are only free.

Then, ſince we mortal Lovers are,
Aſk not how long our Love will laſt;
But while it does, let us take care
Each Minute be with Pleaſure paſt:
Were it not Madneſs to deny
To live, becauſe we're ſure to die.

Fear not, tho' Love and Beauty fail,
My Reaſon ſhall my Heart direct;
Your Kindneſs now ſhall then prevail,
And Paſſion turn into Reſpect;
Cælia, at worſt, you'll in the End
But change a Lover for a Friend.

SONG 278.

IT is not that I love you leſs
Than when before your Feet I lay;
But to prevent the ſad Encreaſe,
Of hopeleſs Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas!) for every Thing,
Which I have known belong to you,
Your Form does to my Fancy bring,
And makes my old Wounds bleed anew.

Who, in the Spring from the new Sun,
Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins thoſe Shafts to ſhun,
Which Phœbus thro' his Veins has ſhot.

Too late he would the Pain aſſwage,
And to thick Shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the Rage,
And in his tainted Blood the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſh'd Servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The Vow I made to love you too.

SONG 279.

IT was in and about the Martinmas Time,
When the green Leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Græme in the weſt Country
Fell in Love with Barbara Allan.

He ſent his Man down through the Town,
To the Place where ſhe was dwelling,
O haſte and come to my Maſter Dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly roſe ſhe up,
To the Place where ſhe was lying,
And when ſhe drew the Curtain by,
Young Man, I think you're dying.

O its I'm ſick, and very very ſick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.
O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your Heart's Blood were a ſpilling.

O dinna ye mind, young Man, ſaid ſhe,
When ye was in the Tavern a drinking,
That ye made the Healths gae round and round,
And ſlighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his Face unto the Wall,
And Death was with him dealing;
Adieu, adieu, my dear Friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And ſlowly, ſlowly raiſe ſhe up,
And ſlowly, ſlowly left him;
And ſighing, ſaid, ſhe could not ſtay,
Since Death of Life had reft him.

She had not gane a Mile but twa,
When ſhe heard the Dead-bell ringing,
And every Jow that the Dead-bell geid,
It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan.

O Mother, Mother, make my Bed,
O make it ſaft and narrow,
Since my Love died for me to Day,
I'll die for him the morrow.

SONG 280.

IT was the charming Month of May,
When all the Flow'rs were freſh and gay,
One Morning by the Break of Day,
Sweet Chloe, chaſte, and fair,
From peaceful Slumbers ſhe aroſe,
Girt on her Mantle and her Hoſe,
And o'er the flow'ry Mead ſhe goes,
To breathe a purer Air.

Her looks ſo ſweet, ſo gay her Mien,
Her handſome Shape, and Dreſs ſo clean,
She look'd all o'er like Beauty's Queen,
Dreſt in her beſt Array.
The gentle Winds and purling Stream,
Eſſay'd to whiſper Chloe's Name,
The ſavage Beaſts, till then ne'er tame,
Wild Adoration pay.

The feather'd People you might ſee,
Perch'd all around her on a Tree,
With Notes of ſweeteſt Melody
They act a chearful Part.

The dull Slaves on the toilſome Plow,
Their weary'd Neck and Knees do bow,
A glad Subjection there they vow,
To pay with all their Heart.

The bleating Flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming Nymph they ſpy,
They leave their hoarſe and rueful Cry,
And dance around the Brooks:
The Woods are glad, the Meadows ſmile,
And Forth that foam'd and roar'd e'er while,
Glides calmy down, as ſmooth as Oil,
Thro' all its charming Crooks.

The finny Squadrons are content,
To leave their wat'ry Element;
In glazie Numbers down the Bent,
They flutter all along.
The Inſects, and each creeping Thing,
Join'd to make up the rural Ring,
All friſk and dance, if ſhe but ſing,
And make a jovial Throng.

King Phœbus now began to riſe,
And paint with red the eaſtern Skies,
Struck with the Glory of her Eyes,
He ſhines behind a Cloud:
Her Mantle on a Bough ſhe lays,
And all her Glory ſhe diſplays,
She left all Nature in Amaze,
And ſkipp'd into the Wood.

SONG 281.

ITinerants we are, and merrily agree,
There's ne'er a Club, around the Globe, more happy are and free;
Antiquity's our Boaſt, of mighty ancient Fame,
Nor Bourbon nor Naſſau from longer Date can claim.
Antiquity's our Boaſt, &c.

Our Founder, great Adam, in Eden's bliſsful Bowers,
Itinerant he was, ſo ſooth'd the paſſing Hours;
From him the ab Origine, none can our Title blame,
Then let all due Reſpects be paid—Itinerant's the Name.
From him the ab Origine, &c.

And Travelling is good as learned Doctors tell us,
It openeth the Lungs, which are the human Bellows,
It cauſes good Digeſtion, and that's the Cauſe of Health,
And Health's the Sauce of Life, without it what is Wealth?
It cauſes good Digeſtion, &c.

On Saturdays we meet, when, down the Weſtern Hill,
The bluſhing God from Thetis takes a handſome Swill;
We follow his Example, tho' do a little differ;
He topes the briny Ocean, but we tope better Liquor.
We follow his Example, &c.

Our Principle is Monarchy, no other Schemes advance;
And hope that the Republican will never lead the Dance;
That Hydra-headed Monſter, whoſe rigid Iron-Claws,
Whene'er they faſten on us, the vital Crimſon draws.
That Hydra-headed Monſter, &c.

We drink the Church and King, the Queen and Royal Line,
Old England and old Trade, that they may ever ſhine;
And then the cloſing Health comes on, with very decent Pride,
And ſo we drink our Miſtreſſes, our Wives, and Fire-ſide.
And then the cloſing Health, &c.

The Wine, in Moderation, thus cordially we take,
Exhilarate our Friendſhip, and farther Friendſhips make.
The Scythe-God is delighted when we together come,
To hear our Songs, and Mirth and Joys, all echo round the Room.
The Scythe-God, &c.

Sic itur ad Aſtra, our Motto's very good,
Thus mounting to the Stars we wou'd be underſtood;
For there the jocund Orbs immenſely travel round,
And infinite Itinerants moſt beautiful are found.
For there the jocund Orbs, &c.

SONG 282.

JUST coming from Sea, our Spouſes and we,
We punch it, we punch it, we punch it,
We punch it, we punch it aboard with Couragio;
We ſing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing,
And hey, hey, hey, hey, hey my brave Boys, Bon voiagio:
We

We ſing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing,
We ſing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing,
And hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, my brave Boys, Bon voiagio.

SONG 283.

I'VE ſtrove in vain; here, take my Heart;
But do not think your Thanks are due,
For I had firſt try'd every Art
Th' invading Paſſion to ſubdue;
For ſuccour, fell to Wit and Pride,
But both, alas! their Aid deny'd:
And Reaſon too her Weakneſs has confeſt,
Unable to diſlodge th' imperious Gueſt.
How ſwiftly does the Poiſon ſpread!
How ſoon't has ſeiz'd each noble Part!
Wildly it rages in my Head,
Like tides of Fire conſumes my Heart.
Yet think not that you Conqu'ror are,
By the wiſe Conduct of the War:
There was a Traitor took your Part within,
And gave you, Strephon, what you cou'd not win.

SONG 284.

KIND Ariadne drown'd in Tears,
Upbraids the faithleſs Grecian Chief,
'Till Bacchus, jolly God, appears,
And heals her Woe, and lulls her Grief.
The Moral of this Tale implies,
When Woman yields her Virgin Store,
Away the fated Lover flies,
New Mines of Pleaſure to explore.
A while ſhe tries each Female Snare,
The loud Reproach, the ſullen Grief;
But tir'd at length with fruitleſs Care,
Flies to the Bottle for Relief.

SONG 285.

KIND Heav'n no Peace to the Perjur'd allows,
In Fate's gloomy Book keeps account of all Vows;
And Jove that does view both the falſe and the true,
Knows who kept their Promiſe, and who deceiv'd who,
Will ſwear by the Skies, and Ganymede's Eyes,

No Woman that mingles Affection with Art,
And here in the Farce of the World plays a Part,
Shall ever hereafter, ſhall ever hereafter,
Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart,
Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart.

SONG 286.

KIndly, kindly, thus, my Treaſure,
Ever love me, ever charm;
Let thy Paſſion know no Meaſure,
Yet no jealous Fear alarm.
Why ſhou'd we, our Bliſs beguiling,
By dull doubting fall at odds?
Meet my ſoft Embraces ſmiling,
We'll be as happy as the Gods.

SONG 287.

KIndneſs hath reſiſtleſs Charms,
All beſides can weakly move;
Fierceſt Anger it diſarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.
Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade;
It gilds the Lover's ſervile Chain,
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.

SONG 288.

KNOW, I won't envy him, whoe'er he be,
That ſtands upon the Battlements of State.
Stand there who will for me.
I'd rather be Secure than Great.
In being ſo high, the Pleaſures are but ſmall,
But long's the Ruin, if I chance to fall.
Let me in ſome ſweet Shade ſecured lye,
Happy in Leiſure and Obſcurity.
Whilſt others place their Joys
In Popularity and Noiſe,
Let my ſoft Minutes glide obſcurely on,
Like ſubterranean Streams, unheard, unknown.
Then when my Days are all in Silence paſt,
A good plain Countryman I die at laſt.
Death cannot chuſe but be
To him a mighty Miſery,

Who

Who to the World was popularly known,
And dies a Stranger to himſelf alone.

SONG 289.

LADY ſweet, now do not frown,
Nor in Anger call me Clown;
For your Servant Joan may prove
Like yourſelf, as deep in Love;
And as abſolute a Bit,
Man's ſweet liquorish Tooth to fit.
The Smock alone the Difference makes,
'Cauſe yours is ſpun of finer Flax.

What avails the Name of Madam?
Came not all from Father Adam?
Where does one exceed the other?
Was not Eve our common Mother?
Then what odds 'twixt you and Joan?
Truly in my Judgment, none.
The Smock, &c.

Ladies are but Blood and Bone,
Skin and Sinews; ſo is Joan;
Joan's a Piece for a Man to bore
With his Wimble; you're no more.
When what odds, &c.

It is not your flaunting Tires
Are the cauſe of Men's Deſires;
They're other Darts which Luſt purſue,
Thoſe Joan has as well as you.
Then, &c.

What care we for glorious Lights,
Women are uſed in the Nights,
And in Night, in Women-kind,
Kings and Clowns like Sport do find.
Then, &c.

Where there's two in Bed together,
There's not a Pin to chuſe 'twixt either:
Both have Eyes, and both have Lips;
Both have Thighs, and both have Hips.
Then, &c.

When your Hands put out the Candle,
And you at laſt begin to handle,

Then you go about to do,
What you ſhould be done unto.
Then, &c.

Who can but in Conſcience ſay,
Fie, fie, for Shame away, away,
Putting Finger in the Eye,
Till you have a freſh Supply.
Then, &c.

SONG 290.

LAdies, tho' to your conquering Eyes
Love owes his chiefeſt Victories,
And borrows thoſe bright Arms from you,
With which he does the World ſubdue:
Yet you yourſelves are not above
The Empire, nor the Griefs, of Love.

Then wrack not Lovers with Diſdain,
Leſt Love on you revenge their Pain;
You are not free becauſe y'are Fair.
The Boy did not his Mother ſpare.
Beauty's but an offenſive Dart;
It is no Armour for the Heart.

SONG 291.

LAdies, why doth Love torment you?
Cannot I your Grief remove?
Is there none that can content you
With the ſweet Delights of Love?
O No, no, no, no: O No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Beauty in a perfect Meaſure,
Hath the Love and Wiſh of all:
Dear, then ſhall I wait the Pleaſure
That commands my Heart and all?
O No, &c.

If I grieve, and you can eaſe me,
Will you be ſo fiercely bent:
Having wherewithal to pleaſe me,
Muſt I ſtill be diſcontent?
O No, &c.

If

If I am your faithful Servant,
And my Love does ſtill remain,
Will you think it ill deſerved,
To be favour'd for my Pain?
O No, &c.

If I ſhould then but crave a Favour,
Which your Lips invite me to;
Will you think it ill Behaviour,
Thus to ſteal a Kiſs or two?
O No, &c.

All-amazing Beauty's Wonder,
May I preſume your Breaſt to touch?
Or to feel a little under,
Will you think I do too much?
O No, &c.

Once more, Faireſt, let me try ye,
Now my Wiſh is fully ſped,
If all Night I would lie by ye,
Shall I be refus'd your Bed?
O No, &c.

SONG 292.

LAST Sunday at St. James's Pray'rs,
The Prince and Princeſs by,
I, dreſs'd in all my Whale-bone Airs,
Sat in a Cloſet nigh.

I bow'd my Knees, I held my Book,
Read all the Anſwers o'er;
But was prevented by a Look,
Which pierc'd me from the Door.

High Thoughts of Heav'n I came to uſe,
With the devouteſt Care,
Which gay young Strephon made me loſe,
And all the Raptures there.

He went to hand me to my Chair,
And bow'd with courtly Grace;
But whiſper'd Love into mine Ear,
Too warm for that grave Place.

Love, Love, ſaid he, by all ador'd,
My tender Heart has won:
But I, grown peeviſh at the Word,
Deſir'd he might be gone.

He

He went quite out of Sight, while I
A kinder Anſwer meant;
Nor did I for my Sins, that Day,
By half ſo much repent.

SONG 293.

LATE in the Evening forth I went,
A little before the Sun gade down,
And there I chanc'd by Accident,
To light on a Battle new begun:
A Man and his Wife were fawn in a Strife,
I canna well tell ye how it began;
But ay ſhe wail'd her wretched Life,
And cry'd ever, alake my auld Goodman.

He. The auld Goodman that thou tells of,
The Country kens where he was born,
Was but a ſilly poor Vagabond,
And ilka a ane leugh him to ſcorn;
For he did ſpend, and make an End
Of Gear that his Fore-fathers wan;
He gart the Poor ſtand frae the Door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

She. My Heart alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winſome John,
His blinkan Eye and Gate ſae free,
Was naithing like thee, thou doſend Drone.
His roſie Face and flaxen Hair,
And a Skin as white as ony Swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withall,
And thou'lt never be like my auld Goodman.

He. Why doſt thou pleen? I thee maintain,
For Meal and Mawt thou diſna want;
But thy wild Bees I canna pleaſe,
Now when our Gear gins to grow ſcant.
Of Houſhold-ſtuff thou haſt enough,
Thou wants for neither Pot nor Pan;
Of ſic like Ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

She. Yes I may tell, and fret my ſell,
To think on theſe blyth Days I had,
When he and I together lay
In Arms into a well-made Bed.

But

But now I ſigh, and may be ſad,
Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
Thou falds thy Feet, and fa's aſleep,
And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld Goodman.

Then coming was the Night ſae dark,
And gane was a' the Light of Day;
The Carle was fear'd to miſs his Mark,
And therefore wad nae langer ſtay.
Then up he gat, and he ran his Way,
I trow the Wife the Day ſhe wan,
And ay the O'erword of the Fray
Was ever, alake my auld Goodman.

SONG 294.

LAtely on yonder ſwelling Buſh,
Big with many a coming Roſe,
This early Bud began to bluſh,
And did but half itſelf diſcloſe:
I pluck't it, tho' no better grown,
And now you ſee how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the Leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple Light they ſhone;
As if they had been made of Fire,
And ſpreading ſo, would flame anon;
All that was meant by Air or Sun,
To the young Flow'r my Breath has done.

If our looſe Breath ſo much can do,
What may the ſame in Forms of Love,
Of pureſt Love and Muſick too,
When Flavia it aſpires to move?
When that which lifeleſs Buds perſuades
To wax more ſoft, her Youth invades!

SONG 295.

LAvia would, but dare not venture,
Fear ſo much o'er-rules her Paſſion;
Chloe ſuffers all to enter,
Subjects Fame to Inclination:
Neither's Method I admire,
Either is in Love diſpleaſing;
Chloe's Fondneſs gluts Deſire,
Lavia's Cowardiſe is teazing.

Cælia

Cælia by a wiſer Meaſure,
In one faithful Swain's Embraces,
Pays a private Debt to Pleaſure,
Yet for Chaſte in Public paſſes:
Fair ones follow Cælia's Notion,
Free from Fear and Cenſure wholly;
Love, but let it be with Caution,
For Extreams are Shame or Folly.

SONG 296.

LAY by your Pleading,
The Law lies a bleeding,
Burn all your Studies down, and throw away your Reading;
Small Power the Word has,
And doth afford us,
Not half ſo many Privileges as the Sword does;
It foſters our Maſters,
It plaiſters Diſaſters,
And makes the Servants quickly greater than their Maſters;
It ventures, it enters,
It circles, it centres,
And ſets a 'Prentice free from his Indentures.
This takes up all Things,
And ſets up ſmall Things;
This maſters Money, tho' Money maſters all Things.
It's not in Seaſon
To talk of Reaſon,
Or count it Loyalty, when the Sword will have it Treaſon:
This conquers a Crown too,
The Cloke and the Gown too;
This ſets up a Preſbyter, and this doth pull him down too;
This ſubtile Deceiver
Turn'd Bonnet into Beaver,
Down drops a Biſhop, and up ſteps a Weaver.
It's this makes a Layman
To preach and to pray Man;
And this made a Lord of him, which was before a Drayman:
For from this dull Pit
Of Saxbey's full Pit,
This brought a holy Ironmonger to the Pulpit:

No

No Goſpel can guide it,
No Law can decide it,
No Church or State can debate it,
'Till the Sword hath ſanctify'd it;
Such pitiful Things be
Happier than Kings be,
This brought in the Heraldry of Thimbleſby and Slingsby.
Down goes the Law-trix,
For from this Matrix
Sprung holy Hewſon's Power, and tumbl'd down St.
It batter'd the Gun-kirk, [Patrick's;
So did it the Dum-kirk,
That he is fled, and gone to the Devil in Dunkirk.
In Scotland this Waſter
Did work ſuch Diſaſter,
This brought the Money back for which they ſold their
This frighted the Flemming, [Maſter:
And made him ſo beſeeming,
That he never doth think of his loſt Lands redeeming.
But he that can tower,
Over him that is lower,
Would be counted but a Fool to give away his Power;
Take Books and rent them,
Who would invent them,
When as the Sword replies, Negatur Argumentum:
The grand College Butlers
Muſt vail to the Sutlers,
There's not a Library like to the Cutlers;
The Blood that is ſplit, Sir,
Hath gain'd all the Guilt, Sir,
Thus have you ſeen me run the Sword up to the Hilt, Sir.

SONG 297.

LEAVE Kindred and Friends, ſweet Betty,
Leave Kindred and Friends for me;
Aſſur'd thy Servant is ſteddy
To Love, to Honour, and thee.
The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
May fly by Chance, as they came;
They're Grounds the Deſtinies ſport on,
But Virtue is ever the ſame.

Altho'

Altho' my Fancy were roving,
Thy Charms ſo heav'nly appear,
That other Beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thee only, my Dear.
And ſhould Life's Sorrows embitter
The Pleaſure we promis'd our Loves,
To ſhare them together is fitter,
Than moan aſſunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once ſo bleſſed,
To graſp my Love in my Arms!
By thee to be graſp'd! and kiſſed!
And live on thy Heaven of Charms!
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
Should Fortune capricious prove;
Tho' Death ſhould tear me to Pieces,
I'd die a Martyr to Love.

SONG 298.

LEAVE me, Shepherd, leave me,
Give o'er your artful Wiles;
Ev'ry Look deceives me,
And ev'ry Word beguiles.
If I yield you ſure will fly,
I muſt repent and mourn:
Shepherd 'tis too ſoon to try,
What 'tis to be forlorn.

Why are you purſuing
To urge me to my Fate,
To contrive my Ruin,
And prove yourſelf ingrate?
If I yield you ſure will fly,
I muſt repent and mourn.
Still I can't forbear to try,
What 'tis to be forlorn.

Joys which Lovers borrow,
Some few ſweet Moments make:
Years of Grief and Sorrow
They in Exchange muſt take.
It is a Madneſs to be wiſe,
When Cupid bends his Bow;
Ev'ry Senſe then open lyes
To entertain the Foe.

SONG 299.

LEAVE off, fond Hermit, leave thy Vow,
And fall again to drinking;
That Beauty that wo'n't Sack allow,
Is hardly worth thy thinking:
Dry Love or ſmall can never hold,
And without Bacchus, Venus ſoon grows cold.
Do'ſt think by turning Anchorite,
Or a dull Small-Beer Sinner,
Thy cold Embraces can invite,
Or ſprightly Courtſhip win her:
No, 'tis Canary that inſpires,
'Tis Sack, like Oil, gives Flames to am'rous Fires.
This makes thee chant thy Miſtreſs' Name,
And to the Heavens raiſe her:
And range this univerſal Frame
For Epithets to praiſe her:
Low Liquors render Brains unwitty,
And ne'er provoke to Love, but move to Pity.
Then be thy ſelf, and take thy Glaſs,
Leave off this dry Devotion;
Thou muſt, like Neptune, court thy Laſs,
Wallowing in Nectar's Ocean:
Let's offer to each Lady's Shrine
A full crown'd Bowl, here's a Health to thine.

SONG 300.

LEAVE off this idle Prating,
Talk no more of Whig and Tory,
But drink your Glaſs,
Round let it paſs,
The Bottle ſtands before ye.
Chorus. Fill it up
To the Top,
Let the Night with Mirth be crown'd,
Drink about,
See it out,
Love and Friendſhip ſtill go round.
If Claret be a Bleſſing,
This Night devote to Pleaſure;

Let worldly Cares,
And State Affairs,
Be thought on at more leisure.
Fill it up, &c.

If any be so zealous,
To be a Party's Minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll soon agree,
And be of one Opinion,
Fill it up, &c.

SONG 391.

LET a Set of sober Asses
Rail against the Joys of Drinking,
While Water, Tea,
And Milk agree,
To set cold Brains a thinking:
Power and Wealth,
Beauty, Health,
Wit and Mirth in Wine are crown'd;
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found,
Only where the Glass goes round.

The ancient Sects on Happiness,
All differ'd in Opinion,
But wiser Rules
Of modern Schools,
In Wine fix her Dominion:
Power and Wealth, &c.

Wine gives the Lover Vigour,
Makes glow the Cheeks of Beauty,
Makes Poets write,
And Soldiers fight,
And Friendship do its Duty:
Power and Wealth, &c.

Wine was the only Helicon,
Whence Poets are long-liv'd so;
'Twas no other Main,
Than brisk Champaigne,
Whence Venus was deriv'd too:
Power and Wealth, &c.

When

When Heav'n in Pandora's Box
All kind of ill had ſent us,
In a merry Mood,
A Bottle of Good
Was cork'd up, to content us:
Power and Wealth, &c.

All Virtues Wine is Nurſe to,
Of ev'ry Vice Deſtroyer;
Gives Dullards Wit,
Makes juſt the Cit,
Truth forces from the Lawyer:
Power and Wealth, &c.

Wine ſets our Joys a flowing,
Our Care and Sorrow drowning.
Who rails at the Bowl,
Is a Turk in's Soul,
And a Chriſtian ne'er ſhou'd own him:
Power and Wealth, &c.

SONG 302.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wer't born o'er Men to reign;
Not to follow Flocks deſign'd,
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Neck of Kings ſhalt tread;
Joys in Circles, Joys ſhall meet,
Which way e'er thy Fancy lead.

Let not Toil of Empire fright,
Toils of Empire Pleaſure are;
Thou ſhalt only know Delight,
All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
For the Bleſſing I beſtow:
Joyful I'll aſcend the Skies,
Happy thou ſhalt reign below.

SONG 303.

LET Begging no longer be taunted,
If honeſt and free from Offence;
Were each Man to beg what he wanted,
How many would Beggars commence!

Grave Churchmen might beg for more Grace,
Young Soldiers for Courage might call;
And many that beg for a Penſion or Place,
Might beg for ſome Merit withal.

SONG 304.

LET bold Ambition lie
Within the Warrior's Mind,
Falſe Honours let him buy
With Slaughter of Mankind;
To Crowns a double Right,
Lay Thouſands in their Grave,
While wretched Armies fight
Which Maſter ſhall enſlave.

Love took my Heart with Storm,
Let him rule there alone,
In Charlotte's charming Form,
Still ſitting on his Throne:
How will my Soul rejoice,
At his Commands to fly,
If ſpoken in that Voice,
Or look'd from that dear Eye?

To univerſal Sway,
Love's Title is the beſt,
Well ſhall we him obey,
Who makes his Subjects bleſt:
If Heav'n, for human Good,
Did Empire firſt deſign,
Love muſt be underſtood
To rule by Right divine.

SONG 305.

LET Burgundy flow,
Let the Glaſs run o'er, let the Glaſs run o'er, Boys,
To cure all our Woe,
Let the Glaſs run o'er the Brim;
Though Anna is gone,
Think of it no more, think of it no more, Boys,
Great George now comes on,
Toaſt away your Bumpers to him:
Tho' the Feuds are ſo big
'Twixt the Tory and Whig,
That the Miſchiefs purſuing prov'd almoſt our Ruin:

Like a Prophet I know,
They will be no more ſo,
We've a King will unite now both High Church and Low.
And now your Hand's in,
Fill it up again, fill it up again there,
To all theſe brave Men,
Who their Hate to Lorrain bear ſtrong,
Who, frantick with Pride,
Boldly durſt lately defend the Pretender;
And if I'm not wide,
Will be ſure to pay for't e're long,
Nor a Glaſs let's have
To the Catalans brave,
Who held out with a Glory, not equal'd in Story:
For not Cæſar in Gaul,
Nor the great Hannibal,
E'er equal'd their Chief with a Number ſo ſmall.

SONG 306.

LET Harmony ſweetly reſounding,
Gay Pleaſure and Tranſport invite,
Till the Voice in loud Echo's rebounding,
Through the Vallies diffuſe our Delight.

SONG 307.

LET Joy alone take place, and Muſick ſound,
To celebrate the Day conform the Voice;
Then let the Bridegroom's Health and Bride's go round,
And every merry Lad and Laſs rejoice:
Each take the Glaſs in Hand, and toaſt the Fair,
Until her Name ſhall make the Bowl divine;
Drink, 'tis but in hope to baniſh Care,
But loſe not all your Praiſes in her Wine.
Let jolly Bacchus round the Table go,
For he the Prologue is to Cupid's Flame;
When Claret and good Sherry freely flow
Youth fires, and it warms the frozen Dame.
Let no Man think to flinch, but fill each Glaſs,
For Drinking only can augment Delight;
Nor ſhall the fair Bride nor Bridegroom paſs,
For Bacchus now prepares them for the Night.

Let Health and Wealth, indulgent Happineſs,
For ever on this new-made Pair attend;
Let each in mutual Love the other bleſs,
So may their Joys tranſporting never end:
Let ſomething be the Iſſue of their Love,
And pour upon them ev'ry Day a Joy;
Each happy finding that for which they ſtrove,
At every nine Months End a thumping Boy.

SONG 308.

LET Jug in ſmiles be ever ſeen,
And kind as when our Loves begun,
And be my Paſtures ever green,
And new Crops ſpring when Harveſt's done:
My Cattle thrive, and ſtill be fat,
And I my Wiſh ſhall find in that.

O let my Table furniſh'd be
With good fat Beef and Bacon too,
And nappy Ale be ever free
To Strangers that do come and go.
My Yards with Poultry and with Swine
Well ſtor'd, and eke my Ponds with Fiſh,
My Barns well cramm'd with Hay and Grain,
And I ſhall have my Wiſh in this.

Let me in Peace and Quiet live,
Free from all Diſcontent and Strife;
And know from what I all receive,
And lead a homely harmleſs Life.
Be neat in home-ſpun Cloathing clad;
And ſtill to add to all my Bliſs,
My Children train i'th' Fear of God:
And this is all on Earth I wiſh.

SONG 309.

LET Maſonry be now my Theme,
Throughout the Globe to ſpread its Fame,
And eternize each worthy Brother's Name:
Your Praiſe ſhall to the Skies reſound,
In laſting Happineſs abound,
And with ſweet Union all your noble Deeds be crown'd.
Chor. Sing then, my Muſe, to Maſons Glory,
Your Names are ſo rever'd in Story,
That all th' admiring World do now adore ye.

Let Harmony divine inſpire
Your Souls with Love and generous Fire,
To copy well wiſe Solomon your Sire.
Knowledge ſublime ſhall fill each Heart,
The Rules of Geometry t'impart,
Whilſt Wiſdom, Strength, and Beauty crown the glorious Art.
Chor. Sing then, my Muſe, &c.

Let noble Crawford's Health go round,
In ſwelling Cups all Cares be drown'd,
And Hearts united 'mongſt the Craft be found.
May everlaſting Scenes of Joy
His peaceful Hours of Bliſs employ,
Which Time's all-conqu'ring Hand ſhall ne'er, ſhall ne'er deſtroy.
Chor. Sing then, my Muſe, &c.

My Brethren, thus all Cares reſign,
Your Hearts let glow with Thoughts divine,
And Veneration ſhow to Solomon's Shrine.
Our annual Tribute thus we'll pay,
That late Poſterity may ſay,
We've crown'd with Joy this glorious, happy, happy Day.
Chorus. Sing then, my Muſe, to Maſon's Glory,
Your Names are ſo rever'd in Story,
That all the admiring World do now adore ye.

SONG 310.

LET Matters of State
Diſquiet the Great,
The Cobler has nought to perplex him;
H'has nought but his Wife,
To ruffle his Life,
And her he can ſtrap if ſhe vex him.
He's out of the Pow'r
Of Fortune that Whore,
Since, low as he can be, ſhe's thruſt him:
From Duns he's ſecure,
For being ſo poor,
There's none to be found that will truſt him.

SONG 311.

LET meaner Beauties uſe their Art,
And range both Indies for their Dreſs,
Our Fair can captivate the Heart
In native Weeds, nor look the leſs.

More

More bright unborrowed Beauties ſhine,
The artleſs Sweetneſs of each Face
Sparkle with Luſtres more Divine,
When freed of every foreign Grace.

The tawny Nymph on ſcorching Plains,
May uſe the Aid of Gems and Paint,
Deck with Brocade and Tyrian Stains
Features of ruder Form and Taint.
What Caledonian Ladies wear,
Or from the Lint or Woolen Twine,
Adorn'd by all their Sweets, appear
Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the Fair,
The dirty Dreſs may Lovers cool,
But clean, our Maids need have no Care,
If clade in Linnen, Silk, or Wool.
T' adore Myrtilla, who can ceaſe?
Her active Charms our Praiſe demand,
Clad in a Mantua, from the Fleece,
Spun by her own delighted Hand.

Who can behold Caliſta's Eyes,
Her Breaſt, her Cheek, and ſnowy Arms,
And mind what Artiſts can deviſe,
To rival more ſuperior Charms?
Compar'd with thoſe, the Diamond's dull,
Launs, Satins, and the Velvets fade,
The Soul with her Attractions full,
Can never be by theſe betray'd.

Saphira, all o'er native Sweets,
Not the Falſe Glare of Dreſs regards,
Her Wit, her Character completes,
Her Smile her Lovers Sighs rewards,
When ſuch firſt Beauties lead the Way,
The inferior Rank will follow ſoon;
Then Arts no longer ſhall decay,
But Trade encourag'd be in Tune.

Millions of Fleeces ſhall be wove,
And Flax that on the Valleys blooms,
Shall make the naked Nations love
And bleſs the Labours of our Looms;

We have enough, nor want from them,
But Trifles hardly worth our Care,
Yet for theſe Trifles let them claim
What Food and Cloth we have to ſpare.

How happy's Scotland in her Fair!
Her amiable Daughters ſhall,
By acting thus with virtuous Care,
Again the golden Age recal:
Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
Shall miſs a Court; but ſoon advance
In Wealth, when thus the Lov'd appear
Around the Scenes, or in the Dance.

Barbarity ſhall yield to Senſe,
And lazy Pride to uſeful Arts,
When ſuch dear Angels in defence
Of Virtue thus engage their Hearts.
Bleſt Guardians of our Joys and Wealth,
True Fountains of Delight and Love,
Long Bloom your Charms, fixt be your Health,
'Till tir'd with Earth ye mount above.

SONG 312.

LET none be uncivil, but let a Health paſs,
Here's a cleanly Monteth to cool e'ery Glaſs.
This, this is that Claret on which we are fixt,
Of this e'ery Glaſs is a Whet to the next;
Here's all that Good rightly petition'd can ſend,
Here's a harmleſs new Jeſt, and a truſty old Friend.
About with it, dear Soul, there Jo has his Doſe,
Here's a Health, a Health to his good Repoſe.

SONG 313.

LET not Love, let not Love on me, on me beſtow
Soft Diſtreſs, ſoft Diſtreſs, and tender Woe;
I know none; no, no, none but ſubſtantial Bliſſes,
Eager Glances, eager Glances, ſolid Kiſſes:
I know not what the Lovers feign
Of finer Pleaſure mixt with Pain;
Then prithee, prithee give me gentle Boy,
None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, all, all, all,
all, all the Joy;
But all, all, all, all, all the Joy,

Prithee

Prithee give me, prithee give me, gentle Boy,
None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, all, all, all,
all, all the Joy,
But all, all, all, all the Joy.

SONG 314.

LET Prudes and Coquets their Intentions conceal,
With Pride and with Pleasure the Truth I'll reveal;
You're all I can wish and all I desire,
So fix'd is my Flame it ne'er can expire.
So fix'd, &c.

Let Rakes and Libertines revel and range,
Possess'd of such Pleasure, what Mortal would change?
You're the Source of my Hope, the Spring of my Joy,
A Fountain of Bliss that never can cloy,
A Fountain, &c.

SONG 315.

LET Soldiers fight for Pay or Praise,
And Money be the Miser's Wish,
Poor Scholars study all their Days,
And Gluttons glory in their Dish:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives sad Souls;
Therefore fill us the cheering Bowls.

Let Minions marshal every Hair,
And in a Lover's Lock delight,
And artificial Colours wear;
Pure Wine is native red and white:
'Tis Wine, &c.

The backward Spirit it makes brave,
That lively which before was dull;
Opens the Heart that loves to save,
And Kindness flows from Cups brim-full:
'Tis Wine, &c.

Some Men want Youth, and others Health,
Some want a Wife, and some a Punk;
Some Men want Wit, and others Wealth;
But they want nothing that are drunk:
'Tis Wine, &c.

SONG 316.

LET the amorous Coxcomb adore a fair Face,
An Hour's Enjoyment makes him look like an Ass.

Let

Let the ſilly vain Fop to Honours aſpire,
He burns with the Torments, of boundleſs Deſire.
And let the old Miſer hoard up his curs'd Pelf,
He enriches his Bags, but beggars himſelf.
The Lover, th' Ambitious, and Miſer are Fools,
There's no ſolid Joy but in jolly full Bowls.

SONG 317.

LET the daring Adventurers be toſs'd on the Main,
And for Riches no Danger decline;
Tho' with Hazard the Spoils of both Indies they gain,
They can bring us no Treaſure like Wine:
Tho' with Hazard, &c.

Enough of ſuch Wealth would a Beggar enrich,
And ſupply great Wants in a King:
'Twould ſmooth off a Glaſs in a comfortleſs Wretch,
And inſpire weeping Captives to ſing:
'Twould ſmooth, &c.

There's none that groans under a burthenſome Life,
If this ſovereign Balſam he gains,
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Rags and Diſeaſes in Chains:
This will make, &c.

It ſwells all his Veins with a kind purple Flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind;
There's no Peaſant ſo rank, but it fills with good Blood,
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd:
There's no Peaſant, &c.

There's nothing our Hearts with ſuch Joy can bewitch,
For on Earth 'tis a Pow'r that's divine;
Without it we're wretched, tho' never ſo rich;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine:
Without it, &c.

SONG 318.

LET the dreadful Engines of eternal Will,
The Thunder roar, and crooked Lightning kill,
My Rage is hot, is hot, is hot as theirs, as fatal, too,
And dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid Execution do.

Or

Or let the frozen North its Rancour ſhow,
Within my Breaſt far, far greater Tempeſts grow,
Deſpair's more cold, more cold than all the Winds can blow.
Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes;
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes;
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes,
there, there, there, there, there, Ætna
there, there, there, there, there Veſuvio lies,
To furniſh Hell with Flames, that mounting, mounting reach the Skies.

Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
Can nothing, can nothing warm me?
yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes,
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes,
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes.
Ye Pow'rs I did but uſe her Name,
And ſee how all the Meteors flame;
Blue Lightning flaſhes round the Court of Sol,
And now the Globe more fiercely burns,
Than once at Phaeton's Fall.

Ah, ah, where, where are now,
Where are now thoſe flow'ry Groves,
Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play;
Ah, where are now, where are now,
Where are now thoſe flow'ry Groves,
Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play;
Where guarded by a Troop of Loves,
The fair, the fair Lucinda ſleeping lay,
There ſung the Nightingale and Lark,
Around us all was ſweet and gay,
We ne'er grew ſad 'till it grew dark,
Nor nothing fear'd but ſhort'ning Day.

I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with Hate,
Why muſt I burn, why muſt I burn,
Why muſt I burn for this Ingrate?
Why, why muſt I burn for this Ingrate?
Cool, cool it then, cool it then, and rail,
Since nothing, nothing will prevail,

When a Woman Love pretends,
'Tis but till ſhe gains her Ends,
And for better and for worſe,
Is for Marrow of the Purſe;
Where ſhe jilts you o'er and o'er,
Proves a Slattern or a Whore,
This Hour will teaze, will teaze and vex,
And will cuckold you the next;
They were all contriv'd in Spight,
To torment us, not delight,
But to ſcold, to ſcold, to ſcratch and bite,
And not one of them proves right,
But all, all are Witches, by this Light,
And ſo I fairly bid 'em, and the World, good Night;
Good Night, good Night, good Night,
Good Night, good Night.

SONG 319.

LET the Waiter bring clean Glaſſes,
With a freſh Supply of Wine;
For I ſee by all your Faces,
In my Wiſhes you will join.
It is not the Charms of Beauty
Which I purpoſe to proclaim;
We a while will leave that Duty,
For a more prevailing Theme.
To the Health I'm now propoſing,
Let's have one full Glaſs at leaſt;
No one here can think't impoſing,
'Tis the Founder of our Feaſt.

SONG 320.

LET us drink and be merry,
Dance, joke, and rejoice,
With Claret and Cherry,
Theorbo and Voice:
The changeable World
To our Joy is unjuſt,
All Treaſure's uncertain,
Then down with your Duſt:

In Frolicks diſpoſe
Your Pounds, Shillings, and Pence,
For we ſhall be nothing
An Hundred Years hence.

We'll kiſs and be free
With Moll, Betty, and Nelly,
Have Oyſters and Lobſters,
And Maids by the Belly:
Fiſh Dinners will make
A Laſs ſpring like a Flea,
Dame Venus (Love's Goddeſs)
Was born of the Sea:
With Bacchus and with her
We'll tickle the Senſe,
For we ſhall be paſt it
An Hundred Years hence.

Your moſt beautiful Bit,
That hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honeſty ſells
For a Hautgouſt of Honour;
Whoſe Lightneſs and Brightneſs
Doth ſhine in ſuch Splendor,
That none but the Stars
Are thought fit to attend her:
Tho' now ſhe be pleaſant,
And ſweet to the Senſe,
Will be damnable mouldy
An Hundred Years hence.

The Uſurer that
In the Hundred takes Twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth,
And pines in his Plenty:
Lays up for a Seaſon
Which he ſhall ne'er ſee,
The Year one Thouſand
Eight Hundred and Three:
His Wit, and his Wealth,
His Learning, and Senſe,
Shall be turned to nothing
An Hundred Years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyers,
Whoſe Subtilty thrives,
In ſpinning out Suits
To the length of three Lives;
Such Suits which the Clients
Do wear out in Slavery,
Whilſt Pleader makes Conſcience
A Cloak for his Knav'ry:
May boaſt of his Subtilty
In th' preſent Tenſe,
But Non eſt inventus
An Hundred Years hence.

Then why ſhould we turmoile
In Cares and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquility
So Sighs and to Tears?
Let's eat, drink, and play,
'Till the Worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain poſt mortem
Nulla voluptas:
Let's deal with our Damſels,
That we may from hence,
Have Broods to ſucceed us
An Hundred Years hence.

SONG 321.

LET us revel and roar,
Let us revel and roar,
Briſk Wine is our Store,
And the Gods too will club to our Pleaſure:
When we wallow all Night
In an unknown Delight,
Aurora diſcovers our Treaſure.

Thus we're free from all Care,
Thus we're free from all Care,
From Taxes and War;
Nay, we know not the Name of dull Sorrow:
Ev'ry Purſe is our Prey,
Which we ſpend in one Day,
And the Devil take care for To-morrow.

Let us never repine,
Let us never repine,
Briſk Women and Wine
Make the Eyes of our Love to run over:
Leave the How and the What
To the Politick Sot,
And the When to the Fool of a Lover.

SONG 322.

LET Wine turn a Spark, and Ale huff like a Hector,
Let Pluto drink Coffee, and Jove his rich Nectar,
Neither Cyder nor Sherry,
Metheglin nor Perry,
Shall more make me drunk, which the Vulgar call merry:
Theſe Drinks o'er my Fancy no more ſhall prevail,
But I'll take a full Sup at the merry Milk-pail.

In praiſe of a Dairy I purpoſe to ſing,
But all things in order firſt, God ſave the King;
That ev'ry May-day,
And the Queen I may ſay,
Has many fair Dairy-maids, all fine and gay:
Aſſiſt me, fair Damſels, to finiſh this Theme,
And inſpire my Fancy with Strawberries and Cream.

The firſt of fair Dairy-maids, if you'll believe,
Was Adam's own Wife, your Great-Grand-mother Eve;
She milk'd many a Cow,
As well ſhe knew how,
Tho' Butter was then not ſo cheap as 'tis now:
She hoarded no Butter nor Cheeſe on a Shelf,
For the Butter and Cheeſe in thoſe Days made itſelf.

In that Age or Time there was no damn'd Money,
Yet the Children of Iſrael fed upon Milk and Honey;
No Queen you could ſee
Of the higheſt Degree,
But would milk the brown Cow with the meaneſt ſhe:
Their Lambs gave them Clothing, their Cows gave them [Meat,
In a plentiful Peace all their Joys were compleat.

But now of the making of Cheeſe we ſhall treat,
That Nurſer of Subjects, bold Britain's chief Meat;

When

When they firſt begin it,
To ſee how the Rennet
Begets the firſt Curd, you wou'd wonder what's in it:
Then from the blue Whey, when they put the Curd by,
They look juſt like Amber, or Clouds in the Sky.

Your Turkey Sherbet and Arabian Tea,
Is Diſh-water-ſtuff to a Diſh of new Whey;
For it cools Head-ach Pains,
Ill Vapours it drains,
And tho' your Guts rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your Brains,
Court Ladies i'th' Morning will drink a whole Pottle;
And ſend out their Pages with Tankard and Bottle.

Thou Daughter of Milk, and Mother of Butter,
Sweet Cream, thy due Praiſes how ſhall I now utter?
For when at the beſt,
A Thing's well expreſt,
We are apt to reply, that's the Cream of the Jeſt:
Had I been a Mouſe, I believe in my Soul,
I had long ſince been drowned in a Cream-bowl.

The Elixir of Milk, the Dutchman's Delight,
By motion and tumbling thou bringeſt to light;
But oh! the ſoft Stream,
That remains of the Cream,
Old Morpheus ne'er taſted ſo ſweet in Dream:
It removes all Obſtructions, depreſſes the Spleen,
And makes an old Bawd like a Wench of fifteen.

Among the rare Virtues that Milk does produce,
A thouſand more Dainties are daily in uſe;
For a Pudding I'll tell ye,
E're it goes into the Belly,
Muſt have both good Milk, and the Cream and the Jelly:
For dainty fine Pudding without Cream, or Milk,
Is like a Citizen's Wife without Sattin or Silk.

In the Virtue of Milk there's more to be muſter'd,
The charming Delights of Cheeſe-Cake and Cuſtard;
For the Tottenham Court,
You can have no Sport,
Unleſs you give Cuſtards and good Cheeſe-Cakes for't:
And what's Jack Pudding that makes us to laugh,
Unleſs he hath got a good Cuſtard to quaff.

Both Pancakes and Fritters of Milk have good Store,
But a Devonſhire White-pot requires much more;
No State you can think,
Tho' you ſtudy and wink,
From the luſty Sack-poſſet to poor Poſſet-drink;
But Milk's the Ingredient, tho' Sack's ne'er the worſe,
For 'tis Sack makes the Man, tho' Milk makes the Nurſe.

But now I ſhall treat of a Diſh that is cool,
A rich clouted Cream, or a Gooſeberry-Fool;
A Lady I heard tell,
Not far off did dwell,
Made her Huſband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him full well:
Give thanks to the Dairy then every Lad,
That from good natur'd Women ſuch Fools may be had.

When the Damſel has got the Cow's Teat in her Hand,
How ſhe merrily ſings, while ſmiling I ſtand:
Then with a Pleaſure I rub,
Yet impatient I ſcrub,
When I think of the Bleſſing of a Syllabub;
Oh Dairy-Maids, Milk-Maids, ſuch Bliſs ne'er oppoſe,
If e'er you'll be happy, I ſpeak under the Roſe.

This Roſe was a Maiden once of your Profeſſion,
Till the Rake and the Spade had taken Poſſeſſion;
At length it was ſaid,
That a ſturdy Blade
Did both dig and ſow in her Parſly-Bed:
But the Fool for his Labour deſerves not a Ruſh,
For grafting a Thiſtle upon a Roſe-Buſh.

Now Milk-Maids take warning by this Maiden's Fall,
Keep what is your own, and then you keep all:
Mind well your Milk-pan,
And ne'er touch a Man,
And you'll ſtill be a Maid, let him do what he can:
I am your Well-wiſher, then liſten to my Word,
And give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

SONG 323.

LET's be jovial, fill our Glaſſes,
Madneſs 'tis for us to think
How the World is rul'd by Aſſes,
And the Wiſe are ſway'd by Chink.

Let

Let not ſuch vain Thoughts oppreſs us,
Riches are to them a Snare:
We are all as rich as Cræſus,
Drink away, and drive off Care.
Wine will make us freſh as Roſes,
And our Sorrows quite forget;
Come let's fuddle all our Noſes,
Drink ourſelves quite out of Debt.
When grim Death is looking for us,
We're carouſing o'er our Bowls,
Bacchus joining in the Chorus,
Cries, Death begone, here's none but Souls.
God-like Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling Death away ſhall fly,
Ever after underſtanding,
Drinking Souls can never die.

SONG 324.

LET's be merry, blyth and jolly,
Stupid Dulneſs is a Folly;
'Tis the Spring that doth invite us,
Hark, the chirping Birds delight us:
Let us dance and raiſe our Voices,
Every Creature now rejoices;
Airy Blaſts, and ſpringing Flowers,
Verdant Coverings, pleaſant Showers;
Each plays his Part to compleat this our Joy,
And can we be ſo dull as to deny?
Here's no fooliſh ſurly Lover,
That his Paſſion won't diſcover;
No conceited foppiſh Creature,
That is proud of Clothes or Feature:
All Things here ſerene and free are,
They're not wiſe, are not as we are,
Who acknowledge Heaven's Bleſſings
In our innocent Careſſings:
Then let us ſing, let us dance, let us play,
'Tis the Time 'tis allow'd, 'tis the Month of May.

SONG

SONG 325.

LET's drink, my Friends, while here we live,
The fleeting Moments as they paſs
This ſilent Admonition give,
T' improve our Time, and puſh the Glaſs.

When once we've entered Charon's Boat,
Farewell to drinking, Joys Divine,
There's not a Drop to wet our Throat,
The Grave's a Cellar void of Wine.

SONG 326.

LIberia's all my Thoughts and Dream,
She's all my Pleaſure and my Pain:
Liberia's all that I eſteem,
And all I fear is her Diſdain.

Her Wit, her Humour, and her Face,
Pleaſe beyond all I felt before;
Oh! why can't I admire her leſs;
Or dear Liberia love me more.

Like Stars, all other Female Charms
Ne'er touch my Heart, but feaſt mine Eye;
For ſhe's the only Sun that warms,
With her alone I'd live and die.

Immortal Pow'rs, whoſe Work divine
Inſpires my Soul with ſo much Love,
Grant your Liberia may be mine,
And then I ſhare your Joys above.

SONG 327.

LIberty's the Soul of Living,
Ev'ry Hour new Joys receiving;
No ſharp Pangs our Hearts are grieving,
Liberty's the Soul of Living.

Here are no falſe Men purſuing
Youth or Beauty to its Ruin;
Murm'ring Sighs, like Turtles cooing,
Nor the bitter Sweets of Wooing.

CHORUS.

Then ſince we are doom'd to be chaſte,
And Loving is counted a Crime;
Let's do what we can, not to think of a Man,
But make the beſt Uſe of our Prime.

SONG

SONG 328.

LIFE is chequer'd----Toil and Pleaſure
Fill up all the various Meaſure:
See the Crew in Flannel Jerkins,
Drinking, toping Flip by Firkins;
And as they raiſe the Tip
To their happy Lip,
On the Deck is heard no other Sound,
But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
Let the Can go round.

CHORUS.

Then hark to the Boatſwain's Whiſtle, Whiſtle,
Then hark to the Boatſwain's Whiſtle, Whiſtle, Buſtle,
My Boy, let us ſtir, let us toil, [Buſtle:
But let's drink all the while,
For Labour's the Price of our Joys,
For Labour's, &c.

Life is chequer'd---Toil and Pleaſure
Fill up all the various Meaſure:
Hark the Crew with Sun-burnt Faces
Chanting Black-eye'd Suſan's Graces:
S. And as they raiſe their Notes
Thro' their ruſty Throats
On the Deck, &c.

Life is chequer'd---Toil and Pleaſure
Fill up all the various Meaſure:
Hark the Crew their Cares diſcarding.
With Huſslecap, or with Chuck-farthing:
S. Still in merry Pin,
Let 'em loſe or win,
On the Deck, &c.

SONG 329.

LIKE a wandering Ghoſt I appear,
All ſilent, neglected and ſad,
Tormented by Hopes and Deſpair,
I ſigh when all others are glad.
No Joys in this Town can I find,
The City's a Deſart to me:
I ſcarce ſhould regret being blind,
To all other Objects but thee.

In

In the Fields as I ſaunter along,
I look but for thee in my Way,
And if from my Sight thou art gone,
I mourn all the reſt of the Day;
Or if that by chance thou art there,
I ſhun ev'ry Mortal I meet,
Nor reliſh the Walk, or the Air,
Thou only canſt render them ſweet.

Oh, Nancy, while thus I complain,
Does your Heart never flutter nor beat,
Nor have you no Senſe of my Pain,
Whilſt the Torment I bear is ſo great?
Muſt thoſe wand'ring Eyes always rove,
On ev'ry new Object you ſee?
Or muſt you reward my true Love,
And fix them at laſt upon me?

SONG 330.

LIKE Children in a Starry Night,
When I beheld thoſe Eyes before,
I gaz'd with Wonder and Delight,
Inſenſible of all their Pow'r.

I play'd about the Flame ſo long,
At length I felt the ſcorching Fire;
My Hopes grew weak, my Paſſion ſtrong,
And I lay dying with Deſire.

By all the Help of human Art,
I juſt recover'd ſo much Senſe
As to avoid, with heavy Heart,
The fair but fatal Influence.

But, ſince you ſhine away Deſpair,
And now my Sighs no longer ſhun,
No Perſian in his zealous Pray'r,
So much adores the riſing Sun.

If once again my Vows diſpleaſe,
There never was ſo loſt a Lover;
In Love, that languiſhing Diſeaſe,
A ſad Relapſe we ne'er recover.

SONG

SONG 331.

LInco found Damon lying
In Tears upon the Plain;
And laughing at his crying,
Encreas'd poor Damon's Pain.
Cries Damon, Mortal, fly me,
Or by the Pow'r divine,
Cries Linco, don't defy me,
And ſhews a Flaſk of Wine.

This----fooliſh pining Lover
Will teach thee how to ſtorm,
Thy Gaiety recover,
And make the Maids grow warm;
Come prithee, Damon, try it,
'Tis ſov'reign, prithee do;
Damon cou'd not deny it,
He drank full Bumpers too.

Soon Damon felt the Liquor,
His Cheeks grew roſy red;
Then Linco fill'd out quicker,
'Twas out they went to Bed.
Next Morning Damon ſtraying,
To breath the fragrant Air,
He heard poor Delia praying
A laſt and fervent Pray'r.

Yes, yes, I muſt implore him,
Damon the kind, the true,
Ye Gods, ſhe cry'd, reſtore him,
Elſe Love and Life adieu.
On Linco's Humour thinking,
He ſprung into her Arms;
And fir'd with laſt Night's Drinking,
Wou'd revel in her Charms.

The Maids deep Crimſon bluſhing,
Reelin'd her Head, and ſigh'd;
Whilſt eager Damon fluſhing,
Love's ſtrongeſt Efforts try'd:
Ah! whither am I flying!
Her fault'ring Tongue expreſt;
Then claſping, painting, ſighing,
They murmur'd all the reſt.

SONG

SONG 332.

LIſten all, I pray, to the Words I've to ſay,
In Memory ſure inſert 'em;
Rich Wines do us raiſe to the Honour of Bays;
Quem non fecere diſertum?

Of all the briſk Juice which the Gods do produce,
Claret ſhall be preferr'd before 'em:
'Tis Claret ſhall ſtrait us Mortals create
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all Ale, and Beer that is ſtale,
Roſa-ſolis, and damnable Stum;
But ſparkling Red ſhall hold up its Head
'Bove omne quod exit in um.

This is the Wine, that in former Time
Each wiſe one of the Magi,
Was wont to carouſe in a Chaplet of Boughs,
Recubans ſub tegmine fagi.

Let the Hip be their Bane, let a Rope be their Shame,
Let the Gout and Cholick pine 'em,
That offer to ſhrink in taking their Drink,
Seu Græcum, ſive Latinum.

Let the Glaſs fly about, till the Bottle is out,
Let each one do as he's done to;
'Vaunt thoſe that hug th'abominable Jug,
'Mong us Heteroclita ſunto.

There's no ſuch Diſeaſe, as he that doth pleaſe
His Palate with Beer for to ſhame us;
'Tis Claret that brings to Fancy its Wings,
And ſays, Muſa, majora canamus.

He's either a Mute, or does poorly diſpute,
That drinketh not Wine as we Men do;
The more Wine a Man drinks, like a ſubtle Sphinx,
Tantum valet iſte loquendo.

How it chears the Brains, how it warms the Veins,
How 'gainſt all Croſſes it arms us!
How it makes him that's poor courageouſly roar,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give

Give me the Boy, my Delight and my Joy,
To my Tantum that drinks his Tale;
By Wine he that waxes, in our Syntaxis,
Eſt Verbum perſonale.

Art thou weak or lame, or thy Wits to blame?
Call for Wine, and thou ſhalt have it;
'Twill make thee to riſe, and be very wiſe,
Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolick Rounds, we have merry Go-downs,
Yet nothing is done at random;
For when we're to pay, we club and away,
Id eſt commune notandum.

No Vintners deny the Lads that are dry,
But give 'em Wine, whate'er it coſt 'em;
If they do not pay till another Day,
Manet alta mente repoſtum.

Who ne'er fails to drink all clear from the Brink,
With a ſmooth and even Swallow,
I'll offer at's Shrine, and call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks ſtill, and ne'er has his Fill,
Has a Paſſage like a Conduit.
Briſk Wine does inſpire with Rapture and Fire,
Sic Æther Æthera fundit.

When we merrily quaff, if any go off,
And ſlily offer to paſs ye,
Give their Noſe a Twitch, and kick 'em o' th' Breech,
Nam componitur ab aſſe.

I have told you plain, and will tell you again,
Be he as furious as Orlando;
He is an Aſs that from hence doth paſs,
Niſi bibit ad Oſtia ſtando.

SONG 333.

LIttle Flea, why ſo bloody thirſty?
Thou'ſt drank, till it has almoſt burſt thee.
Thou'rt now too full of Pride, I warrant,
To ſtir a Step on Strephon's Errand.
Yet, prithee, ſweet ſincere Backbiter,
To Chloe go, that falſe Delighter; S.

Go hide thy ſelf within her Bodice,
And make her own ſhe is no Goddeſs. S.

Tell her the Shafts of Cupid's Quiver
So from her Eyes have pierc'd my Liver; S.
And when ſhe holds thee 'twixt her Fingers,
Say thou thy Love-ſick Strephon lingers. S.

SONG 334.

LIttle Syren of the Stage,
Charmer of an idle Age,
Empty Warbler, breathing Lyre,
Wanton Gale of fond Deſire,
Bane of every manly Art,
Sweet Enfeebler of the Heart;
O too pleaſing in thy Strain,
Hence to ſouthern Climes again,
Tuneful Miſchief, vocal Spell,
To this Iſland bid farewell,
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

SONG 335.

LIVE, and love, enjoy the Fair,
Baniſh Sorrow, baniſh Care,
Mind not what old Dotards ſay,
Age has had his Share of Play,
But Youth's Sport begins to Day.
From the Fruits of ſweet Delight
Let not ſcare-crow Virtue fright.
Here in Pleaſure's Vineyard we
Rove, like Birds, from Tree to Tree,
Careleſs, airy, gay, and free.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,
To Comus' Court repair,
There Night outſhines the Day,
There yields the melting Fair.

SONG 336.

LOnely Groves young Strephon chuſing,
There t' indulge his am'rous Muſing,
Love augments, while Love he blames:

Cruel

Cruel Love! you cauſe my Anguiſh,
Thus with Care I pine and languiſh,
Thus conſume amid your Flames.
I deſpair at Celia's Frowning;
When ſhe weeps, in Tears I'm drowning,
Smiles give pleaſing Pains at beſt.
Love, who heard the Youth upbraid him,
Conſcious of his Preſence made him,
And his Godhead thus expreſt:
While you ſpeak of Pains and Dying,
Soothing Rapture you're enjoying;
My ſoft Empire's built on Sighs:
When thoſe anxious Cares are over,
Soon you loſe the Name of Lover:
Love inſipid grows, and dies.

SONG 337.

LONG have I ſtrove his Heart to gain,
But he no Pity ſhows:
Yet cruel he can not diſdain
The Love that from me flows.
Oft have I try'd to win his Love,
But that cou'd ne'er attain:
Now, Cupid, tell me where to rove,
And eaſe my Love-ſick Pain.
Ye Gods omnipotent, whoſe Pow'r
Can help the injur'd Fair,
Pity my Tale, my Peace reſtore,
And baniſh my Deſpair.

SONG 338.

LONG from the Force of Beauty's Charms,
Long have I wander'd free;
Endur'd no Grief, felt no Alarms,
Reſerv'd to fall by thee.
Thou, fair one, thou alone canſt move
This Paſſion in my Breaſt;
Thou, thou alone canſt teach me Love;
O teach me to be bleſt!
In Safety thus from all Alarms
The roving Turtle flies,
Till ſome unerring Hand conveys
The Shaft by which he dies.

SONG 339.

LOOK, lovely Nymph, on yonder Tree,
What Bloom the downy Peach adorns!
See too thoſe op'ning Roſes, ſee,
That ſweetly bluſh on yonder Thorns.
Then turn thee, fair one, to that Bed,
Where various Flow'rs together grow;
Obſerve yon Lily lift its Head,
And proudly boaſt its Summer Snow!
But would'ſt thou, in one Object join'd,
At once theſe ſev'ral Beauties trace?
Yon Stream conſult, and thou will't find,
They all unite in Daphne's Face.

SONG 340.

LORD what's come to my Mother!
That ev'ry Day more than other,
My true Age ſhe would ſmother,
And ſays I'm not in my Teens.
Tho' my Sampler I have ſown through,
My Bib and Apron outgrown too:
My Baby quite away thrown too,
I wonder what 'tis ſhe means!
When our John does ſqueeze my Hand,
And calls me, Sugar-ſweet,
My Breath almoſt fails me,
I know not what ails me,
My Heart does ſo heave and ſo beat.
I have heard of Deſires
From Girls who have been juſt of my Years,
Love compar'd to Sweet Briars,
That hurts, and yet does pleaſe.
Is Love finer than Money?
Or can it be ſweeter than Honey?
I'm, poor Girl, ſuch a Tony,
Efaith, that I cannot gueſs,
But I'm ſure I'll watch more near,
There's ſomething that Truth will ſhow;
For if Love has a Bleſſing,
To pleaſe beyond Kiſſing,
Our Jane and the Butler do know.

SONG

SONG 341.

LOST in a Labyrinth of Doubts and Joys,
Whom now her Smiles reviv'd, her Scorn deſtroys:
She will, and ſhe will not, ſhe grants, denies,
Conſents, retracts, advances, and then flies;
Approving, and rejecting in a Breath,
Now proff'ring Mercy, now preſenting Death.
Thus hoping, thus deſpairing, never ſure;
How various are the Torments I endure!
Cruel Eſtate of Doubt! Ah, Mira, try
Once to reſolve---or let me live, or die.

SONG 342.

LOVE arms himſelf in Celia's Eyes,
Whene'er weak Reaſon would rebel;
And every Time I dare be wiſe,
Alas! a deeper Wound I feel.
Repeated Thoughts preſent the ill,
Which ſeeing I muſt ſtill endure;
They tell me Love has Darts to kill,
And Wiſdom has no Power to cure.
Then cruel Reaſon give me Reſt,
Quit in my Heart thy feeble Hold;
Go try thy Force in Celia's Breaſt,
For that is diſengag'd and cold:
There all thy niceſt Arts employ;
Confeſs thy ſelf her Beauty's Slave;
And argue, whilſt ſhe may deſtroy,
How great, how God-like 'tis to ſave.

SONG 343.

LOVE and Beauty, young and gay,
Thro' my Eyes did force their Way,
And my Heart their Captive made:
Beauty with my Heart is fled,
Cruel Love does ſtill remain,
To increaſe my raging Pain.
But when my Heart returns again,
As ſoon it will,
Being us'd but ill,
By Beauty's proud tyrannick Reign;
Then from its Slavery ſhall it reſt,
And cruel Love drive from my Breaſt.

Heart again reſume thy Throne,
Since the Phantoms both are flown;
Here in Peace maintain thy Pow'r,
Nor think of Love or Beauty more.

SONG 344.

LOVE and Folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wiſe;
They fell out, and in their Fray
Folly put out Cupid's Eyes.

Strait the Criminal was try'd,
And had his Puniſhment aſſign'd,
Folly ſhould to Love be ty'd,
And condemn'd to lead the Blind.

Then wiſely let's venture,
Ourſelves to deceive,
Since Fate has decreed us
To love and believe:

For all we can gain
By our Wiſdom and Eyes,
Is to find ourſelves cheated,
And Wretched when Wiſe.

SONG 345.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd;
Phillis continu'd ſtill unkind:
Then you may e'en deſpair, he ſaid,
In vain I ſtrive to change her Mind.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart;
Durſt he but venture once abroad,
In my own Right I'd take your Part,
And ſhew myſelf a mightier God.

Thus huffing Honour domineers
In Breaſts where he alone has Place;
But if true gen'rous Love appears,
The Hector dares not ſhew his Face.

Let me ſtill languiſh and complain,
Be moſt inhumanly deny'd;
I have ſome Pleaſure in my Pain,
She can have none with all her Pride.

I fall a Sacrifice to Love,
  She lives a Wretch, for Honour's ſake;
Whoſe Tyrant does moſt cruel prove,
  The Diff'rence is not hard to make.

Conſider real Honour then,
  You'll find her's cannot be the ſame:
'Tis noble Confidence, in Men;
  In Women, mean diſtruſtful Shame.

S O N G 346.

LOVE bids me go, but Reaſon bids me ſtay:
  O! why muſt Love and Reaſon diſagree?
Love racks my Soul, when Reaſon I obey;
  If Love I follow, Reaſon tortures me.

Unhappy Wretch! and muſt I then endure
  This changing Pain for ever in my Mind?
From this, or that, in vain I ſeek a Cure:
  Ah! could Love ſee! or was but Reaſon blind!

Look down with Pity from your Thrones above,
  You Powers eternal! infinitely bleſt!
And from me take my Reaſon, or my Love,
  Or reconcile them both, and give me Reſt.

S O N G 347.

LOVE gives War or Peace at Pleaſure,
  Fond Lovers ſtill tormenting,
  But deaf to all Lamenting,
Laughs when he gives us Pain:
Diſplays his ſhining Treaſure,
His Toils and Snares ſurround us;
  No ſooner does he wound us,
But leaves us to complain.

S O N G 348.

LOVE for Love is a charming Trade,
  Love only can by Love be paid;
Whoe'er by Intereſt gains the Fair,
Muſt think her Favours unſincere:
But who in ſerving perſeveres,
And late prevails, by Prayers and Tears,
His Joys beyond his Wiſhes move,
He only knows the Bliſs of Love.

  Love for Love is a ſacred Tie,
Preſerves on Earth Society;

'Tis

'Tis Harmony of Love for Love,
To which the dancing Planets move:
And if we may presume to guess,
What Angels in their Songs express,
Howe'er the Musick is above,
The Chorus still is Love for Love.

SONG 349.

LOVE is a Bauble,
No Man is able
To say, it is this, or 'tis that;
An idle Passion,
Of such a Fashion,
'Tis like I cannot tell what.

Fair in the Cradle,
Foul in the Saddle,
Always too cold, or too hot;
An arrant Lyar,
Fed by Desire,
It is, and yet it is not.

Love is a Fellow
Clad all in yellow,
The Canker-worm of the Mind;
A privy Mischief,
And such a sly Thief,
No Man knows where him to find.

Love is a Wonder,
'Tis here, and 'tis yonder,
'Tis common to all Men, we know;
A very Cheater,
Ev'ry one's Better;
Then hang him, and let him go.

SONG 350.

LOVE's a Distemper that comes with high Feeding,
And is cur'd, like a Fever, by Emptying and Bleeding.
It seizes the Brain, and the Head runs on Fancies,
Then all the young Wenches are Queens in Romances.
But the Love-Fit soon over, pretty Miss proves a Dowdy,
And her passionate Lover an arrant dull Booby.

SONG

SONG 351.

LOVE's a Dream of mighty Treaſure,
Which in Fancy we poſſeſs;
In the Folly lies the Pleaſure,
Wiſdom always makes it leſs.
When we think, by Paſſion heated,
We a Goddeſs have in Chaſe,
Like Ixiom we are cheated,
And a gaudy Cloud embrace.
Happy only is the Lover,
Whom his Miſtreſs well deceives;
Seeking nothing to diſcover,
He contented lives at Eaſe.
But the Wretch that wou'd be knowing
What the Fair-One wou'd diſguiſe,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy, to be wiſe.

SONG 352.

He. LOVE's an idle childiſh Paſſion,
Only fit for Girls and Boys;
Marriage is a curſed Faſhion,
Women are but fooliſh Toys.
Spight of all the tempting Evils,
Still thy Liberty maintain;
Tell 'em, tell the pretty Devils,
Man alone was made to reign.
She. Empty Boaſter! know thy Duty,
Thou who dar'ſt my Pow'r defy;
Feel the Force of Love and Beauty,
Tremble at my Feet and die.
Wherefore does thy Colour leave thee?
Why theſe Cares upon thy Brow?
Did the Rebel, Pride, deceive thee?
Aſk him, who's the Monarch now!

SONG 353.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous Paſſion,
Source of all ſublime Delights;
Which, with mutual Inclinations,
Two fond Hearts in one unites.

What

What are Titles, Pomp, or Riches,
If compar'd with true Content?
That falſe Joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawleſs Paſſions bring Vexation,
But a chaſte and conſtant Love
Is a glorious Emulation
Of the bliſsful State above.

SONG 354.

LOVE's but the Frailty of the Mind,
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;
A fickly Flame, which if not fed expires;
And feeding, waſtes in ſelf-conſuming Fires,

'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy,
Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy;
But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,
For whom ſuperior Beauties ſigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the Conqueſt prize,
When I inſult a Rival's Eyes:
If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I ſee,
That Heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

SONG 355.

LOVE's Goddeſs in a Myrtle Grove,
Said, Cupid, bend thy Bow with Speed,
Nor let the Shaft at random rove,
For Jeany's haughty Heart muſt bleed.

The ſmiling Boy, with divine Art,
From Paphos ſhot an Arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the Heart,
And kill'd the Pride of bony Jean.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
Refuſes Willy's kind Addreſs;
Her yielding Bluſhes ſhew no Care,
But too much Fondneſs to ſuppreſs.

No more the Youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the Green,
Whilſt ev'ry Day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing Charms in bony Jean.

A thouſand Tranſports crowd his Breaſt;
He moves as light as fleeting Wind,
His former Sorrows ſeem a Jeſt,
Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind.

Riches he looks on with Diſdain,
The glorious Fields of War look mean;
The chearful Hounds and Horn give Pain,
If abſent from his bony Jean.

The Day he ſpends in am'rous Gaze,
Which even in Summer ſhorten'd ſeems:
When ſunk in Down, with glad Amaze,
He wonders at her in his Dreams.

All Charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than Troy's Prize, the Spartan Queen,
With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bony Jean.

SONG 356.

LOVE is by Fancy led about
From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt;
Whom we now an Angel call,
Divinely grac'd in every Feature,
Straight's a deform'd, a perjur'd Creature;
Love and Hate are Fancy all.

'Tis but as Fancy ſhall preſent
Objects of Grief, or of Content,
That the Lover's bleſt, or dies:
Viſions of mighty Pain or Pleaſure,
Imagin'd Want, imagin'd Treaſure,
All in powerful Fancy lies.

SONG 357.

LOVE is like the raging Ocean,
When the ſwelling Surges riſe;
Wind, which guides its troubled Motion,
Woman's Temper well ſupplies.

Man's the eaſy Bark, and playing
On the Surface of the Sea;
To the worſt of Ills betraying,
Cupid muſt the Pilot be.

SONG 358.

LOVE, kindled in a Breaſt too young,
Is but a wand'ring fleeting Paſſion;
In riper Years it grows more ſtrong,
When Reaſon ſeconds Inclination.

Young Strephon did on Cælia doat,
His tend'reſt Vows were all for her;
Yet ſoon his Vows were all forgot,
When charming Flavia did appear.

So tender Plants, by milder Rays,
Are cheriſh'd and preſerv'd 'till Noon;
But ſoon their fading Bloom decays,
When ſhin'd on by a warmer Sun.

SONG 359.

LOVE never more ſhall give me Pain,
My Fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever Maid my Heart ſhall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy Beauties did ſuch Pleaſure give,
Thy Love's ſo true to me:
Without thee I ſhall never live,
My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate ſhall tear thee from my Breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtray?
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waſte,
In Sighs the ſilent Day.
I ne'er can ſo much Virtue find,
Nor ſuch Perfection ſee:
Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart
With Cupid's raving Rage;
But thine, which can ſuch Sweets impart,
Muſt all the World engage.
'Twas this that like the Morning Sun
Gave Joy and Life to me;
And when its deſtin'd Day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye

Ye Pow'rs that ſmile on virtuous Love,
And in ſuch Pleaſure ſhare;
You who its faithful Flames approve,
With Pity view the Fair.
Reſtore my Peggy's wonted Charms,
Thoſe Charms ſo dear to me;
Oh! never take them from thoſe Arms;
I'm loſt, if Peggy die.

SONG 360.

LOVE ſounds to Battle,
Haſte thither, together,
This Charge is Fatal,
To all who deny;
Rebels and Traitors,
With all their Abettors,
Fearing, trembling,
Before him fly.

Vain are the Forces
Of Rangers and Changers,
All their Recourſe is
To arm with a Quart;
But when they're boozing,
And freely carouzing,
Laughing, quaffing,
He wounds the Heart.

To all Deſerters,
Annoying, deſtroying,
He ne'er gives Quarters,
But ſets them on fire;
The Flame paſt curing,
With Rage they're enduring,
Scorching, burning,
'Till they expire.

But the true Lover,
That ſallies, and rallies,
Nor turns a Rover,
But ſtands to his Arms,
Under Love's Banner,
Shall be crown'd with Honour,
Kiſſing, preſſing,
And melt in Charms.

SONG 361.

LOVE ſtill has ſomething of the Sea,
From whence his Mother roſe;
No Time his Slaves from Doubt can free,
Nor give their Thoughts Repoſe.

They are becalm'd in cleareſt Days,
And in rough Weather toſt;
They wither under cold Delays,
Or are in Tempeſts loſt.

One while they ſeem to touch the Port,
Then ſtraight into the Main
Some angry Wind, in cruel Sport,
Their Veſſels drives again.

At firſt, Diſdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'ſcape,
Rivals and Falſhood ſoon appear
In a more dreadful Shape.

By ſuch Degrees to Joys they come,
And are ſo long withſtood;
So ſlowly they receive the Sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a Pain;
And to defer a Bliſs,
Believe me, gentle Hermoine,
No leſs inhuman is.

An hundred thouſand Oaths your Fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gaz'd a thouſand Years,
I could no deeper love.

'Tis fitter much for you to gueſs,
Than for me to explain:
But grant, O grant that Happineſs
Which only does remain.

SONG 362.

LOVE, the Sweets of Love,
Are the Joys I muſt admire,
Kind and active Fire
Of a fierce Deſire,
Indulge my Soul, compleat my Bliſs:

But

But th' affected Coldneſs
Of Cælia damps my Boldneſs;
I muſt bow
Proteſt and vow,
And ſwear aloud,
I wou'd be proud,
When ſhe with equal Ardour longs to kiſs.
Bring a Bowl, then bring a jolly Bowl,
I'll quench fond Love within it,
With flowing Cups I'll raiſe my Soul,
And here's to the happy Minute;
For fluſh'd with briſk Wine,
When ſhe's panting and warm,
And Nature unguarded, lets looſe her Mind,
In the amorous Moment the Gypſie I'll find,
Oblige her, and take her by Storm.

SONG 363.

LOVE, thou airy vain Illuſion,
Sly Deceiver of my Joys,
All thy Arts are but Deluſion,
Whilſt vain Hope my Heart decoys.
But, Charmer, I ſtill adore:
Ne'er teaze me, but eaſe me,
Love's Paſſion ſhall pleaſe me,
Whilſt I your Aid implore.

SONG 364.

LOVE, thou'rt the beſt of human Joys,
Our chiefeſt Happineſs below;
All other Pleaſures are but Toys,
Muſick without thee is but Noiſe,
Beauty but an empty Show.
Heaven that knew beſt what Man cou'd move,
And raiſe his Thoughts above the Brute,
Said, Let him be, and let him love,
That only muſt his Soul improve,
Howe'er Philoſophers diſpute.

SONG 365.

LOVE, weary'd with his roving Flight,
Deſcending at th' Approach of Night,
Down to Panthea's Boſom fled,
And made that Seat of Joy his Bed.

Gently her heaving Boſom roſe,
And ſeem'd to court him to repoſe:
Neſt'ling he folds his Wings, to creep
Between her Breaſts for ſweeter Sleep.

Pleas'd and tranſported with the Joy,
She laugh'd at the deluded Boy:
And did a Stratagem prepare,
To keep the wanton Priſ'ner there.

She took a various colour'd Braid,
Of Purple, Gold, and Scarlet made;
Now, Youngſter, ſaid the cruel Fair,
You ſhall Panthea's Fetters wear.

But when ſurpriz'd he waking found
His ſhackled Limbs, and Pinions bound,
Sighing he wept, and begg'd ſhe'd pleaſe
To give her Captive a Releaſe.

Sly Youth, ſays ſhe, wou'd you ſo ſoon
Quit your Apartments, and be gone?
No, my dear Rover, firſt diſcharge
Your Quarters, ere you're ſet at large.

Then for a Bribe, ſaid he, to go,
My Quiver take, and take my Bow;
Nor can I greater Triumphs boaſt,
Than that my Arms to you were loſt.

And now thoſe Shafts are his no more,
His Bow and Enſigns of his Pow'r;
Panthea now commands Love's Darts,
All Eyes ſhe charms, and wounds all Hearts.

SONG 366.

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the Aid
Of Sighs nor Oaths to make it known;
And, to convince the cruel'ſt Maid,
Lovers ſhou'd uſe their Love alone.

Into their very looks 'twill ſteal;
And he that moſt wou'd hide his Flame,
Does in that Care his Pain reveal:
Silence itſelf can Love proclaim.

This, my Aurelia, made me ſhun
The Paths that common Lovers tread;
Whoſe guilty Paſſions are begun,
Not in their Heart, but in their Head.

I cou'd not ſigh, and with croſs'd Arms
Accuſe your Rigour and my Fate;
Nor tax your Beauty with ſuch Charms
As Men adore, and Women hate.

But, careleſs liv'd, and without Art,
Knowing my Love you muſt have ſpy'd;
And thinking it a fooliſh Part,
To ſtrive to ſhow, what none can hide.

SONG 367.

LOvely Celia, fair Deſtroyer,
Eaſe a troubled Love-ſick Mind;
Smile upon a hopeleſs Lover,
Ceaſe to charm, or elſe be kind:

Be kind, and ſooth my gentle Flame,
My Sighs, and Vows repay;
Love's an empty airy Name,
Like Flowers it fades away.

But Celia's Heart is laſting Treaſure,
Free from Falſhood, free from Stain,
Gives hourly Joy and daily Pleaſure,
Nor protracts the Lover's Pain.

The Nymph that's fair and cruel too,
Kills ſurer than the Dart:
That ſometimes wounds to fix us true,
But you ſoon break the Heart.

SONG 368.

LOvely Charmer, deareſt Creature,
Kind Invader of my Heart;
Grac'd with ev'ry Gift of Nature,
Grac'd with every Help of Art.

Oh! could I but make thee love me,
As thy Charms my Heart have mov'd,
None could e'er be bleſt above me;
None could e'er be more belov'd.

SONG 369.

LOvely Lucinda! blame not me,
If on your beauteous Looks I gaze;
How can I help it, when I ſee
Something ſo charming in your Face!
That like a bright unclouded Sky,
When in the Air the Sun-beams play,
It raviſhes my wandring Eye,
And warms me with a pleaſing Ray.

SONG 370.

LOvely Ruler of my Heart,
Queen of all and ev'ry Part,
Object of my Soul's Deſire,
For whoſe Sake I cou'd expire:
Witneſs all you Gods above,
That I only live to love,
That I love but you alone;
Kindly then my Paſſion crown.
Queen of my Heart,
And only Idol of my Soul,
I bleſs the Pow'r
That does my raviſh'd Senſe controul;
So mild, ſo gentle is your Reign,
I gladly wear the pleaſing Chain;
Such Pride I take your Slave to be,
I wou'd not, if I cou'd be free.

SONG 371.

LOvers, who waſte your Thoughts and Youth
In Paſſion's fond Extremes;
Who dream of Women's Love and Truth,
And doat upon your Dreams:
I ſhould not here your Fancy take
From ſuch a pleaſing State;
Were you not ſure at laſt to wake,
And find your Fault too late.
Then learn betimes, the Love which crowns
Our Cares, is all but Wiles;
Compos'd of falſe fantaſtick Frowns,
And ſoft diſſembling Smiles.

With

With Anger, which ſometimes they feign,
They cruel Tyrants prove;
And then turn Flatterers again,
With as affected Love.

As if ſome Injury were meant
To thoſe they kindly us'd,
Thoſe Lovers are the moſt content,
That have been ſtill refus'd.

Since each has in his Boſom nurs'd
A falſe and fawning Foe;
'Tis juſt, and wiſe, by ſtriking firſt,
To 'ſcape the fatal Blow.

SONG 372.

LUcinda, cloſe or veil your Eye,
Where thouſand Loves in Ambuſh lie;
Where Darts are pointed with ſuch Skill,
They're ſure to hurt, if not to kill;
Let Pity move thee to ſeem blind,
Leſt ſeeing, thou deſtroy Mankind.

Lucinda hide that ſwelling Breaſt,
The Phœnix elſe will change her Neſt:
Yet do not, for when ſhe expires,
Her Heat may light in the ſoft Fires
Of Love and Pity, ſo that I
By this one Way may thee enjoy.

SONG 373.

MAidens beware ye,
Love will enſnare ye,
If you but look, or lend an Ear;
Words will detain ye,
Sighs will trapan ye,
Tears will draw you into the Snare;
Then, in Time, beware.

Daily you'll find it,
If you'll but mind it,
How many Maids falſe Men betray:
Let this concern ye,
Let their Fall learn ye,
From the Danger to run away,
Run, run, run away.

With

Let

Let Virtue guard ye,
Praiſe will reward ye,
And you will ſhine in brighteſt Fame;
When the poor Creature,
That yields her Charter,
Lives abandon'd, and dies with Shame,
To bear ſuch a Name.

SONG 374.

MAidens, freſh as a Roſe,
Young, buxom, and full of Jollity;
Take no Spouſe among Beaus,
Fond of their raking Quality:
He who wears a long Buſh,
All powder'd down from his Pericrane,
And with his Noſe full of Snuſh,
Snuffles out Love in a merry Vein.

Who to Dames of high Place
Does prattle like any Parrot too;
Yet with Doxies a Brace,
At Night pigs in a Garret too;
Patrimony out-run,
To make a fine Shew to carry thee.
Plainly, Friend, thou'rt undone,
If ſuch a Creature marry thee.

Then for Fear of a Bribe,
Of flattering Noiſe and Vanity,
Yoke a Lad of our Tribe,
He'll ſhew the beſt Humanity:
Flaſhy thou wilt find Love,
In civil as well as ſecular;
But when the Spirit doth move,
We have a Gift particular.

Tho' our Graveneſs is Pride,
That Boobies the more may venerate,
He that gets a good Bride,
Can jump when he's to generate:
Off then goes the Diſguiſe,
To Bed in his Arms he'll carry thee;
Then to be happy and wiſe,
Take Yea and Nay to marry thee.

SONG

SONG 375.

MAIDS are grown ſo coy of late,
Forſooth they will not marry;
Tho' they're in their Teens and paſt,
They ſay they yet can tarry.
But if they knew how ſweet a Thing
It is in Youth to marry,
They would ſell their Hoſe and Smock,
Ere they ſo long would tarry.

Winter Nights are long, you know,
And bitter cold the Weather;
Then who's ſo fond to lie alone,
When two may lie together?
And is't not brave when Summer comes,
With all the Fields inroll'd,
To take a Green-gown on the Graſs,
And wear it uncontroul'd?

For ſhe that is moſt coy of all,
If ſhe had Time and Leiſure,
Would lay away ſevereſt Thoughts,
And turn to Mirth and Pleaſure:
For why, the faireſt Maid ſometimes
Puts on the Face of Folly,
And Maids do ne'er repent ſo much
As when they are too holy.

SONG 376.

MAIDS like Courtiers muſt be woo'd,
Moſt by Flatt'ry are ſubdu'd;
Some capricious, coy, or nice,
Out of Pride protract the Vice;
But they fall,
One and all,
When we bid up to their Price.

SONG 377.

MAKE haſte and away, mine only Dear,
Make haſte and away, away,
For all at the Gate
Your true Love does wait,
And I prithee make no Delay.

O how ſhall I ſteal away, my Love,
O how ſhall I ſteal away?
My Daddy is near,
And I dare not, for fear,
Pray come then another Day.

O this is the only Day, my Love!
O this is the only Day!
I'll draw him aſide,
And throw the Gates wide,
And then you may ſteal away.

Then prithee make no Delay, dear Boy,
Then prithee make no Delay;
We'll ſerve him a Trick,
For I'll ſlip in the Nick,
And to my true Love away.

O Cupid! befriend this loving Pair,
O Cupid! befriend 'em, I pray;
May their Stratagem take,
For thine own ſweet ſake,
And Amen let all true Lovers ſay.

SONG 378.

MAN, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man;
As the Spur is for the Jade,
As the Scabbard for the Blade,
As for Digging is the Spade,
As for Liquor is the Can,
So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

As the ſcepter's to be ſway'd,
As for Night's the Serenade,
As for Pudding is the Pan,
And to cool us is the Fan,
So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

Be ſhe Widow, Wife, or Maid,
Be ſhe wanton, be ſhe ſtay'd,
Be ſhe well, or ill array'd,
Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,
Yet Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

SONG

SONG 379.

MAN may eſcape from Rope and Gun,
Nay, ſome have out-liv'd the Doctor's Pill;
Who takes a Woman muſt be undone,
That Baſiliſk is ſure to kill:
The Fly that ſips Treacle is loſt in the Sweets,
So he that taſtes Woman, Woman, Woman,
So he that taſtes Woman Ruin meets.

SONG 380.

MARCH, march,
Why the D— do ye na march?
Stands to your Arms, my Lads,
Fight in good Order.
Front about ye Muſketeers all,
Till ye come to the Engliſh Border.
Stand till't, and fight like Men,
True Goſpel to maintain.
The Parliament's blyth to ſee us a coming,
When to the Kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka Room,
Frae Popiſh Relicks and a' ſic Innovations,
That a' the Warld may ſee,
There's nane i'the right but we,
Of the auld Scottiſh Nation.
Jenny ſhall wear the Hood,
Jocky the Sark of God;
And the Kiſt of Whiſtles,
That make ſic a cleiro,
Our Pipers braw
Shall hae them a',
Whate'er come on it.
Buſk up your Plaids, my Lads,
Cock up your Bonnets.
March, march, &c.

SONG 381.

MAria, when my Sight you bleſs,
Each Morn beneath your Cow,
How can the Swain his Joy expreſs,
To ſee thee in thy rural Dreſs,
And hear thee Singing too?

Thy

Thy Milk-white Waiſtcoat, free from Stain,
Denotes thy purer Thought,
As clear from Falſhood as Diſdain;
And in thy ſoft and chearful Strain
My Cares are all forgot.

Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn,
More fragrant than the Hay;
Or Flow'rs, tho' in thy Boſom worn;
Or Clover-graſs, or green-ear'd Corn;
Or Cows, more ſweet than they.

Thy modeſt Cheeks out-bluſh the Roſe,
Whilſt I thy Charms recite;
Thy Lips are Cherries; Eyes are Sloes;
And thy engaging Smiles diſcloſe
Two Rows of Iv'ry white.

But oh! the Burden of my Song!
Thoſe Charms may fall a Prey,
And be commanded, right or wrong,
By ſome dull Clown, whoſe vulgar Tongue
Can neither ſing nor ſay.

The Vi'let thus, that in the Mead
Regal'd our Smell, alas!
No more muſt rear his bloomy Head,
Stamp'd in by ſome black Ox's Tread,
Or mow'd with common Graſs.

The chearful Mornings, once ſo bleſt,
The Ev'nings too, are o'er:
Ye Cows, whoſe Teats Maria preſt,
Farewel: My Pipe has done its beſt,
Maria ſmiles no more.

SONG 382.

MArriage, it ſeems, is for better, for worſe;
Some count it a Bleſſing, and others a Curſe;
The Cuckolds are bleſt, if the Proverb prove true,
And then there's no doubt but in Heav'n there's not few
Of honeſt rich Rogues, who ne'er had got there,
If their Wives had not ſent them thro' Trembling and Fear.

Some Women are honeſt, tho' rare in a Wife,
Yet with Scolding and Brawling they'll ſhorten your Life;

You

You ne'er can enjoy your Bottle and Friend,
But your Wife, like an Imp, is at your Elbow's End:
Crying Fie, you Sot, come, come, come, come:
So these are unhappy abroad and at home.

We find the Batchelor liveth best;
Tho' drunk or sober he takes his Rest;
He never is troubled with Scolding or Strife,
('Tis the best can be said of a very good Wife:)
But merrily Day and Night does spend,
Enjoying his Mistress, Bottle, and Friend.

A Woman out-wits us, do what we can,
She'll make a Fool of every wise Man;
Old Mother Eve did the Serpent obey,
And has taught all her Sex that damnable Way
Of Cheating and Couzening all Mankind,
'Twere better if Adam had still been blind.

The poor Man that marries thinks he does well;
I pity's Condition, for sure he's in Hell;
The Fool is a sotting, and spends all he gets,
The Child is a bawling, the Wife daily frets:
That Marriage is pleasant we all must agree,
Consider it well, there's none happier can be.

SONG 383.

MAY the Ambitious ever find
Success in Crowds and Noise,
While gentle Love does fill my Mind
With silent real Joys.

May Knaves and Fools grow rich and great,
And the World think 'em wise;
While I lie at my Nanny's Feet,
And the World despise.

Let conqu'ring Kings new Triumphs raise,
And melt in Court Delights;
Her Eyes can give much brighter Days,
Her Arms much softer Nights.

SONG 384.

MIstake not, Celia, the Design,
When I your Worth proclaim;
Or dedicate a Verse of mine
To your distinguish'd Name.

The Muſes were ordain'd, to ſhew
The Glories of your Sex:
Then why ſhould what is ſung of you,
Your modeſt Mind perplex?

At Thought of you, my Muſe takes Wing,
My tender Boſom warms:
Indulge me then with Leave to ſing,
Or lay aſide your Charms.

No grateful Anſwer I deſire;
No Favours I implore;
'Tis all I want, or will require,
Allow me to adore.

SONG 385.

MIſtaken Fair, lay Sherlock by,
His Doctrine is deceiving;
For whilſt he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our Living.

To die's a Leſſon we ſhall know
Too ſoon, without a Maſter:
Then only let us ſtudy now
How we may live the faſter.

To live's to love; to bleſs, be bleſt
With mutual Inclination;
Share then my Ardour in your Breaſt,
And kindly meet my Paſſion.

But if thus bleſt, I may not live,
And Pity you deny,
To me at leaſt your Sherlock give,
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

SONG 386.

MOrtals, wiſely learn to meaſure
Life by the Extent of Joy,
Life's a ſhort and fleeting Pleaſure:
Then be gay,
Whilſt you may,
And your Hours with Mirth employ.

Never let a Miſtreſs pain thee,
Tho' ſhe meet you with a Frown,
Fly to Wine, 'twill ſoon unchain thee;

Cheer

Cheer thy Heart,
And all thy Smart,
In a ſweet Oblivion drown.

If Love's fiercer Flame ſhould ſeize thee,
To ſome gentle Maid repair:
She'll with ſoft Endearments eaſe thee,
On her Breaſt,
Sink to Reſt,
Eas'd of Love and free from Care.

Friendſhip, Wine, and Love united,
From all Ills defend the Mind,
By them guarded and delighted,
Happy State,
Smile at Fate,
And give Sorrow to the Wind.

SONG 387.

MOthers, thro' too much Pride or Love,
Ne'er fail of Inclination,
To breed their Children far above
The Level of their Station.

The Farmer to the Dancing-School
Muſt ſend his aukward Daughter,
To ſpend what he ſhould give the Fool,
To match her well hereafter.

So when the Wench by am'rous Sighs
Declares ſhe's ripe and ready,
In Minuet and Boree lies
The Fortune of my Lady.

Thus bred, the wanton clumſy Laſs
A working Life deſpiſes,
And rather chuſing to be baſe,
She falls before ſhe riſes.

When if the Hoyden had been bred
To th' Ladle and the Needle,
She would not then have been miſled,
To ogle, kiſs, and wheedle.

Wherefore thoſe Parents act awry,
And in the main deceive 'em,
Who breed their Children proudly high,
Yet little have to give 'em.

SONG 388.

MOURN hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
Thy baniſh'd Peace, thy Lawrel torn!
Thy Sons for Valour long renown'd,
Lie ſlaughter'd on their native Ground.
Thy hoſpitable Roofs no more
Invite the Stranger to the Door;
In Smoaky Ruins ſunk they lie,
The Monuments of Cruelty.

The wretched Owner ſees afar,
His All become the Prey of War,
Bethinks him of his Babes and Wife,
Then ſmites his Breaſt, and curſes Life!
Thy Swains are famiſh'd on the Rocks
Where late, they fed their wanton Flocks!
Thy raviſh'd Virgins ſhriek in vain
Thine Infants periſh on the Plain!

What boots it, that in ev'ry Clime,
Thro' the wide ſpreading Waſte of Time,
Thy Martial Glory crown'd with Praiſe,
Still ſhone with undiminiſh'd Blaze?
Thy towr'ing Spirit now is broke,
Thy Neck is bended to the Yoke!
What Foreign Arms could never quell,
By Civil Rage and Rancour fell!

The rural Pipe and merry Lay
No more ſhall chear the happy Day.
No Social Scenes of gay Delight,
Beguile the dreary Winter Night!
No Strains but thoſe of Sorrow flow,
And Nought be heard but Sounds of Woe!
While the pale Phantoms of the Slain,
Glide nightly o'er the ſilent Plain!

O baleful Cauſe! O fatal Morn
Accurs'd to Ages yet unborn!
The Sons againſt their Father ſtood!
The Parent ſhed his Children's Blood!
Yet when the Rage of Battle ceas'd,
The Victor's Soul was not appeas'd:
The Naked and Forlorn muſt feel
Devouring Flames and murd'ring Steel!

The

The pious Mother doom'd to Death,
Forſaken wanders o'er the Heath,
The bleak Wind whiſtles round her Head,
Her helpleſs Orphans cry for Bread,
Bereft of Shelter, Food and Friend,
She views the Shades of Night deſcend;
And ſtretch'd beneath inclement Skies,
Weeps o'er her tender Babes and dies!
While the warm Blood bedews my Veins,
And unimpair'd Remembrance reigns,
Reſentment of my Country's Fate,
Within my filial Breaſt ſhall beat;
And Spite of her inſulting Foe,
My ſympathizing Verſe ſhall Flow.
Mourn, hapleſs Caledonia! mourn
Thy baniſh'd Peace, thy Laurel torn!

SONG 389.

MUſing I late
On Windſor Terras ſat;
And hot, and weary,
Heard a merry
Am'rous Couple chat;
Words as they go,
The Nymph ſoon made me know,
And t'other was,
Tho' gay in Dreſs,
A blund'ring Country Beau.
He had ſhown her all
The Lodgings, great and ſmall;
The Tower, the Bower,
The Green, the Queen,
And fam'd St. George's Hall:
Laſtly brought her here,
To court her for his Dear;
To wed and bed,
And ſwore he had
A thouſand Pound a Year.
Money, the Crew
Of Sots, think all muſt do;

And now this Fool,
Unlearn'd at School,
It ſeems believes ſo too:
But the rare Girl,
More worth than Gold or Pearl,
Was nobly got,
And brought, and taught,
To ſlight the ſordid World.
She then briſk and gay,
That lov'd a tuneful Lay,
In haſte pull'd out
Her little Flute,
And bad him ſing or play;
He both Arts defy'd,
And ſhe as quickly cry'd;
Who learnt no way
To ſing nor ſay,
Shou'd ne'er make her a Bride.

SONG 390.

MUſing on Cares of human Fate,
In a ſad Cypreſs Grove,
A ſtrange Diſpute I heard of late,
'Twixt Virtue, Fame, and Love:
A penſive Shepherd aſk'd Advice,
And their Opinions crav'd,
How he might hope to be ſo wiſe,
To get a Place beyond the Skies,
And how he might be ſav'd.
Nice Virtue preach'd Religion's Laws,
Paths to eternal Reſt.
To fight his King's and Country's Cauſe,
Fame counſell'd him was beſt.
But Love oppos'd their noiſy Tongues,
And thus their Votes out-brav'd;
Get, get a Miſtreſs, fair and young,
Love fiercely, conſtantly, and long,
And then thou ſhalt be ſav'd.
Swift as a Thought, the am'rous Swain
To Sylvia's Cottage flies;
In ſoft Expreſſions told her plain
The Way to heav'nly Joys.

She,

She, who with Piety was ſtor'd,
Delays no longer crav'd;
Charm'd by the God whom they ador'd,
She ſmil'd, and took him at his Word;
And thus they both were ſav'd.

SONG 391.

MY Chloe, why d'ye ſlight me,
Since all you aſk you have?
No more with Frowns affright me,
Nor uſe me like a Slave.
Good-Nature to diſcover,
Uſe well your faithful Lover;
I'll be no more a Rover,
But conſtant to my Grave.

Could we but change Condition,
My Griefs would all be flown;
Poor I, the kind Phyſician,
And you the Patient grown.
All own you're wond'rous pretty,
Well ſhap'd, and alſo witty;
Enforc'd by gen'rous Pity,
Then make my Caſe your own.

The Pow'rs who kindly gave us,
And form'd our Shape and Mind,
Too ſurely would enſlave us,
Were they like you inclin'd:
Then Goodneſs be your Duty,
Or I muſt bid adieu t'ye;
Like them with all your Beauty,
Be merciful and kind.

The Silver Swan, when dying,
Has moſt melodious Lays;
Like him, when Life is flying,
In Songs I'll end my Days:
But know, thou cruel Creature,
My Soul ſhall mount the fleeter,
And I ſhall ſing the ſweeter,
By warbling forth your Praiſe.

SONG

SONG 392.

MY Days have been ſo wond'rous free,
The little Birds that fly
With careleſs Eaſe from Tree to Tree,
Were but as bleſt as I.

Aſk gliding Waters, if a Tear
Of mine increas'd their Stream;
Or aſk the flying Gales, if e'er
I lent a Sigh to them.

But now my former Days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught:
The tender Chains of ſweet Deſire
Are fixt upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breaſt
Does every Doubt controul;
And lovely Nancy ſtands confeſt
The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twiſted Pines,
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
Ye gentle Echos, breezy Winds,
Ye cloſe Retreats of Love;

With all of Nature, all of Art,
Aſſiſt the dear Deſign;
O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
As much as of Deſpair,
And hardly covet to be Great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the Paſſion in my Mind
Is mixt with ſoft Diſtreſs;
Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

SONG 393.

MY dear and only Love, I pray,
That little World of thee,
Be govern'd by no other Sway,
But pureſt Monarchy:

For

For if Confuſion have a part,
Which virtuous Souls abhor,
I'll call a Synod in my Heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My Thoughts did evermore diſdain
A Rival on my Throne.
He either fears his Fate too much,
Or his Deſerts are ſmall,
Who dares not put it to the Touch,
To gain or loſe it all.

But I will reign, and govern ſtill,
And always give the Law,
And have each Subject to my Will,
And all to ſtand in awe:
But 'gainſt my Batteries if I find
Thou ſtorm, or vex me ſore,
As if thou ſet me as a Blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the Empire of thy Heart,
Where I ſhould ſolely be,
If others do pretend a Part,
Or dare to ſhare with me:
Or if Committees thou erect,
Or go on ſuch a Score,
I'll ſmiling mock at thy Neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithleſs Action ſtain
Thy Love and conſtant Word,
I'll make thee famous by my Pen,
And glorious by my Sword.
I'll ſerve thee in ſuch noble Ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy Head with Bays,
And love thee more and more.

SONG 394.

MY dear Miſtreſs has a Heart,
Soft as thoſe kind Looks ſhe gave me,
When with Love's reſiſtleſs Art,
And her Eyes, ſhe did enſlave me;

But her Conſtancy's ſo weak,
  She's ſo wild, and apt to wander,
That my jealous Heart would break,
  Shou'd we live one Day aſunder.
Melting Joys about her move,
  Killing Pleaſures, wounding Bliſſes;
She can dreſs her Eyes in Love,
  And her Lips can arm with Kiſſes:
Angels liſten when ſhe ſpeaks;
  She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder;
But my jealous Heart would break,
  Shou'd we live one Day aſunder.

SONG 395.

MY deareſt Maid, ſince you deſire
  To know what I wou'd wiſh,
What Store of Wealth I would require
  To gain true Happineſs;
This faithful Inventory take
Of all that Life can eaſy make.

Here happy only are the few
  Who wiſh to live at Home,
Who never do extend their View
  Beyond their ſmall Income.
An Income which ſhould ever be
The Fruit of honeſt Induſtry.

A Soul ſerene and free from Fears,
  With no Contentions vex'd,
Nor yet with vain and anxious Cares
  To be at all perplex'd.
A Body that's with Health endow'd,
An open Temper, yet not rude.

A Heart that's always circumſpect,
  Unknowing to deceive,
Yet ever wiſely can reflect,
  Not eaſy to believe.
As to my Dreſs, let it be plain,
Yet always neat without a Stain.

A cleanly Hearth and chearful Fire
  To drive away the Cold,
A moderate Glaſs one would require
  When merry Tales are told:

The

The Company of an eaſy Friend,
My like in Fortune and in Mind.
Some Shelfs of Books of the right Kind,
For Knowledge and Delight,
Not intricate, nor interlin'd
With narrow Party-ſpite:
A Garden fair, to paint me clear
Nature's Gradations through the Year.
To give true Reliſh to Delight,
A chaſte and chearful Wife,
With ſweeteſt Humour to unite
Our Hearts as long as Life:
Sound Sleep, whoſe kind deluſive Turn,
Shall join the Evening to the Morn.
So would we live agreeably,
And ever be content,
To Providence ay thankful be
For all thoſe Bleſſings lent.
O Sovereign Power! but grant me this,
No more I'll aſk, no more I'll wiſh.

SONG 396.

MY eaſy Heart,
With ſingle Dart,
Has no ſmall Anguiſh found;
But Love has now
Two Strings to's Bow;
Both Wit and Beauty wound.
Such Guns or Spears
Who ſees or hears,
Of Deaths may take his Choice,
For tho' he flies
Her piercing Eyes,
She'll reach him with her Voice.
When Wit perſuades,
And Beauty leads
Our Senſes all to Joy,
Not Dido's Gueſt
Cou'd guard his Breaſt
Againſt the Cyprian Boy.

But if his Bow,
And Arrows too,
Were broken all and loſt,
None cou'd withſtand
Her naked Hand,
They'll feel it to their Coſt.

SONG 397.

MY Fair is beautiful and young,
Stately, yet void of Pride,
Gentle as is the Turtle Dove,
And conſtant as the Tide.
Prudence in all her Ways we find,
The Graces round her throng;
Wiſdom itſelf has form'd her Mind,
And Muſic's on her Tongue.

SONG 398.

MY Fair, ye Swains, is gone aſtray,
The little Wand'rer loſt her Way,
In gathering Flowers the other Day;
Poor Phillis, poor Phillis,
Poor Lovely Phillis.
Ah lead her home, ye gentle Swains,
Who know an abſent Lover's Pains,
And bring me ſafely o'er the Plains
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.
Conceive what Torments rack my Mind,
And if you'll be ſo juſt and kind,
I'll give you certain Marks to find
My Phillis.
When e'er a charming Form you ſee,
Serenely Grave, ſedately Free,
And mildly Gay, it muſt be ſhe;
'Tis Phillis.
Not boldly bare, or half undreſs'd,
But under Cover lightly preſs'd,
In ſecret plays the little Breaſt
Of Phillis.
When ſuch a Heav'nly Voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryade near,
Ah, ſeize her, and bring home my Dear,
'Tis Phillis.

The Nymph whoſe Perſon void of Art,
Has ev'ry Grace in ev'ry Part,
With murd'ring Eyes, yet harmleſs Heart,
Is Phillis.
Whoſe Teeth are like an Iv'ry Row,
Whoſe Skin is like the cleareſt Snow,
Whoſe Face is like——nothing that I know,
Is Phillis.
But reſt my Soul, and bleſs your Fate,
The Gods who form'd a Piece ſo neat,
So Juſt, Exact, and ſo Compleat,
As Phillis,
Proud of their Hit, in ſuch a Flow'r,
Which ſo exemplifies their Pow'r,
Will guard in ev'ry dangerous Hour,
My Phillis.

SONG 399.

MY Friend and I, we drank whole Piſs-pots
Full of Sack up to the Brim:
I drank to my Friend, and he drank his Pot:
So we began our drunken Whim:
Three Bottles and a Quart
We ſwallow'd down our Throat,
(But hang ſuch puny Sips as theſe;)
We laid us all along,
With our Mouths unto the Bung,
And tipp'd whole Hogſheads off with Eaſe.
I heard of a Fop that drank whole Tankards,
Stil'd himſelf the Prince of Sots:
But hang ſuch ſilly puny Drunkards,
Melt their Flaggons, break their Pots.
My Friend and I did join
For a Cellar full Wine,
And we drank the Vintner out of Door;
We drank it all up
In a Morning, at a Sup,
And greedily rov'd about for more.
My Friend to me did make this Motion,
Let us to the Vintage ſkip;
Then we embark'd upon the Ocean,
Where we found a Spaniſh Ship,

Deep laden with Wine,
Which was ſuperfine;
The Sailors ſwore five hundred Tun:
We drank it all at Sea,
Ere we came unto the Key,
And the Merchant ſwore he was quite undone.
My Friend, not having quench'd his Thirſt,
Said, let us to the Vineyards haſte:
Strait then we ſail'd to the Canaries,
Which afforded juſt a Taſte:
From thence unto the Rhine,
Where we drunk up all the Wine;
Till Bacchus cry'd, Hold ye Sots, or ye die!
And ſwore he never found,
In his univerſal Round,
Such thirſty Souls as my Friend and I.
Out fie! cries One,
What a Beaſt he makes him,
He can neither ſtand nor go.
Out you Beaſt, you, you're much miſtaken,
When e'er knew you a Beaſt drink ſo?
'Tis when we drink the leaſt,
That we drink moſt like a Beaſt;
But when we carouſe it fix in Hand,
'Tis then, and only then,
That we drink the moſt like Men,
When we drink 'till we can neither go nor ſtand.

SONG 400.

MY Goddeſs Lydia, heavenly Fair,
As Lily ſweet, as ſoft as Air,
Let looſe thy Treſſes, ſpread thy Charms,
And to my Love give freſh Alarms.
O! let me gaze on theſe bright Eyes,
Tho' ſacred Lightning from them flies;
Shew me that ſoft, that modeſt Grace,
Which paints with charming red thy Face.
Give me Ambroſia in a Kiſs,
That I may rival Jove in Bliſs,
That I may mix my Soul with thine,
And make the Pleaſure all divine.

O hide thy Boſom's killing White,
(The Milky Way is not ſo bright)
Leſt you my raviſh'd Soul oppreſs,
With Beauty's Pomp, and ſweet Exceſs.
Why draw'ſt thou from the Purple Flood
Of my kind Heart the vital Blood?
Thou art all over endleſs Charms;
O! take me dying to thy Arms.

S O N G 401.

MY Heart inclines your Chains to wear,
But Reaſon will not ſtoop;
I love that Angel's Face, but fear
The Serpent in your Hoop.
Your Eyes diſcharge the Darts of Love,
But oh! what Pains ſucceed,
When Darts ſhall Pins and Needles prove,
And Love a Fire indeed!
The Fly about the Candle gay
Dances, with thoughtleſs Hum;
But ſhort, alas! his giddy Play,
His Pleaſure proves his doom.
The Child, in ſuch Simplicity,
About the Bee-Hive clings,
And with one Drop of Honey, he
Receives a hundred Stings.

S O N G 402.

MY Heart is ev'ry Beauty's Prey,
And does my Pow'r diſown;
I ne'er could keep it one whole Day,
And now't has been ſo long away,
I know not where 'tis flown.
But if the Fair that finds this Stray,
Will kindly give it Room;
Or teach it better to obey,
Her Care with double Thanks I'll play,
And take the Rambler Home.

S O N G 403.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
The live-lang Simmer-Day,
'Till we amaiſt were ſpoil'd
At making of the Hay:

Her Kurchy was of Holland clear,
Ty'd on her bony Brow,
I whiſper'd ſomething in her Ear;
But what's that to you?

Her Stockings were of Kerſy green,
As tight as ony Silk:
O ſic a Leg was never ſeen,
Her Skin was white as Milk;
Her Hair was black as ane cou'd wiſh,
And ſweet, ſweet was her Mou,
O! Jeany daintylie can kiſs;
But what's that to you?

The Roſe and Lily baith combine,
To make my Jeany fair;
There is nae Benniſon like mine,
I have amaiſt nae Care;
Only I fear my Jeany's Face
May cauſe mae Men to rew,
And that may gar me ſay, alas!
But what's that to you?

Conceal thy Beauties, if thou can,
Hide that ſweet Face of thine,
That I may only be the Man
Enjoys theſe Looks divine.
O! do not proſtitute, my Dear,
Wonders to common View;
And I with faithful Heart ſhall ſwear,
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had Wives anew,
And mony a Concubine;
But I enjoy a Bliſs mair true,
His Joys were ſhort of mine;
And Jeany's happier than they,
She ſeldom wants her Due;
All Debts of Love to her I pay,
And what's that to you?

SONG

SONG 404.

PEGGY.

MY Jockie blyth for what thou haſte done,
There is nae Help nor mending;
For thou haſt jogg'd me out of Tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My Mither ſees a Change in me,
For my Complexion daſhes;
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the Raſhes.

JOCKIE.

My Peggy what I've ſaid I'll do,
To free thee frae her Scouling;
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling:
For her Content I'll inſtant wed,
Since thy Complexion daſhes;
And then we'll try a Feather-bed;
'Tis ſafter than the Raſhes.

PEGGY.

Then Jockie, ſince thy Love's ſo true,
Let Mither ſcoul, I'm eaſy:
Sae long's I live I ne'er ſhall rue
For what I've done to pleaſe thee.
And there's my Hand I's ne'er complain,
O! well's me on the Raſhes;
Whene'er thou like I'll do't again,
And a fig for a' their Claſhes.

SONG 405.

MY joyous Blades, with Roſes crown'd,
Who quaff bright Nectar at its Spring;
Diſpute not if the Earth goes round,
But hear a thirſty Poet ſing.
Diſpute not if the Earth goes round,
But hear a thirſty Poet ſing.
All take your Glaſſes, charge them high,
Let Bumpers, ſwiftly, Bumpers chaſe, chaſe:
Each Man drink fifty, ſoon they'll ſpy,
The Earth wheel round with rapid Pace.
Each Man drink, &c.

SONG 406.

MY Lodging is on the cold Ground,
And very hard is my Fare;
But that which troubles me moſt is,
The Unkindneſs of my Dear:
Yet ſtill I cry, Oh! turn, Love,
And I prithee, Love turn to me;
For thou art the Man that I long for,
And, alack! what Remedy!

I'll crown thee with a Garland of Straw then,
And I'll marry thee with a ruſh Ring;
My frozen Hopes ſhall thaw then,
And merrily we will ſing:
Oh! turn to me, my dear Love,
And I prithee, Love, turn to me;
For thou art the Man that alone canſt
Procure my Liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy Heart ſtill,
And be deaf to my pitiful Moan;
Then I muſt endure the Smart ſtill,
And tumble in Straw all alone:
Yet ſtill I cry, Oh! turn, Love,
And I prithee, Love, turn to me;
For thou art the Man that alone art
The Cauſe of my Miſery.

SONG 407.

MY Love is all Madneſs and Folly,
Alone I lie,
Toſs, tumble, and cry,
What a happy Creature is Polly!
Was e'er ſuch a Wretch as I!
With Rage I redden like Scarlet,
That my dear inconſtant Varlet,
Stark blind to my Charms,
Is loſt in the Arms
Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot,
Stark blind to my Charms,
Is loſt in the Arms
Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot,
This, this my Reſentment alarms.

SONG

SONG 408.

MY Love was fickle once, and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my Heart;
From Beauty ſtill to Beauty ranging,
In ev'ry Face I found a Dart.
'Twas firſt a charming Shape enſlav'd me,
An Eye then gave the fatal Stroke;
'Till by her Wit Corinna ſav'd me,
And all my former Fetters broke.
But now a long and laſting Anguiſh
For Belvidera I endure;
Hourly I ſigh, and hourly languiſh,
Nor hope to find the wonted Cure.
For here the falſe inconſtant Lover,
After a thouſand Beauties ſhewn,
Does now ſurpriſing Charms diſcover,
And finds Variety in one.

SONG 409.

MY lovesick Mind, what Tranſport mov'd,
'Twas bleſs'd beyond Compare,
When lovely Sachariſſa prov'd
As kind as ſhe is fair.
Joyful on her ſoft Hand I hung,
And caught the melting Accents from her Tongue.
The more I gaz'd on that fair Face
I more and more admir'd,
For ſtill ſome new diſcover'd Grace
My raptur'd Boſom fir'd;
Happy we ſat, and talk'd, and lov'd,
I ſigh'd, and woo'd, and kiſt, and ſhe approv'd.
Whilſt Sachariſſa true remain'd,
Each former Love was flown,
I all the Sex but her diſdain'd,
And liv'd for her alone,
True as the Needle to the Pole,
I turn'd to her the Magnet of my Soul.
But ſince no more that once fond Heart
With equal Ardour burns,
Like mine, no longer dreads to part,
Nor Love for mine returns; Grant

Grant me, ye Gods, if ſuch there be,
A Nymph more conſtant, not leſs fair than ſhe.

SONG 410.

MY Maſters and Friends, and good People draw near,
And look to your Purſes, for that I do ſay,
And tho' little Money in them you do wear,
It coſt more to get than to loſe in a Day;
You oft have been told,
The Young and the Old,
And bidden beware of the Cut-purſe ſo bold;
Then if you take heed not, free me from the Curſe,
Who give you fair Warning againſt the Cut-purſe.
Youth, Youth, thou had'ſt better been ſtarved at Nurſe,
Than to be hang'd for cutting a Purſe.

It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade,
That oft-times we are the Cauſe of this Crime,
Alack and for Pity, why ſhould it be ſaid?
As if they regarded the Place or the Time:
Examples have been,
Of ſome that were ſeen,
In Weſtminſter-Hall, yea, the Pleaders between:
Then why ſhould the Judges be free from this Curſe,
More than my poor ſelf, for Cutting the Purſe?
Youth, Youth, &c.

At Worceſter 'tis known well, and even i'th' Goal,
A Knight of good Worth did there ſhew his Face,
Againſt the ſmall Sinner in Rage for to rail,
And loſt, ipſo Facto, his Purſe i'th' Place;
Nay even from the Seat
Of Judgment ſo great,
A Judge there did loſe a fair Purſe of Velvet,
O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worſe
Are thoſe that ſo venture their Neck for a Purſe?
Youth, Youth, &c.

At Plays and at Sermons, and at the Seſſions,
'Tis daily their Practice ſuch Booties to make:
Yea, under the Gallows at Executions,
They ſtick not, but ſtare about Purſes to take:

Nay,

Nay, once without Grace,
At a better Place,
At Court, and at Chriſtmaſs before the King's Face?
Alack then for Pity muſt I bear the Curſe,
That only belongs to the cunning Cut-purſe?
Youth, Youth, &c.

But oh! thou vile Nation of Cut-purſes all,
Relent and repent, and amend, and be ſound,
And know that you ought not by honeſt Men's Fall,
To advance your own Fortunes, to die above Ground;
And tho' you go gay,
In Silks, as you may,
It is not the Highway to Heaven, (they ſay)
Repent, then repent ye for better for worſe,
And kiſs not the Gallows for cutting a Purſe.
Youth, Youth, &c.

SONG 411.

MY Maſters give Ear,
And a Story you'll hear
Of a fine Raree-Show and a Garter;
Ne'er was ſeen ſuch a Sight.
Since Tom Thumb was a Knight,
In the Days of our noble King Arthur.

When King George was abroad,
'Twas a Seaſon thought good,
To ſhew us King Robin in Glory,
With his Squires in a Row,
And his Knights two by two,
All as gallant as Sir John Dory.

E'en Baronets here
Humble Squires did appear,
And Members were proud of the Station;
And who would not be ſtill
For the Civil-Liſt Bill,
T'have a Place in a ſham Coronation?

They all walk'd, but their Prince
Did with Riding diſpenſe,
And with Bathing, a troubleſome Rite-a;
For he knew 'twas in vain,
They cou'd ne'er be waſh'd clean,
Any more than a Black-a-moor white-a.

In

In the Abbey that Day
Men did all things but pray;
There was Ale, Wine, and Gin for the Rabble;
Such Doings undean
In a Church ne'er were seen,
Since the Days that old Paul's was a Stable.

In the Isles, if you please,
You your Bodies might ease,
By the Suff'ring at least of your Betters.
O Stanhope! had'st thou
Been alive but till now,
To have seen a Jakes made of St. Peter's.

An odd Way they all took
Thro' a blind crooked Nook
In the Church, for their Robes to be seen-a;
But then Scaffolds had they,
To direct them the Way,
Where they seldom or never had been-a.

After this, they all took
An odd Oath with the Book,
In the Days of old Popery known-a:
To be true all their Lives
To all Women but Wives,
To all Ladies excepting their own-a:
Which Oath, if they broke,
Then their Sovereign's Cook
Was to hack off the Spurs of each Don-a;
But 'twas much if he cou'd,
For his Eyes must be good,
To discern that they had any on-a.

Then this being done,
To their Dinner they run,
With Stomachs so sharp and so keen-a,
Without Grace they fall to,
As they used to do,
Never minding their Chaplain the Dean-a.

To the closing of all,
They at Night had a Ball,

Where

Where their Damſels were dreſt to receive 'em:
What farther was done,
Will be better unknown,
For 'tis decent that here I ſhould leave 'em.

SONG 412.

MY Mind to me a Kingdom is,
Such perfect Joys therein I find,
That it excels all other Bliſs
The World affords, or grows by Kind:
Tho' much I want that moſt would have,
Yet ſtill my Mind forbids to crave.

No Shape to feed a loving Eye;
To none of theſe am I in Thrall,
No princely Pomp, no wealthy Store;
For why, my Mind to me is all.
No Force to win the Victory;
No cunning Wit to ſalve a Sore.

Content I live with this my Stay;
I wiſh no more than may ſuffice;
I preſs to bear no mighty Sway;
Look what I want, my Mind ſupplies:
Thus do I triumph like a King,
Content with that my Mind doth bring.

Some have too much, and yet do want;
I little have, but wiſh no more:
They are but poor, for much they want;
And I am rich with little Store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

Some weigh their Pleaſures by their Luſt,
Their Wiſdom by the Rage of Will:
Their Treaſure is their only Truſt,
And crooked Craft their School of Skill:
But all the Pleaſure I can find,
Is the Content of quiet Mind.

My Health is Wealth and perfect Eaſe,
A Conſcience clean my chief Defence;
I do not ſeek by Bribes to pleaſe,
Nor by Deceit to give Offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die:
Would all did but as well as I.

SONG

SONG 413.

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' she did the same before me;
I canna get Leave
To look to my Love,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.
Right fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my Tocher;
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
And wyte ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom Coffer.
For tho' my Father has Plenty
Of Siller and Plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweer
To twin wi' his Gear;
And sae we had need to be tenty.
Tutor my Parents wi' Caution,
Be wylie in ilka Motion;
Brag well o'ye'r Land,
And there's my leal Hand,
Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

SONG 414.

MY Molly is of Form divine,
Kind as first meeting Loves,
Sweeter than the Jessamine,
Softer than the Down of Doves:
Thousand Charms,
E'er renewing,
Love disarms,
All pursuing:
When the Dance she briskly leads,
Each Heart with secret Wishes bleeds.
Whene'er she passes through the Grove,
The Violets spring beneath;
The gentle Zephyrs softly move,
And sweetly Odours breath:
On her Lip
Trembling, sighing,
Dew they sip,
Scorn defying;

Cou'd

Cou'd I ſhare with them in Bliſs,
I'd turn to Air to gain one Kiſs.

SONG 415.

MY Name is honeſt Harry,
And I love little Mary;
In ſpite of Ciſs, or jealous Beſs,
I'll have my own Figary.

My Love is blithe and buckſome,
And ſweet and fine as can be,
Freſh and gay, as Flow'rs in May,
And looks like Jack-a-Dandy.

And if ſhe will not have me,
That am ſo true a Lover,
I'll drink my Wine, and ne'er repine,
And down the Stairs I'll ſhove her.

But if that ſhe will love, Sir,
I'll be as kind as may be,
I'll give her Rings, and pretty things,
And deck her like a Lady.

Her Petticoat like Sattin,
Her Gown of Crimſon Tabby,
Lac'd up before, and ſpangl'd o'er,
Juſt like a Barthol'mew Baby.

Her Waiſtcoat ſhall be ſcarlet,
With Ribbands ty'd together;
Her Stockings of a cloudy Blue,
And her Shoes of Spaniſh Leather.

Her Smock of fineſt Holland,
And lac'd in ev'ry Quarter,
Side and wide, and long enough
To hang below her Garter.

Then to the Church I'll have her,
Where we will wed together,
And ſo come home, when we have done,
In ſpite of Wind and Weather.

The Fidlers ſhall attend us,
And firſt play John come kiſs me;
And when that we danc'd around,
Then ſtrike up, Hit or miſs me.

Then hey for little Mary;
'Tis her I love alone, Sir;
Let any Man do what he can,
I will have her, or none, Sir.

SONG 416.

MY Paſſion is as Muſtard ſtrong,
I ſit all ſober ſad,
Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
Or, like a March Hare, mad.

Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For tho' as drunk as David's Sow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a Pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a Cucumber would ſee
The reſt of Womankind.

Like a ſtuck Pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
Sleek as a Mouſe before.

Plump as a Partridge I was known,
And ſoft as Silk my Skin,
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown,
But as a Groat now thin.

I, melancholy as a Cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as Top can ſleep.

Hard is her Heart, as Flint or Stone,
She laughs to ſee me pale;
And merry as a Grig is grown,
And briſk as bottl'd Ale.

The God of Love, at her Approach,
Is buſy as a Bee;
Hearts ſound as any Bell or Roach,
Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.

Ah

Ah me! as thick as Hops or Hail,
The fine Men croud about her;
But ſoon as dead as a Door Nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my Leg her Shape appears:
O! were we join'd together,
My Heart would ſoon be free from Cares,
And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as Five-pence is her Mien,
No Drum was ever tighter;
Her Glance is as a Razor keen,
And not the Sun is brighter.

As ſoft as Pap her Kiſſes are,
Methinks I feel them yet;
Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
Her Eyes are black as Jet.

As ſmooth as Glaſs, as white as Curds,
Her pretty Hand invites;
Sharp as a Needle are her Words,
Her Wit like Pepper bites.

Briſk as a Body-Louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a Penny dreſt;
Sweet as a Roſe her Face and Lips,
Round as a Globe her Breaſt.

Full as an Egg was I with Glee,
And happy as a King;
Good lack! how all Men envy'd me,
She lov'd like any thing.

But falſe as Hell, ſhe like the Wind,
Chang'd, as her Sex muſt do,
Tho' ſeeming as the Turtle Kind,
And as the Goſpel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who will take Peru,
Great as an Emp'ror I ſhould be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a Chick,
I'm dull as any Poſt:
Let us like Burrs together ſtick,
As warm as any Toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a Die,
And with me better ſped,
Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun ſhe'll drop a Tear,
And ſigh, perhaps, and wiſh,
When I'm as rotten as a Pear,
And mute as any Fiſh.

SONG 417.

MY Patie is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddy;
His Breath is ſweeter than new Hay;
His Face is fair and ruddy.
His Shape is handſome, middle Size;
He's ſtately in his wawking;
The Shining of his Een ſurprize;
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Laſt Night I met him on a Bawk,
Where yellow Corn was growing;
There mony a kindly Word he ſpak,
That ſet my Heart a glowing.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O Corn Riggs are bony.

Let Maidens of a ſilly Mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting:
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And ſyne my Cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where Corn Riggs are bony.

SONG 418.

MY Peggy is a young Thing,
Juſt enter'd in her Teens;
Fair as the Day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the Day, and always gay.

My

My Peggy is a young Thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair, to lay my Care,
I wiſh na mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But ſhe gars a' my Spirits glow
At Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper Love,
That I look down on a' the Town,
That I look down upon a Crown.
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld:
And naithing gi'es me ſic Delight,
As Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my Pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt.
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her Sangs are tald,
With Innocence, the Wale of Senſe,
At Wawking of the Fauld.

S O N G 419.

MY Soger Laddie
Is over the Sea,
And he will bring Gold
And Money to me;
And when he comes hame,
He'll make me a Lady,
My Bleſſing gang with
My Soger Laddie.

My doughty Laddie
Is handſome and brave,
And can as a Soger
And Lover behave;

True to his Country,
To Love he is ſteady,
There's few to compare
With my Soger Laddie.

Shield him ye Angels,
Frae Death in Alarms,
Return him with Lawrels
To my langing Arms.
Syne frae all my Care
Ye'll pleaſantly free me,
When bac to my Wiſhes
My Soger ye gi'e me.

O ſoon may his Honours
Bloom fair on his Brow;
As quickly they muſt,
If he get his due:
For in noble Actions
His Courage is ready,
Which makes me delight
In my Soger Laddie.

SONG 420.

MY Soul is raviſh'd with Delight,
When you I think upon;
All Griefs and Sorrows take their Flight,
And haſtily are gone:
The fair Reſemblance of your Face,
So fills this Breaſt of mine,
No Fate can force, nor it diſplace,
For Old Lang Syne,

Since Thoughts of you doth baniſh Grief,
When I'm from you remov'd;
And if in them I find Relief,
When with ſad Cares I'm mov'd;
How doth your Preſence me affect,
With Extaſies Divine,
Eſpecially when I reflect,
On Old Lang Syne.

Since thou haſt robb'd me of my Heart,
By thy reſiſtleſs Powers,
Which Madam Nature doth impart,
To thoſe fair Eyes of yours;

With

With Honour it doth not conſiſt,
To keep a Slave in Pain,
Pray let your Reaſon then deſiſt,
For Old Lang Syne.
'Tis not my Freedom I do crave,
By deprecating Pains,
Sure Liberty he would not have,
Who glories in his Chains;
But this I wiſh, the Gods may move
That noble Soul of thine,
To pity, ſince thou cannot love,
For Old Lang Syne.

SONG 421.

MY ſweeteſt May, let Love incline thee,
T'accept a Heart which he deſigns thee;
And, as your conſtant Slave, regard it,
Syne for its Faithfulneſs reward it.
'Tis proof a Shot to Birth or Money,
But yields to what is ſweet and bony;
Receive it then with a Kiſs and a Smily;
There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.
How tempting ſweet theſe Lips of thine are;
Thy Boſom white, and Legs ſae fine are,
That when in Pools I ſee thee clean 'em,
They carry away my Heart between 'em.
I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a Mountain;
Tho' Kith and Kin and a' ſhou'd revile thee,
There's my Thumb I'll near beguile thee.
Alane through flow'ry Hows I dander,
Tenting my Flocks leſt they ſhou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear Laſſie, it is but Daffin,
To had thy Woer up ay niff naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely,
O ſay, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

SONG 422.

MY time oh! ye Muſes, was happily ſpent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;

Ten thouſand ſoft Pleaſures I felt in my Breaſt:
Sure never fond Shepherd like Collin was bleſt!
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a ſudden I find!
When things were as fine as cou'd poſſibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring, but alas! it was ſhe.

With ſuch a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
To riſe up to play, or to lie down to ſleep,
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day;
But I now ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known;
My fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart I am ſure it weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain, that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas Pleaſure to look at, 'twas Muſick to hear;
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its Side,
And, ſtill as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
Muſt you be ſo chearful, whilſt I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in their Prime!
But now in their Frolicks when by me they paſs,
I fling at their Fleeces an Handful of Graſs:
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

My Dog I was very well pleaſed to ſee
Come wagging his Tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to the Dog ſaid,
Come hither poor Fellow, and patted his Head:
But now when he's fawning, I with a ſour Look
Cry, Sirrah! and give him a Blow with my Crook;
And I'll give him another, for why ſhould not Tray
Be as dull as his Maſter, when Phœbe's away?

When

When walking with Phœbe, what Sights have I ſeen!
How fair was the Flower, how freſh was the Green!
What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
But ſince ſhe has left me, tho' all are ſtill there,
They none of them now ſo delightful appear;
'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,
Made ſo many beautiful Proſpects ariſe.

Sweet Muſick went with us both all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Thruſh, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Graſhopper under our Feet;
But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone;
Her Voice in the Concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing elſe its agreeable Sound.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does aught of its Sweetneſs the Bloſſom beguile?
That Meadow, thoſe Daiſies, why do they not ſmile?
Ah! Rivals, I ſee what it is that you dreſt,
And made your ſelves fine for, a Place in her Breaſt;
You put on your Colours to pleaſure her Eye,
To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Boſom to die.

How ſlowly Time creeps, 'till my Phœbe return,
While amidſt the ſoft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn!
Methinks, if I knew whereabout he would tread,
I'd breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead;
Fly ſwiftly, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't, when ſhe is here,
Ah! Collin, old Time is ſtill full of Delay,
Nor will budge one Foot faſter for all thou can'ſt ſay.

Will no pitying Pow'r, that hears me complain,
Or cure my Diſquiet, or ſoften my Pain?
To be cur'd thou muſt, Collin, thy Paſſion remove;
But what Swain is ſo ſilly to live without Love;
No Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd ſo ſadly forlorn:
Ah! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with Deſpair;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one ſo fair.

SON

SONG 423.

NAnſy's to the Green-Wood gane,
To hear the Gowdſpink chatt'ring;
And Willie he has follow'd her,
To gain her Love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd ſay or do,
She geck'd and ſcorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my Dad, quo' he,
My Minny or my Aunty?
With Crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
Lang-kail and Ranty-tanty:
With Bannocks of good Barley-Meal,
Of thae there were right plenty,
With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my Father was nae Laird,
'Tis Daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good Kail-yard,
A Ha'houſe and a Pantry:
A good blue Bonnet on his Head,
An Owrlay 'bout his Craigy;
And ay until the Day he died,
He rade on good Shanks Nagy.

Now Wae and Wander on your Snout,
Wad ye hae bonny Nanſy?
Wad ye compare ye'r ſell to me,
A Docken till a Tanſie?
I have a Wooer of my ain,
They ca' him ſouple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonny Mou
Is ſweet like Sugar-candy.

Wow Nanſy, what needs a' this Din?
Do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm ſure the chief of a' his Kin
Was Rab the Beggar randy:
His Minny Meg upo' her Back
Bare baith him and his Billy;
Will ye compare a naſty Pack
To me your winſome Willy?

My

My Gutcher left a good braid Sword;
Tho' it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may talk it on my Word,
It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my Lugs in pawn,
That he ſhall get a heezy.

Then Nanſy turn'd her round about,
And ſaid, did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miſs to get a Clout;
I ken he diſna fear ye:
Sae haud ye'r Tongue, and ſay nae mair,
Set ſomewhere elſe your Fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never ſhall get Nanſy.

SONG 424.

NAture ſo tender to Chloe has ſhown,
She ne'er can ſurrender a Heart ſhe has won;
Such is her Behaviour, ſo wiſe is her Aim,
That none boaſt her Favour, nor any complain.
Oh could I move her!
My Chains eaſy grown,
Shou'd ſerve her gay Lover,
To ſhew I'm her own:
Or were ſhe but cruel!
I Freedom might find;
But oh, to my Ruin!
She's not cruel nor kind.

SONG 425.

NAY, let me alone,
I proteſt I'll be gone;
'Tis a Folly to think I'll be ſubject to one.
Never Hope to confine
A young Gallant to dine,
Like a Scholar of Oxford, on nought but the Loin:
For after Enjoyment our Bellies are full;
And the ſame Diſh again, makes the Appetite dull.
By your wantoning Art,
Of a Sigh, and a Start,
You endeavour, in vain, to inveigle my Heart;

For the pretty Diſguiſe
Of your languiſhing Eyes
Will never prevail with my Sinews to riſe;
And 'twas never the Mode, in an amorous Treat,
When a Lover has din'd, to perſuade him to eat.
Faith, Betty, the Jeſt
Is almoſt at the beſt,
'Tis only Variety makes up the Feaſt;
For when we've enjoy'd,
And with Pleaſures are cloy'd,
The Vows that we made to Love ever, are void:
And you know, pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit,
That a Meal ſhould be made of a reliſhing Bit.

SONG 426.

He. NAY, prithee why d'ye fly,
And ſhow yourſelf ſo coy,
When ſincerely the Truth of my Paſſion I own?
She. How can you, Sir, intrude?
I wonder you're ſo rude;
Conſider I'm a Maid——
He. Conſider we're alone.
She. Nay, fie, Sir, let me go.
He. Indulge my glowing Flame——
She. How can you preſs me ſo?——
He. Don't think I am to blame——
She. What is't you would be at?
He. A civil Kiſs or two.
She. You may talk of this and that, but indeed 'twill never do.

SONG 427.

NEptune frown, and Boreas roar,
Let thy Thunder bellow;
Noble Ormond's now come o'er,
With each gallant Engliſh Fellow:
Then to welcome him a-ſhore,
To his Health a Brimmer pour,
Till ev'ry one be mellow,
Rememb'ring Rodondello.

Tho'

Tho' at Cales they 'ſcap'd our Guns,
By ſtrong-wall'd Umbrello;
Civil Jarrs and plund'ring Dons,
Curſe upon the Metal yellow,
Had the valiant Duke more Men,
He a Victor there had been,
As late at Rodondello.

Monſieur and Petit Anjou,
Plot your State Intrigo:
Take new Marſhal Chateaurenault,
Then conſult with Spaniſh Diego:
And, new Glory to advance,
Sing Te Deum thro' all France,
Pour la Victoire at Vigo.

We, mean while, to crown our Joy,
Laughing at ſuch Folly,
To their Healths full Bowls employ,
Who've cur'd our Melancholy;
And done more to furniſh Tales,
Now at Vigo, than at Cales
Fam'd Eſſex did, or Raleigh.

Great Eliza on the Main,
Quell'd the Dons Boaſtado;
In Queen Anne's auſpicious Reign,
Valour conquers, not Bravado:
Come but ſuch another Year,
We the ſpacious Sea ſhall clear
Of France and Spain's Armado.

Once more then, tho' Boreas roar,
And loud Thunder bellow,
Since great Ormond is come o'er,
With each gallant Engliſh Fellow;
Let us welcome all a-ſhore,
To each Health a Brimmer pour,
Till ev'ry one be mellow,
Rememb'ring Rodondello, &c.

SONG 428.

NEver more I will proteſt
To love a Woman, but in Jeſt;
For as they cannot be true,
So, to give each Man his Due,

When the wooing Fit is paſt,
Their Affection cannot laſt.

Therefore if I chance to meet
With a Miſtreſs fair and ſweet,
She my Service ſhall obtain,
Loving her for Love again:
Thus much Liberty I crave,
Not to be a conſtant Slave.
For when we have try'd each other,
If ſhe better like another,
Let her quickly change for me;
Then to change am I as free.
He or ſhe that loves too long,
Sells their Freedom for a Song.

SONG 429.

NEver truſt the brainleſs Crowd,
Ever forward, ever loud,
Like profeſſing Friend at Court,
Or the Dame who loves for Sport;
When you think them beſt inclin'd
Friendſhip dies,
Cælia flies;
Love and Friendſhip turn to Wind.

SONG 430.

NEver ſigh, but think of kiſſing,
More, and more, and more of wiſhing,
To poſſeſs the mighty Bleſſing;
While they enjoy it they are true;
They'll hug, they'll cling, and heave up too;
But Liberty when once regain'd,
The Favour's to another feign'd.

Why ſhould we then the Sex admire?
For 'twas never their Deſire,
To maintain a conſtant Fire;
If ogling, wheedling you'll believe,
They'll hourly ſtudy to deceive,
But we will find out better Ways,
In Muſick, Singing, ſpend our Days.

SONG

SONG 431.

NO, Delia, no, what Man can range
From ſuch ſeraphick Pleaſure?
'Tis want of Charms that makes us change,
To graſp the Fairy Treaſure:
What Man of Senſe wou'd quit a certain Bliſs,
For Hopes, and empty Poſſibilities?
Vain Fools their ſure Poſſeſſions ſpend,
In Hopes of chymick Treaſure,
But for their fancy'd Riches find
Both Want of Gold and Pleaſure.
Rich in my Delia, I can wiſh no more;
The Wand'rer, like the Chymiſt, muſt be poor.

SONG 432.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me:
The one Thing I beg of kind Heav'n to grant,
Is a Mind independent and free.
By Paſſion unruffl'd, untainted with Pride,
By Reaſon my Life let me ſquare;
The Wants of my Nature are cheaply ſupply'd,
And the reſt are but Folly and Care.
Thoſe Bleſſings which Providence kindly has lent,
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize;
Whilſt ſweet Meditation and chearful Content
Will make me both happy and wiſe.
How vainly thro' infinite Trouble and Strife
The Many their Labours employ?
When all that is truly delightful in Life
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SONG 433.

NO longer boaſt your healing Tides,
Or the Chalybeat's Stain;
When Chloris at theſe Springs preſides,
They ſpend their Force in vain.
While for theſe Ills Relief is found
Which we with Eaſe endure,
The heedleſs Patient feels the Wound
No Mineral can cure.

› from the Heat the thirſty Swain
To the freſh Fountain flies,
here ſoon allays his former Pain,
But of a Fever dies.

S O N G 434.

NO longer I'll bear,
In the Heart of the Fair,
A Rival thus happy to reign;
While I in Deſpair,
Tormented with Care,
For ever muſt ſigh and complain;
Aſſiſt me Lacheſis,
Aſſiſt me Nemeſis,
Ye Furies, ye Deſtinies aid;
Their Union divide,
And vanquiſh the Pride
Of this charming, this obſtinate Maid.

S O N G 435.

NO more let Sorrow pain you,
Here Love alone ſhall chain you,
And ev'ry Joy reſtore;
New Pleaſure ſhall detain you,
No Liberty has more.

S O N G 436.

NO more ſhall Buds and Branches ſpring,
Nor Violets paint the Grove;
Nor warbling Birds delight to ſing,
If I forſake my Love;
The Sun ſhall ceaſe to ſpread his Light,
And Stars their Orbits leave;
And fair Creation ſink in Night,
When I my Dear deceive.

S O N G 437.

NO more ſhall Meads be deck'd with Flow'rs,
Nor Sweetneſs dwell in roſie Bow'rs;
Nor greeneſt Buds on Branches ſpring,
Nor warbling Birds delight to ſing,
Nor April Violets paint the Grove,
If I forſake my Cælia's Love.

The

The Fiſh ſhall in the Ocean burn,
And Fountains ſweet ſhall bitter turn,
The humble Oak no Flood ſhall know,
When Floods ſhall higheſt Hills o'erflow;
Black Lethe ſhall Oblivion leave,
If e'er my Cælia I deceive.

Love ſhall his Bow and Shaft lay by,
And Venus' Doves want Wings to fly,
The Sun refuſe to ſhew his Light,
And Day ſhall then be turn'd to Night,
And in that Night no Star appear,
If once I leave my Cælia dear.

Love ſhall no more inhabit Earth,
Nor Lovers more ſhall love for Worth,
Nor Joy above in Heaven dwell,
Nor Pain torment poor Souls in Hell;
Grim Death no more ſhall horrid prove,
If e'er I leave bright Cælia's Love.

SONG 438.

NO more, ſeverely kind, affect
To put that lovely Anger on;
Sweet Tyrant! if thou can'ſt ſuſpect
Thy Lover's Eyes, yet truſt thy own.

Aw'd by ſtern Honour, watchful Spies,
Dull, formal Rules I'm forc'd t'obey;
Like Dungeon Slaves, my haſty Eyes
Juſt ſnatch a Glimpſe of chearful Day.

Abſent, the Deſart Walks I view:
Here went Eliza, there ſhe came;
With Tears my lonely Couch bedew,
And dreaming, ſigh Eliza's Name.

"Where is his Soul? the Women cry,
"The ſtupid Lump! the lifeleſs Earth!
"Where, ſay the Men, his briſk Reply,
"His crimſon Glaſs, and noiſy Mirth?"

Haſt thou not mark'd my burning Kiſs,
My lawleſs Pulſe, my bounding Heart?
How oft, when wild for further Bliſs,
All trembling from thy Arms I ſtart?

Ah! ſpotleſs Fair, tho' well I find
My Paſſion's ſtrong, my Reaſon frail;
Ah! can I ſtain that Angel Mind,
And, Virtue loſt, let Love prevail?
No! down in Shades below we'll rove,
A glorious miſerable Pair;
Gaz'd at thro' all the Myrtle Grove,
For burning Love, and chaſte Deſpair.
Say, if thou lov'ſt, did ever Youth
That wiſh'd like me, like me endure?
Doſt thou not blame this ſwainiſh Truth,
And wiſh my Flame was not ſo pure?
In Pity hate me, tempting Fair!
An happy Exile let me fly.
What fev'riſh Wretch his Thirſt can bear,
That ſees the cooling Stream ſo nigh!
Oh! I ſhall all my Vows unſay,
If once I gaze——my Blood will glow;
This virtuous Froſt will melt away,
And Love's wild Torrent overflow.

SONG 439.

WOMAN.

NO more Sir, no more, I'll ev'n give it o'er,
I ſee it is all but a Cheat;
Your ſoft wiſhing Eyes, your Vows, and your Lies,
Which thus you ſo often repeat.

MAN.

'Tis you are to blame, who fooliſhly claim
So ſilly a lean Sacrifice:
But Lovers, who pray, muſt always obey,
And bring down their Knees, and their Eyes.

WOMAN.

Of late you have made Devotion a Trade
In Loving, as well as Religion:
But you cannot prove, thro' th' Ages of Love,
Any Worſhip was offer'd but one.

MAN.

MAN.

That one let it be, in which we agree;
Leave Forms to the Maids, who are younger:
We're both of a Mind, make haſte, and be kind,
And continue a Goddeſs no longer.

SONG 440.

NO more think me falſe,
For the Flame never dies,
Which Silvia has rais'd
By ſuch powerful Eyes;
Ah! view but thyſelf,
Then meaſure my Love,
And think what a Paſſion
Such Beauty muſt move.

Tho' firſt it was Beauty
Which raviſh'd my Sight,
Yet now I regard
As only the Light,
Which kindly betrays
The rich Charms of thy Mind,
Where Senſe and Good-nature
So ſtrongly are join'd.

Then think me not falſe,
For the Knot will e'er laſt,
Which my Fancy has ty'd,
And my Reaſon made faſt;
So faſt, that tho' Time
Thy Eyes may diſarm,
Yet no Time ſhall my Faith
Or my Love ever harm.

The Paſſion I have
Can never grow leſs,
Not tho' thy fair Self
Shou'd that Paſſion oppreſs;
For while I thy Face
Or thy Mind have in View,
Still, ſtill I muſt love,
And in loving be true.

SONG

SONG 441.

NO more will I my Paſſion hide,
Tho' too preſuming it appear;
When long Deſpair a Heart has try'd,
What other Torments can it fear?
Unlov'd of her, I would not live,
Nor die, 'till ſhe the Sentence give.
Why ſhould the Fair offended be,
If Virtue charm in Beauty's Dreſs;
If where ſo much Divine I ſee,
My open Vows the Saint confeſs?
Awak'd by Wonders in her Eyes,
My former Idols I deſpiſe.

SONG 442.

NO, no, no, no, Reſiſtance is but vain,
And only adds new Weight to Cupid's Chain:
A thouſand Ways, a thouſand Arts,
The Tyrant knows, to captivate our Hearts:
Sometimes he Sighs employs, and ſometimes tries
The univerſal Language of the Eyes:
The Fierce with Fierceneſs he deſtroys:
The Weak with Tenderneſs decoys:
He kills the Strong with Joy, the Weak with Pain.
No, no, no, no, Reſiſtance is but vain.

SONG 443.

NO, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent Town,
To expect either Pleaſure or Reſt;
To Hurry and Nonſenſe ſtill tying us down,
'Tis an over-grown Priſon at beſt.
From hence to the Country away,
Leave the Croud and the Buſtle behind,
And then you'll ſee liberal Nature diſplay
A thouſand Delights to Mankind.
The Change of the Seaſons, the Sports of the Fields,
The ſweetly diverſify'd Scene,
The Groves, and the Gardens, and every thing yields
A Chearfulneſs ever ſerene.
Here, here from Ambition and Avarice free,
My Days may I quietly ſpend;
Whilſt the Cits and the Courtiers, unenvy'd for me,
May gather up Wealth without End,

No,

No, I thank 'em, I wou'd not, to add to my Store,
My Peace and my Freedom reſign:
For who, for the Sake of poſſeſſing the Ore,
Wou'd be ſentenc'd to dig in the Mine?

S O N G 444.

NO, Phillis, tho' you've all the Charms
Ambitious Woman can deſire;
All Beauty, Wit, and Youth that warms,
Or ſets our fooliſh Hearts on fire:
Yet you may practiſe all your Art
In vain to make a Slave of me;
You ne'er ſhall re-engage my Heart,
Revolted from your Tyranny:
You ne'er ſhall, &c.

When firſt I ſaw thoſe dang'rous Eyes,
They did my Liberty betray;
But when I knew your Cruelties,
I ſnatch'd my ſimple Heart away:
Now I defy your Smiles to win
My reſolute Heart, no Pow'r th'ave got:
Tho' once I ſuck'd their Poiſon in,
Your Rigour prov'd an Antidote.
Tho' once, &c.

S O N G 445.

NO ſcornful Beauty e'er ſhall boaſt
She makes me love in vain;
That Man's a Fool, when once he's croſt,
If e'er he loves again:
To pine, or whine, I never can,
Nor tell her I muſt die;
'Tis ſomething ſo beneath a Man,
I cannot, no, not I.

Tho' Phillis you have Charms enow
To conquer where you pleaſe,
You care not if my Heart you bow
To ſuch like Loves as theſe:
But if to me ſome Hopes you'll give,
That happy I ſhall be,
I'll love my Phillis whilſt I live,
And think of none but ſhe.

SONG 446.

NO ſooner comes up a Country Clown,
With his Leather Breeches to London Town,
But he cocks his Hat, and ſtrives to look big;
He ſwaps his Acres for gaudy fine Cloaths,
And flaunts it about 'mong Belles and Beaux,
In a lac'd Coat, and Pig-Tail Wig.
He makes his Country Relations his Sport,
He rattles and tattles of Places at Court;
He battles with Bailiffs, Watchmen and Whores,
He runs in the Surgeon and Tallyman's Scores,
And proves a downright modiſh Prig.
At length his Purſe and Pockets grew low,
His Habit all ſhabby. — Good-Bye to the Beau;
Fate frowns, and Friends forſake:
He bids his Honour and Conſcience Good-night,
And the Country-Bubble becomes a Town-Bite,
Some other Courſe does take.
He ſcours the Roads, and borrows a Purſe,
Or [illegible]eats at my Lord's, which is twenty times worſe;
He rogues it ſo faſt, that they ſtop him at laſt,
For his Tricks in a String he's deſtin'd to ſwing;
And there's an End of a Country Rake.

SONG 447.

NO Warning of th' approaching Flame,
Swiftly, like ſudden Death, it came;
Like Travellers, by Light'ning kill'd,
I burnt the Moment I beheld.
In whom ſo many Charms are plac'd,
Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd;
The Caſe ſo ſhining to behold,
Is fill'd with richeſt Gems, and Gold.
To what my Eyes admir'd before
I add a thouſand Graces more;
And Fancy blows into a Flame,
The Spark that from her Beauty came.
The Object thus improv'd by Thought,
By my own Image I am caught;
Pygmalion ſo, with fatal Art,
Poliſh'd the Form that ſtung his Heart.

SONG

SONG 448.

NOnſenſical Folks prepare
To hear a Nonſenſical Song,
Each am'rous Beau with his Fair,
Whoſe Charm's a Nonſenſical Tongue.
Were there no Nonſenſical Flights,
The Women would want what to ſay,
The Poet want ſomething to write,
And the Actors want Farces to play.

Nonſenſe ſo reigns in this Age,
Both over the Noble and Cit;
The Town ſends a Share on the Stage,
And each Aſs ſets up for a Wit.
The Lover calls Nonſenſe his Muſe,
When ſmit by the am'rous Boy,
Always gaining with that the firſt Uſe
Of the Ladies Nonſenſical Toy.

The Parſons their Nonſenſe will preach
To praiſe Nonſenſical Fools;
Worn Ladies choice Secrets will teach
To Nonſenſical bungling Tools.
The Vulgar their Nonſenſe will prate,
And let their Opinions be had,
In Matters concerning the State,
And neglect for a Party their Trade.

A ſcribbling Poet with Nonſenſe,
For a Dinner will Nobles aſperſe;
Tho' his Wit is as thin as his Conſcience,
Or rather as bare as his Purſe.
A Parliament Member ſometimes
May make a Nonſenſical Speech;
The Whiggs may the Tories of Crimes
For Nonſenſical Reaſons impeach.

Debates full of Nonſenſe will riſe,
Upon a Nonſenſical Theme,
'Mongſt thoſe that pretend to be wiſe,
And do their own Nonſenſe eſteem.
Since Nonſenſe is grown ſuch a Charm
With the Ladies, the Beaux, and the Poet
Let each one his Reaſon alarm,
And he that has Wit, let him ſhow it.

SONG 449.

NOR on the Beds of fading Flowers,
Shedding ſoon their gaudy Pride;
Nor with Swains in Syren Bowers,
Will true Pleaſure long reſide.
On awful Virtue's Hill ſublime,
Enthroned ſits th' Immortal Fair;
Who wins her Height, muſt patient climb,
The Steps are Peril, Toil, and Care,
So from the firſt did Jove ordain
Eternal Bliſs for tranſient Pain.

SONG 450.

NOT an Angel dwells above
Half ſo fair as her I love;
Heaven knows how ſhe'll receive me:
If ſhe ſmiles, I'm bleſt indeed;
If ſhe frowns, I'm quickly freed;
Heaven knows ſhe ne'er can grieve me.
None can love her more than I,
Yet ſhe ne'er ſhall make me die.
If my Flame can never warm her,
Laſting Beauty I'll adore,
I ſhall never love her more,
Cruelty will ſoon deform her.

SONG 451.

NOT Eden's Garden did diſdain
That pleaſing Paſſion Love;
Where free from Guilt, and ev'ry Pain,
Adam did gaily rove.
Nor Tides of Furies' raging Fires,
That follow a wanton Chaſe,
Meer Vapours rais'd by hot Deſires,
That vaniſh with Diſgrace.
How guiltleſs may I meet the Flame
Of Cynthia's pureſt Breaſt,
While Friendſhip makes us ſtill the ſame,
With ev'ry Virtue dreſt?
Her Mind at firſt a Conqueſt made,
Her graceful Mind I muſt approve;
Her Wiſdom chearful ſtill appear'd,
And juſtify'd my Love.

Truſt

Truſt not to Features, fleeting Charms;
Nor hug a painted Toy;
Thoſe Age or Sickneſs ſoon diſarms,
Warm Air will this deſtroy.
Let tender Paſſions take their Turn
And Virtue lead the Way;
Where Minds are match'd, they ſeldom mourn,
Nor curſe the Marriage Day.

SONG 452.

NOT this blooming April Seaſon
Can relieve my aching Heart;
Spite of all the Force of Reaſon,
Still I act a frantick Part:
As the Canker eats the Roſes,
And the ſpringing Green deſtroys,
So Deſpair my Reſt oppoſes,
And conſumes my riſing Joys.
Ev'ry Valley, Field and Mountain,
Flow'ry Plain and verdant Grove,
Warbling Bird and ſparkling Fountain,
Minds me of my luckleſs Love:
When the Cowſlip I diſcover,
Springing o'er the Primroſe fair,
Thee (I ſigh) my gentle Lover
Would have cropp'd to deck my Hair.
If I ſadly ſit reflecting
By ſome bloomy Hawthorn Tree,
All my Sorrows recollecting,
Love, I cry, reſembles thee:
He all flow'ry can appear,
To conceal his poiſon'd Dart;
But the Wretch that truſts him near,
Graſps a Thorn, and wounds the Heart.

SONG 453.

NOW all my Friends are laid in Grave,
And nothing they have left me,
But a Mark a Year my Mother gave,
By which for to protect me:

Truſt

Yet I live on the Leagure ſtill,
As brave as any Lady,
And all is with a Mark a Year,
The which my Mother gave me.

I have my Pimps at my Command,
My Coach upon me tending;
If any one be cut or ſlaſh'd,
Or any one offending,
They'll bear me out of all the Rout,
As brave, &c.

My high Commode, my Damaſk Gown,
Lac'd Shoes of Spaniſh Leather,
A Silver-Bodkin in my Head,
And a dainty Plume of Feather;
I'll take Tobacco with a Grace,
As brave, &c.

A Lord, a Knight, a Gentleman,
Is welcome to my Oven;
The finical Courtier with his Tricks,
Whoſe Beard's but newly ſhaven;
All's one to me, whoe'er he be,
He's welcome ſtill as may be:
God-a-mercy Mother, for thy Gift,
It's a Portion for a Lady.

SONG 454.

NOW, as I live! I love thee much,
And fain wou'd love thee more,
Did I but know thy Temper ſuch,
That cou'd my Joy reſtore.

But to ingage thy Virgin Heart,
Then leave it in Diſtreſs,
Were to betray thy true Deſert,
And make thy Glory leſs.

Were all the eaſtern Treaſures mine,
I'd lay them at thy Feet;
But to invite a Prince to dine
On Air, it is not meet.

No, let me rather pine alone;
Then, if my Fate prove coy,
I can diſpenſe with Grief my own,
While thou haſt Showers of Joy.

But if thro' my too niggard Fate
Thou ſhould'ſt unhappy prove,
I ſhou'd grow mad and deſperate,
Thro' killing Grief and Love.

Since then, tho' more I cannot love,
Without thy Injury;
As Saints that to an Altar move,
My Thoughts to thee ſhall fly.

And think not that the Flame is leſs,
For 'tis upon this Score,
Wer't not a Love beyond Expreſs
My Dear, it might be more.

SONG 455.

NOW fly, Diſcretion, to my Aid,
See haughty Mira, fair and bright,
In all the Pomp of Love array'd;
Ah! how I tremble at the Sight!
She comes, ſhe comes---before her all
Mankind does proſtrate fall.

Love, a Deſtroyer fierce and young,
A 'vent'rous, terrible, and ſtrong,
Cruel and raſh, delighting ſtill to vex;
Sparing nor Age nor Sex,
Commands in chief; well fortify'd he lies,
And from her Lips, her Cheeks and Eyes,
All Oppoſition he defies.
Reaſon, Love's old invet'rate Foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd 'till now,
Reaſon aſſiſts her too.

A wiſe Commander he, for Council fit;
In modern Synod, nor appear'd of late
In Courts, nor Camps, nor in Affairs of State;
Reaſon proclaims them all his Foes,
Who ſuch reſiſtleſs Charms oppoſe.

My very Boſom Friends make War
Within my Breaſt, and in her Intereſts are;
Eſteem and Judgment with ſtrong Fancy join
To court, and call the fair Invader in;
My darling fav'rite Inclination too,
All, all conſpiring with the Foe.
Ah! whither ſhall I fly to hide
My Weakneſs from the Conqu'ror's Pride?
Now, now, Diſcretion be my Guide.
But ſee, this mighty Archimedes too,
Surrenders now.
Preſuming longer to reſiſt,
His very Name
Diſcretion muſt diſclaim;
Folly and Madneſs only would perſiſt.

SONG 456.

NOW from Ruſticity, and Love,
Whoſe Flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle Shepherd muſt be drove,
His Soul muſt take another Turn:
As the rough Diamond from the Mine,
In Breakings only ſhews its Light,
'Till poliſhing has made it ſhine,
Thus Learning makes the Genius bright.

SONG 457.

NOW God alone that made all things,
Heaven and Earth and all therein;
The Ships that in the Sea do ſwim,
To keep our Foes from coming in.
Then every one does what he can
All for the good Uſe of Man.
And I wiſh in Heaven his Soul may dwell
That firſt invented the Leather Bottle.
Now what d'ye ſay of Cans of Wood?
Faith they are naught, they cannot be good;
For when a Man for Beer doth ſend,
To have them full he doth intend;
The Bearer ſtumbles by the Way,
And on the Ground the Beer doth lay;
Then doth the Man begin to ban,
And ſwears 'twas long o' th' Wooden Can:

But had it been a Leather Bottle,
It had not been ſo, for all had been well,
And ſafe therein the Drink would remain,
Until the Man got up again.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What do you ſay to Glaſſes fine?
Faith they ſhall have no Praiſe of mine;
For when a Man's at Table ſet,
And by him ſeveral ſorts of Meat,
The one loves Fleſh, the other Fiſh;
Then with your Hand remove a Diſh,
Touch but the Glaſs upon the Brim,
The Glaſs is broke and nought left in.
The Table Cloth, tho' ne'er ſo fine,
Is ſully'd with Beer, or Ale, or Wine;
And doubtleſs for ſo ſmall Abuſe
A Servant may his Maſter loſe.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What ſay you to the handled Pot?
No Praiſe of mine ſhall be his Lot;
For when a Man and Wife's at Strife,
(As many have been in their Life)
They lay their Hands upon it both,
And break the ſame, although they're loth.
But woe to them ſhall bear the Guilt,
Between them both the Liquor's ſpilt;
For which they ſhall anſwer another Day,
For caſting their Liquor ſo vainly away;
But if it had been Leather-bottle'd,
One might have tugg'd, the other have held,
Both might have tugg'd, till their Hearts ſhould break,
No Harm the Leather-Bottle could take.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What ſay you to Flagons of Silver fine?
Why faith, they ſhall have no Praiſe of mine;
For when a Lord for Sack doth ſend,
To have them back he doth intend;
The Man with the Flagon runs away,
And never is ſeen after that Day;
The Lord then begins to ſwear and ban,
For having loſt both Flagon and Man;

But

But had it been either Page or Groom,
With a Leather Bottle, it had come home.
And I wiſh, &c.

And when this Bottle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold,
Out of the Side you may cut a Clout,
To mend your Shoes when they're worn out;
Then hang the reſt upon a Pin,
'Twill ſerve to put odd Trifles in;
As Candle-ends, and Awls, and Rings,
For young Beginners need ſuch things.
Then I wiſh his Scul in Heaven may dwell,
That firſt devis'd the Leather-Bottle.

SONG 458.

NOW God be wi' old Symon,
For he made Cans to many a one,
And a good old Man was he;
And Jenkin was his Journeyman,
And he cou'd tipple off ev'ry Can;
And thus he ſaid to me:
To whom drink you, Sir Knave,
Turn the Timber like the lave;
Ho! jolly Jenkin,
I ſpy a Knave in drinking;
Come, troll the Bowl to me.

SONG 459.

NOW, now the Tories all ſhall ſtoop,
Religion and the Laws,
And Whigs on Commonwealth get up,
To tap the good old Cauſe.
Tantivy-boys ſhall all go down,
And haughty Monarchy,
The Leathern Cap ſhall brave the Throne,
Then hey, Boys, up go we.

When once that Antichriſtian Crew
Are cruſh'd and overthrown,
We'll teach their Nobles how to bow,
And keep their Gentry down.

Good

Good Manners has a bad Repute,
And tends to Pride we ſee;
We'll therefore cry all Breeding down,
Then hey, &c.
The Name of Lord ſhall be abhor'd,
For ev'ry Man's a Brother;
What Reaſon then in Church or State
One Man ſhould rule another?
Thus having peel'd and plunder'd all,
And levell'd each Degree,
We'll make their plump young Daughters fall,
And hey, &c.
What tho' the King and Parliament
Cannot accord together,
We have good Cauſe to be content
This is our Sun-ſhine Weather;
For if good Reaſon ſhould take Place,
And they ſhould both agree,
Dzounds who'd be in a Round-head's Caſe;
For hey then up go we.
We'll down with all the 'Verſities
Where Learning is profeſt:
For they ſtill practiſe and maintain
The Language of the Beaſt;
We'll exerciſe in ev'ry Grove,
And preach beneath a Tree,
We'll make a Pulpit of a Tub,
Then hey, Boys, up go we.
The Whigs ſhall rule Committee-chair,
Who will ſuch Laws invent,
As ſhall exclude the lawful Heir
By Act of Parliament.
We'll cut his Royal Highneſs down,
Ev'n ſhorter by the Knee,
That he ſhall never reach the Throne,
Then hey, &c.
We'll ſmite the Idol in Guildhall,
And then, (as we were wont)
We'll cry, it was a Popiſh Plot,
And ſwear thoſe Rogues have don't,

His Royal Highneſs to unthrone
Our Intereſt will be,
For if he e'er enjoy his own,
Then hey, &c.
We'll break the Windows which the Whore
Of Babylon has painted;
And when their Biſhops are pull'd down,
Our Elders ſhall be ſainted:
Thus having quite enſlav'd the Throne,
Pretending to ſet free,
At length the Gallows claims its own,
Then hey, &c.

SONG 460.

NOW Phœbus advances on high,
Nae Footſteps of Winter are ſeen;
The Birds carrol ſweet in the Sky,
And Lambkins dance Reels on the Green.
Thro' Plantings, by Burnies ſae clear,
We wander for Pleaſure and Health,
Where Buddings and Bloſſoms appear,
Giving Proſpect of Joy and Wealth.
View ilka gay Scene all around,
That are and that promiſe to be;
Yet in them a' naithing is found,
Sae perfect, Eliza, as thee.
Thy Een the clear Fountains excel,
Thy Locks they out-rival the Grove;
When Zephyrs thoſe pleaſingly ſwell,
Ilk Wave makes a Captive to Love.
The Roſes and Lilies combin'd,
And Flowers of moſt delicate Hue,
By thy Cheeks and dear Breaſt are out-ſhin'd,
Their Tinctures are naithing ſae true.
What can we compare with thy Voice?
And what with thy Humour ſae ſweet?
Nae Muſick can bleſs with ſic Joys;
Sure Angels are juſt ſae complete.
Fair Bloſſom of ilka Delight,
Whoſe Beauties ten thouſand out-ſhine;
Thy Sweets ſhall be laſting and bright,
Being mixt with ſae many divine.

Ye Pow'rs who have given ſic Charms
To Eliza, your Image below,
O ſave her frae all human Harms!
And make her Hours happily flow.

SONG 461.

NOW Phœbus ſinketh in the Weſt,
Welcome Song, and welcome Jeſt,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipſy Dance, and Jollity:
Braid your Locks with roſie Twine,
Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.
Rigour now is gone to Bed,
And Advice with ſcrup'lous Head;
Strict Age, and ſowre Severity,
With their grave Saws, in Slumber lie.

SONG 462.

NOW that Love's Holiday is come,
And Madge the Maid hath ſwept the Room,
And trimm'd her Spit and Pot;
Awake my merry Muſe and ſing,
The Revels and that other Thing,
That muſt not be forgot.

As the gray Morning dawn'd, 'tis ſaid,
Clarinda broke out of her Bed,
Like Cynthia in her Pride,
Where all the Maiden Lights that were
Compris'd within our Hemiſphere,
Attended at her Side.

But wot you then, with much ado,
They dreſs'd the Bride from Top to Toe!
And brought her from the Chamber;
Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,
More ſumptuous than the live-long Day,
Or Stars inſhrin'd in Amber.

The ſparkling Bullets of her Eyes,
Like two eclipſed Suns, did riſe
Beneath her chryſtal Brow;
To ſhew, like thoſe ſtrange Accidents,
Some ſudden changeable Events,
Were like to hap below.

Her Cheeks beſtreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty Tell-tales of the Bed,
Preſag'd the bluſt'ring Night,
With his encircling Arms and Shade,
Reſolv'd to ſwallow and invade,
And ſkreen her Virgin Light.

Her Lips, thoſe Threads of Scarlet Dye,
Wherein Love's Charms and Quiver lie,
Legions of Sweets did crown,
Which ſmilingly did ſeem to ſay,
O crop me! crop me! whilſt you may,
Anon they're not mine own.

Her Breaſt, thoſe melting Alps of Snow,
On whoſe fair Hills in open ſhow,
The God of Love lay knapping;
Like ſwelling Buts of lively Wine,
Upon their ivory Tilts did ſhine,
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her Waiſt, that tender Type of Man,
Was but a ſmall and ſingle Span;
Yet I dare ſafely ſwear,
He that whole thouſands has in Fee,
Would forfeit all, ſo he might be
Lord of the Manor there.

But now before I paſs the Line,
Pray, Reader, give me leave to dine,
And pauſe here in the middle;
The Bridegroom and the Parſon knock,
With all the Hymeneal Flock,
The Plum-cake and the Fiddle.

When as the Prieſt Clarinda ſees,
He ſtar'd, as't had been half his Fees,
To gaze upon her Face:
And if the Spirit did not move,
His Countenance was far above
Each Sinner in the Place.

With mickle Stir he join'd their Hands,
And hamper'd them in Marriage-Bands,
As faſt as faſt may be:

Where ſtill methinks, methinks I hear,
That ſecret Sigh in ev'ry Ear,
Once Love, remember me!

Which done, the Cook he knockt amain,
And up the Diſhes in a Train
Came ſmoking, two and two:
With that they wip'd their Mouths and ſat,
Some fall to quaffing, ſome to prate;
Ay, marry, and welcome too.

In Pairs they thus impail'd the Meat,
Roger and Margaret, and Thomas and Kate,
Ralph and Beſs, Andrew and Maudlin,
And Valentine eke with Sybil ſo ſweet,
Whoſe Cheeks on each Side of her Snuffers did meet,
As round and as plump as a Codling.

When at the laſt they had fetched their Frees,
And mired their Stomachs quite up to their Knees
In Claret and good Cheer;
Then, then began the merry Din,
For as it was they were all on the Pin:
O! what kiſſing and clipping was there.

But as Luck would have it, the Parſon ſaid Grace,
And to friſking and dancing they ſhuffled apace,
Each Lad took his Laſs by the Fiſt;
And when he had ſqueez'd her, and gam'd her, until
The Fat of her Face ran down like a Mill,
He toll'd for the reſt of the Griſt.

In Sweat and in Duſt having waſted the Day,
They enter'd upon the laſt Act of the Play,
The Bride to her Bed was convey'd,
Where Knee-deep each Hand fell down to the Ground,
And in ſeeking the Garter much Pleaſure was found;
'Twould have made a Man's Arm have ſtray'd.

This Clutter o'er, Clarinda lay
Half bedded, like the peeping Day,
Behind Olympus' Cap:
Whilſt at her Head each tittering Girl
The fatal Stocking quick did whirl,
To know the lucky Hap.

The Bridegroom in at laſt did ruſtle,
All diſappointed in the Buſtle,
The Maidens had ſhav'd his Breeches:
But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In ſuch a Storm, I can you tell,
He ſav'd his other Stitches.

And now he bounc'd into the Bed,
Even juſt as if a Man had ſaid,
Fair Lady have at all;
Where twiſted at the Hug they lay,
Like Venus and the ſprightly Boy,
Oh! who wou'd fear the Fall?

Thus both with Love's ſweet Taper fir'd,
And thouſand balmy Kiſſes tir'd,
They could not wait the reſt;
But out the Folk and Candles fled,
And to't they went, and what they did,
There lies the Cream o'th' Jeſt.

SONG 463.

NOW the good Man's from home,
I'll caſt away Care;
And, with ſome briſk Fellow
Steal out to the Fair;
Though ſome are too baſhful,
And others too bold,
Yet Womens Intentions
Are not to be told.

But if I ſhould meet
With a Spark to my Mind,
One fit to be truſted,
I then may prove kind:
With him I would ramble
The Fair all round;
I'd eat, and I'd drink
Of the beſt could be found.

There's Fielding and Oates,
And Hipp'ſly and Hall,
And Bullock and Lee,
And the Devil and all:

I'll

I'll have the beſt Place,
And I'll ſee ev'ry Sight,
And wanton in Pleaſure
From Morning 'till Night.
Oh! there I ſhall ſee
All the Gentlemen Rakes,
And hear the ſweet Cry
Of Beer, Ale, Wine and Cakes;
Whilſt I in blue Apron
And clean Linnen Gown,
Draw all the fine Sparks
From the Flirts of the Town.

SONG 464.

NOW the hungry Lions roar,
And howling Wolves behold the Moon;
Now the heavy Ploughmen ſnore,
After daily Labour's done.
Trip it, trip it, trip it ſoftly round,
Ever ſacred be this Ground.

Now the Brands of Fire do glow,
Whilſt the Screech-Owl, ſcreeching loud,
Puts the Wretch that lies in Woe,
In remembrance of a Shroud.
Trip it, &c.

Now it is the Time of Night,
That the Graves are gaping wide,
Ev'ry one lets forth his Spright,
In the Church-way Paths to glide.
Trip it, &c.

And we Fairies, that do run,
By the triple Hecate's Team,
From the Preſence of the Sun,
Following Darkneſs like a Dream.
Trip it, &c.

Tho' we frolick, let no Mouſe,
Or boding Bird, or Beaſt of Prey,
Diſturb the Quiet of this Houſe,
But downy Sleep bring on the Day.
Trip it, &c.

Weaving Spiders come not near,
Spotted Snakes do no Offence:
Beetles black, approach not here;
Worm and Snail, be far from hence.
Trip it, &c.

By the dead and drowſy Fire,
Ev'ry Elf and fairy Spright
Hop, as little Bird from Bry'r,
Nimbly, nimbly, and as light.
Trip it, &c.

Now join all your warbling Notes
In Chorus of ſweet Harmony,
Strain aloud your fairy Throats,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
Trip it, &c.

Hand in Hand, with fairy Grace
We will ſing, and bleſs this Place;
May Plenty, Paſtime, and ſweet Peace,
Daily in this Houſe increaſe.
Trip it, trip it, trip it ſoftly round,
Ever ſacred be this Ground.

SONG 465.

NOW the Sun's gane out o' Sight,
Beet the Ingle, and ſnuff the Light:
In Glens the Fairies ſkip and dance,
And Witches wallop o'er to France,
Up in the Air
On my bonny grey Mare,
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet.
Up in, &c.

The Wind's drifting Hail and Sna',
O'er frozen Hags, like a Foot-ba';
Nae Starns keek through the Azure Slit,
'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony Pit.
The Man i' the Moon
Is carouſing aboon;
D'ye ſee, d'ye ſee, d'ye ſee him yet?
The Man, &c.

Take your Glaſs to clear your Een,
'Tis the Elixir heals the Spleen,

Baith Wit and Mirth it will inſpire,
And gently puffs the Lover's Fire.
Up in the Air
It drives away Care;
Ha'e wi'ye, ha'e wi'ye, and ha'e wi'ye Lads, yet.
Up in, &c.
Steek the Doors, keep out the Froſt;
Come Willie, gie's about ye'r Toſt:
Til't Lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythſome Bout.
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair:
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, Lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.

SONG 466.

NOW to you, ye dry Wooers,
Old Beaus, and no Doers,
So doughty, ſo gouty,
So uſeleſs and toothleſs,
Your Blindneſs, cold Kindneſs,
Has nothing of Man:
Still doating, or gloating,
Still ſtumbling, or fumbling,
Still hawking, ſtill baulking,
You flaſh in the Pan:
Unfit, like old Brooms,
For ſweeping our Rooms,
You're ſunk and you're ſhrunk:
Then repent and look to't;
In vain you're ſo uppiſh, in vain you're ſo uppiſh,
You're down ev'ry Foot.

SONG 467.

NOW wat ye wha I met yeſtern,
Coming down the Street, my Jo?
My Miſtriſs in her Tartan Screen,
Fou bony, braw and ſweet, my Jo.
My Dear, quoth I, thanks to the Night,
That never wiſht a Lover ill,
Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſome Town a while;
The Bloſſom's ſprouting frae the Tree,
And a' the Simmer's gawn to ſmile:
The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
The bleeting Lambs and whiſtling Hind,
In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
Will nouriſh Health, and glad ye'r Mind.

Soon as the clear Goodman of Day
Bends up his Morning Draught of Dew,
We'll gae to ſome Burn-ſide, and play,
And gather Flowers to buſk ye'r Brow.
We'll pou the Daiſies on the Green,
The lucken Gowans frae the Bog;
Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the velvet Fog.

There's up into a pleaſant Glen,
A wee piece frae my Father's Tower,
A canny, ſaft and flow'ry Den,
Which circling Birks have form'd a Bower:
Whene'er the Sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler Shade remove;
There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

SONG 468.

O Bell, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart,
I paſs the Day in Pain,
When Night returns I feel the Smart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm,
Have Pity and incline,
And grant me for that Hap, that charming Petticoat of thine.

My raviſh'd Fancy in Amaze
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
Deluſive Dreams ten thouſand ways
Preſent thee to my Arms.
But, waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe Pleaſures that can only cure
This panting Breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wilding rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let Compaſſion ſeize
That lovely Breaſt of thine;
Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.
Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight
That beauteous Form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its Laws to ſlight,
By hind'ring the Deſign.
May all the Pow'rs of Love agree
At length to make thee mine,
Or looſe my Chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry Charm of thine.

SONG 469.

O Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonny Laſſes,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon burn Brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' Raſhes.
Fair Beſſy Bell I loo'd yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky Een
They gar my Fancy falter.
Now Beſſy's Hair's like a Lint-tap;
She ſmiles like a May Morning,
When Phœbus ſtarts frae Thetis Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning:
White is her Neck, ſaft is her Hand,
Her Waiſt and Feet's fu' genty;
With ilka Grace ſhe can command;
Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.
And Mary's Locks are like a Craw,
Her Eyes like Di'monds glances;
She's ay ſae clean redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances:
Blythe as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her Airs ſae gracefu' ſtill,
O Jove! ſhe's like thy Pallas.

Dear Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppreſs us;
Our Fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are ſic bonny Laſſes:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

SONG 470.

O Bleſt Retreat! O bliſsful Bow'rs!
Ye ſunny Hills, and verdant Glades;
Warbling Choirs, and verdant Springs,
Here, 'midſt your Sweets, in full Content I reign,
Nor envy Juno on her ſtarry Throne.

SONG 471.

O Charming cunning Man! thou haſt been wondrous kind,
And all thy golden Words do now prove true, I find;
Ten thouſand Tranſports wait,
To crown my happy Fate;
Thus kiſs'd, and preſt,
And doubly bleſt,
In all his Pomp and State;
New Scenes of Joy ariſe,
Which fill me with Surprize,
My Rock and Reel,
And Spinning-Wheel,
And Huſband I deſpiſe:
Then, Jobſon, now adieu,
Thy Cobbling ſtill purſue,
For hence I cannot, will not, no, nor muſt not buckle too.

SONG 472.

O Come away, come away,
Come away wi' me, Jenny;
Sic Frowns I canna bear frae ane
Whaſe Smiles anes raviſh'd me, Jenny:
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought ſal alter me, Jenny;
For you're the Miſtreſs of my Mind,
Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.

Firſt when your Sweets enſlav'd my Heart,
You ſeem'd to favour me, Jenny;
But now, alas! you act a Part
That ſpeaks Unconſtancy, Jenny.
Unconſtancy is ſic a Vice,
'Tis not befitting thee, Jenny;
It ſuits not with your Virtue nice,
To carry ſae to me, Jenny.

SONG 473.

O Come, dear fatal Hour!
And all my Woes remove:
Death, lead me to thy Bow'r,
To which thou'ſt ſent my Love.
There mixt with happy Shadows,
Once more our Souls ſhall join;
In bleſt Elyzian Meadows,
I'll live for ever thine.

SONG 474.

O Cupid, gentle Boy,
Reſtore me to the Fair;
To Love's auſpicious Joy
I'll fly from gloomy Care.

SONG 475.

O Cupid, why art thou purſuing
Such endleſs Deſigns on my Heart,
To make me ſo fond of my Ruin,
And doat on the Cauſe of my Smart.
In vain do I ſtrive to remove her,
Affection to Reaſon is blind;
In ſpite of her Failings I love her,
She's charming tho' falſe and unkind.

SONG 476.

O Dear Peggy, Love's beguiling,
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder Luck betide you,
Laſſes when their Fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a Life deſtroys
Heartſome, free, and youthfu' Joys.

SONG

SONG 477.

O Fie! what mean I, fooliſh Maid,
In this remote and ſilent Shade,
To meet with you alone?
My Heart does with the Place combine,
And both are more your Friends than mine:
Oh! I ſhall be undone.

A ſavage Beaſt I would not fear;
Or, ſhou'd I meet with Villains here,
I to ſome Cave would run:
But ſuch inchanting Arts you ſhew,
I cannot ſtrive, I cannot go:
Oh! I ſhall be undone.

Ah! give thoſe ſweet Temptations o'er,
I'll touch thoſe dang'rous Lips no more;
What, muſt we yet fool on?
Ah! now I yield; ah! now I fall;
And now I have no Breath at all;
And now I'm quite undone.

I'll ſee no more your tempting Face;
Nor meet you in this dang'rous Place;
My Fame's for ever gone.
But Fame, to ſpeak the Truth, is vain,
And ev'ry yielding Maid does gain,
By being ſo undone.

In ſuch a pleaſing Storm of Bliſs,
To ſuch a Bank of Paradiſe,
Who wou'd not ſwiftly run?
If you but Truth to me will ſwear,
We'll meet again, nor do I care
How oft I am undone.

SONG 478.

O Fly from this Place, dear Flora,
Thy Gaoler has ſet thee free;
And before the next Bluſh of Aurora,
You'll find a kind Guardian in me.
Deareſt Creature, exchange for a better;
Confinement can have no Charms:
Think which of your Priſons is ſweeter,
This, or a young Lover's Arms.

SONG

SONG 479.

O Gentle Sleep! to thee alone,
Is owing all our Peace!
In thee our Joys are heighten'd ſhown,
In thee our Sorrows ceaſe.
The Nymph whoſe Hand by Fraud or Force,
Some Tyrant has poſſeſs'd;
From the obtaining a Divorce,
In her own Choice is bleſs'd.

O ſtay! Arpaſia bids thee ſtay!
The ſadly weeping Fair,
Conjures thee not to loſe a Day,
The Object of her Care!
To graſp whoſe pleaſing Form ſhe ſought
That Moment chas'd her Sleep;
Thus by ourſelves are oftest wrought
The Griefs for which we weep.

SONG 480.

O Grant me, kind Bacchus,
The God of the Vine,
Not a Pipe nor a Tun,
But an Ocean of Wine,
With a Ship that's well man'd
With ſuch rare-hearted Fellows,
Who ne'er left the Tavern
For a porterly Ale-houſe.

Let the Ship ſpring a Leak,
To let in the Tipple,
Without Pump or Long-boat,
To ſave Ship or People:
So that each jolly Lad
May always be bound,
Or to drink, or to drink,
Or to drink, or be drown'd.

When Death does prevail,
It is my Deſign
To be nobly intomb'd
In a Wave of good Wine:

So that living or Dead,
Both Body and Spirit,
May float round the World
In an Ocean of Claret.

SONG 481.

O Greedy Midas, I've been told,
That what you touch'd you turn'd to Gold!
O had I but a Pow'r like thine,
I'd turn whate'er I touch to Wine.
I'd turn, &c.

Each purling Stream ſhould feel my Force;
Each Fiſh my fatal Power mourn;
Each Fiſh, &c.
And wondering at the mighty Change,
And wondering, &c.
Should in their native Regions burn.
Should in, &c.

Nor ſhould there any dare t'approach
Unto my mantling, ſparkling Shrine,
Unto my, &c.
But firſt ſhould pay their Vows to me,
But firſt, &c.
And ſtile me only God of Wine.
And ſtile, &c.

SONG 482.

O Had away, had away,
Had away frae me, Donald;
Your Heart is made o'er large for ane,
It is not meet for me, Donald:
Some fickle Miſtreſs you may find
Will jilt as faſt as thee, Donald;
To ilka Swain ſhe will prove kind,
And nae leſs kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a Heart that's naithing ſuch,
'Tis fill'd with Honeſty, Donald;
I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
I hate all Levity, Donald.
Therefore nae mair, with Art, pretend
Your Heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
For Words of Falſhood ill defend
A roving Love like thine, Donald.

Firſt when you courted, I muſt own,
I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
Apparent Worth and fair Renown
Made me believe you true, Donald.
Ilk Virtue then ſeem'd to adorn
The Man eſteem'd by me, Donald;
But now the Maſk fallen aff, I ſcorn
To ware a Thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had away,
Had away frae me, Donald;
Gae ſeek a Heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald:
For I'll reſerve my ſell for ane
For ane that's liker me, Donald;
If ſic a ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er loo Man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD.

Then I'm thy Man, and falſe Report
Has only tald a Lie, Jenny;
To try thy Truth, and make us Sport,
The Tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and ſtill can love,
Then come away to me, Donald;
I'm well content, ne'er to repent
That I have ſmil'd on thee, Donald.

SONG 483.

O Had I been by Fate decreed
Some humble Cottage Swain!
In Roſalinda's Sight to feed
My Sheep upon the Plain;
How happy would thoſe Days have paſt,
Which now are fill'd with Woe!
You envious Pow'rs! why have you plac'd
My Fair One's Lot ſo low?
How ſottiſh Cuſtom over-rules
The Force of Nature's Law!
Begun, and carry'd on by Fools,
It keeps Mankind in Awe:

Nature

Nature to rule the World design'd
The Generous and the Fair,
But Custom has the Sway confin'd
To such as Wealthy are.
Each Charm in Rosalinda's Face
Convincingly declares,
None can, but for the second Place,
Contend, when she appears.
Then 'cause blind Fortune has not thrown
Her Favours in her way,
Shall I her Sov'reignty disown,
And scruple to obey?
Ah! No:——Dominion is her Due,
The Right which Nature gave;
Let him who dares dispute, but view
Her Eyes,——and be her Slave;
And may the World, convinc'd by me,
Before the Charmer fall,
Whose Beauty makes her fit to be
Acknowledg'd Queen of all.

SONG 484.

O How sweet are the cooling Breeze,
And the blooming Trees,
When into his Bower Love guides Musidora:
When we meet there, the Nightingales
Sing pretty Tales
Mistaking my Dear for their Goddess Aurora.
Jessamine and Roses,
A thousand pretty Posies
The Summer's Queen discloses,
And strews as she walks.
Oh how sweet are the cooling Breeze,
And the shady Trees,
When into his Bower Love guides Musidora.
Passion, Devotion, she gains with each Motion, [Venus!
Lutes too, and Flutes too, are heard when she talks, Oh

SONG 485.

O London is a dainty Place,
A great and gallant City;
For all the Streets are pav'd with Gold,
And all the Folks are witty.

And

And there's your Lords and Ladies fine,
That ride in Coach and Six;
That nothing drink but Claret Wine,
And talk of Politicks.

And there's your Beaux, with powder'd Cloaths,
Bedaub'd from Head to Chin;
Their Pocket-holes adorn'd with Gold,
But not one Souſe within.

And there the Engliſh Actor goes
With many a hungry Belly;
While Heaps of Gold are forc'd, God wot,
On Signior Farrinelli.

And there's your Dames, of dainty Frames,
With Skins as white as Milk;
Dreſs'd ev'ry Day in Garments gay,
Of Satin and of Silk.

And if your Mind be ſo inclin'd,
To have them in your Arms;
Pull out a handſome——Purſe of Gold,
They can't reſiſt its Charms.

SONG 486.

O Love! what cruel Pangs are theſe,
The cold Effects of warm Deſire;
Whoſe agonizing Tortures freeze,
Tho' ſprung from your prevailing Fire?

Her Abſence gave exceeding Pain;
But when from that I hop'd Relief,
You ſtill, reſolv'd I ſhould complain,
With Jealouſy augment my Grief.

Too bitter is the Lover's Part,
When ſever'd from his Fair-one's Eyes;
But if he's baniſh'd from her Heart,
Stabb'd with Deſpair, at once he dies.

SONG 487.

O Lovelieſt Fair! to you my Song
In warbling Numbers flows,
For you inſpire my grateful Tongue,
And diſſipate my Woes:
My Mind, when you with Rays divine
Inſpire, does like you ſhine.

At once reveal my cruel Fate,
And let me know the worſt;
I'll arm my ſelf againſt your Hate,
And bear to be accurſt!
If't muſt be ſo, my Doom I'll hear:
Theſe Doubts I cannot bear!

Soo as my drooping Eyes I raiſe
To view your charming Face,
O'erwhelm'd with Joy, loſt in Amaze,
I bleſs each ſparkling Grace!
My raptur'd Soul ſprings to my Eyes,
And tells my Fears and Joys.

How long, O lovelieſt Fair! how long
Shall I my Suff'rings bear?
Why do you thus my Paſſion wrong,
And ſink me in Deſpair?
Now lifted high, now ſunk as low,
You plunge me ſtill in Woe.

Poor Mariners, when Storms run high,
Like Terrors undergo;
Sometimes they're wafted to the Sky,
Then plung'd in Sands below:
No more torment me; but be kind,
And cure my troubled Mind.

S O N G 488.

O Lovely Maid! how dear's this Pow'r?
At once I love, at once adore:
With Wonder are my Thoughts poſſeſt,
While ſofteſt Love inſpires my Breaſt.
This tender Look, theſe Eyes of mine,
Confeſs their am'rous Maſter thine:
Thine Eyes with Strephon's Paſſion play;
Firſt make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming Victor, I am thine;
Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
Was never in another's Pow'r;
Was never pierc'd by Love before.
In thee I've treaſur'd up my Joy;
Thou can'ſt give Bliſs, or Bliſs deſtroy:
And thus I've bound myſelf to Love,
While Bliſs or Miſery can move.

O

O ſhould I ne'er poſſeſs thy Charms,
Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms;
Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But like ſome diſcontented Shade,
That wanders where its Body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam, with hollow Glare,
For ever exil'd from my Fair.

SONG 489.

O Mary! thy Graces and Glances,
Thy Smiles ſo enchantingly gay,
And Thoughts ſo divinely harmonious,
Clear Wit and good Humour diſplay.
But ſay not thou'lt imitate Angels:
Ought fairer, tho' ſcarcely, ah me!
Can be found equalizing thy Merit,
A Match amongſt Mortals for thee.

Thy many fair Beauties ſhed Fires
May warm up ten thouſand to love,
Who, deſpairing, may fly to ſome other,
While I may deſpair, but ne'er rove.
What a Mixture of Sighing and Joys
This diſtant adoring of thee,
Gives to a fond Heart too aſpiring,
Who loves in ſad Silence like me?

Thus looks the poor Beggar on Treaſure,
And ſhipwreck'd on Landſkips on Shore:
Be ſtill more divine, and have Pity;
I die ſoon as Hope is no more.
For, Mary, my Soul is thy Captive,
Nor loves, nor expects to be free:
Thy Beauties are Fetters delightful;
Thy Slav'ry's a Pleaſure to me.

SONG 490.

O Mither dear, I gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my Sleep
I ſtart and dream of Johny.

When Johny then, comes down the Glen
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with Content gi' your Conſent;
For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miſcarry;
For Shame and Skaith's the Clink o't,
To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool,
I downa bide to think o't:
Sae while 'tis Time, I'll ſhun the Crime,
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With Hainches fow, and Een ſae blew,
To a' the Bedrel's binging.

Had Eppy's Apron bidden down,
The Kirk had ne'er a ken'd it;
But when the Word's gane thro the Town,
Alake! how can ſhe mend it?
Now Tam maun face the Miniſter,
And ſhe maun mount the Pillar;
And that's the Way that they maun gae,
For poor Folk has na Siller.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young,
Reply'd the kindly Mither;
Get Johny's Hand in haly Band,
Syne way your Wealth together.
I'm o' the Mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your Part diſcreetly;
And prove a Wife, will gar his Life,
And Barrel run right ſweetly.

SONG 491.

O My Heart, my heavy, heavy Heart,
Swells as't wou'd burſt in Twain!
No Tongue can e'er deſcribe its Smart;
Nor I conceal its Pain.

Blow on ye Winds, deſcend ſoft Rains,
To ſooth my tender Grief:
Your ſolemn Muſic lulls my Pain,
And yields me ſhort Relief.
O my Heart, &c.

In

In ſome lone Corner would I ſit,
Retired from human Kind;
Since Mirth, nor Show, nor ſparkling Wit,
Can eaſe my anxious Mind.
O my Heart, &c.

The Sun which makes all Nature gay,
Torments my weary Eyes,
And in dark Shades I paſs the Day,
Where Echoe ſleeping lyes.
O my Heart, &c.

The ſparking Stars which gayly ſhine,
And glittering deck the Night,
Are all ſuch cruel Foes of mine,
I ſicken at their Sight.
O my Heart, &c.

The Gods themſelves their Creatures love,
Who do their Aid implore;
O learn of them, and bleſs the Nymph
Who only you adore.
O my Heart, &c.

The ſtrongeſt Paſſion of the Mind,
The greateſt Bliſs we know,
Ariſes from ſucceſsful Love,
If not, the greateſt Woe.
O my Heart, &c.

SONG 492.

Col. O My little Punchinello,
My little dapper Fellow,
Have you heard that Farinello
is coming over?

Punch. O no----my Columbino,
I hear that Cariſtino,
The famous Cariſtino,
Who has pleas'd both the King and Queen-o,
Sets out for Dover.

Col. But I hope my Seneſino
Is no ſuch Rover?

Punch. O, no, your Senefino
Has lick'd himſelf quite clean-o,
Has, of Thouſands, made fifteen-o,
And lives in Clover.

Col. After Porpora or Handel,
Where d'ye think the Town will dandle;
Or who ſhall hold the Candle?

Punch. -----I care not a Farthing,
But Harlequini's Lun-o
Has cook'd a deal of Fun-o
Of Pantomime and Pun-o,
And expects a mighty Run-o
At Covent-Garden.

Col. Shall us go and ſee the Fun-o
At Covent Garden.

Punch. In Play-houſes, full ſix-o,
One knows not where to fix-o,
Till they let us in for Nix-o,
That's Punch's Bargain.

Both. In Play-houſes, &c.

S O N G 493.

O My Treaſure,
Crown my Pleaſure,
Let this be the happy Night:
Bleſs, oh! bleſs me,
Kindly preſs me,
Let me die with dear Delight,
With dear Delight.

Leave this Trembling,
And Diſſembling,
Lay aſide all Female Art;
Love's ſoft Pleaſure,
Beyond Meaſure,
Will attone for all its Smart,
For all its Smart.

S O N G 494.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy Preſence cou'd eaſe me,
When nothing can pleaſe me:
Now dowie I ſigh on the Bank of the Burn,
Or through the Wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' Woods now are bonny, and Mornings are clear,
While Lav'rocks are ſinging,
And Primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my Eye or my Ear,
When through the Wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare not to tell;
I'm faſh'd wi' their Scorning,
Baith Ev'ning and Morning;
Their Jeering gaes aft to my Heart wi' a Knell,
While through the Wood, Laddie, I wander my ſell.

Then ſtay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an Arrow,
Haſte here to thy Marrow,
Wha's living in Languor, till that happy Day,
When through the Wood, Laddie, we'll dance, ſing and play.

SONG 495.

O Say what is that Thing call'd Light,
Which I muſt ne'er enjoy?
What are the Bleſſings of the Sight,
Tell me your poor blind Boy.

You talk of wond'rous Things you ſee:
You ſay the Sun ſhines bright.
I feel him warm; but how can he
Then make it Day or Night?

My Day or Night myſelf I make,
Whene'er I wake or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always Day.

With heavy Sighs I often hear
You mourn my hopeleſs Woe;
But ſure with Patience I may bear
A Loſs I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My Chear of Mind deſtroy;
Whilſt thus I ſing, I am a King,
Altho' a poor blind Boy!

SONG

SONG 496.

O Sleep, kind God, thou Friend to Sorrow,
Come bind me in thy peaceful Chains;
From thee alone the Wretch can borrow
Short Releaſe from laſting Pains.

SONG 497.

O Steer he up, and had her gawn,
Her Mither's at the Mill, Jo;
But gin ſhe winna tak a Man,
E'en let her tak her Will, Jo.
Prithee, Lad, leave ſilly thinking,
Caſt thy Cares of Love away:
Let's our Sorrows drown in drinking;
'Tis Daffin langer to delay.
See that ſhining Glaſs of Claret;
How invitingly it looks!
Tak it aff, and let's have mair o't;
Pox on Fighting, Trade, and Books.
Let's have Pleaſure while we're able;
Bring us in the meikle Bowl;
Plac't on th'Middle of the Table;
And let Wind and Weather growl.
Call the Drawer, let him fill it
Fou as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna ſpill it;
'Tis mair precious far then Gold.
By you've drank a Dozen Bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of Venus and her Mumpers,
Drinking better is than Love.

SONG 498.

O Surpriſing lovely Fair!
Who with Chloe can compare?
Sure ſhe's form'd for Beauty's Queen,
Her Wit, her Shape, her Grace, her Mein,
By far excells all Nymphs I've ſeen;
No mortal Eye
Can view her nigh,
Too exquiſite for Human ſight to ſee:

Tho'

Tho' ſhe ne'er may be kind,
Nor for me e'er deſign'd,
Yet I love, I love, I love
The charming ſhe.

SONG 499.

O That I was young again,
I'd friſk it beyond Meaſure,
Kiſs, and dance, and ſport amain,
And wanton it at leiſure.
Free and gay
I'd paſs the Day,
At Night I'd hug my Treaſure;
Then I'd bed,
But never wed,
For Marriage damps the Pleaſure.

SONG 500.

O The Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom
The Broom of Cowden-knows:
I wiſh I were with my dear Swain,
Milking my Daddy's Ewes.

How blith ilk Morn was I, to ſee
The Swain come o'er the Hill;
He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me;
I met him with Good-will.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed ſae ſweet,
The Birds ſat liſt'ning by;
E'en the dull Cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.

I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,
While his Flock near me lay:
He gather'd in my Sheep at Een,
And cheer'd me a' the Day.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but thankful be?
He ſtaw my Heart, cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?

While thus we ſpent our Time by Turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play,
I envy'd not the faireſt Dame,
Tho' ne'er ſae rich and gay.

Hard Fate that I ſhould baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn.
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt Swain
That ever yet was born.

Adieu, ye Cowden-knows adieu,
Farewel a' Pleaſures there;
Ye Gods, reſtore to me my Swain,
Is a' I crave or care.

SONG 501.

O The Lads of Edinbro!
They are blith and jolly;
Fine as Lairds from Top to Toe,
Free fra Melancholy.
Had I one wi' me to lig,
I would be contented;
I'd nae longer care a Fig,
What my Kin reſented.

Willie he's a bonny Lad;
O I wiſh he'd wed me!
He ſhould ken, Iſe nae afraid,
When he gangs to bed me.
A' Night-long Iſe ne'er complain,
Tho' he jogg'd me ſprightly;
But wad buckle too amain,
When he meant to ſlight me.

Mither ſhe a Wife has been,
Fourteen Bearns ſhe weaned;
Time it is I ſhould begin,
Nature ſhe ſae meaned.
O ſome Lad of Edinbro!
Tak me 'fore I'm fading;
If you lag, the Fault's on you,
That I lig a Maiden.

SONG 502.

O Venus! Beauty of the Skies,
To whom a thouſand Temples riſe;
Gaily falſe in gentle Smiles,
Full of Love-perplexing Wiles;
O Goddeſs! from my Heart remove
The waſting Cares and Pains of Love.

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A Song in ſoft Diſtreſs preferr'd;
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddeſs! hear me now.
Deſcend, thou bright immortal Gueſt,
In all thy radiant Charms confeſt.

Thou once didſt leave Almighty Jove,
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Car thy wanton Sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew;
As to my Bow'r they wing'd their Way,
I ſaw their quivering Pinions play.

The Birds diſmiſt (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Car again:
Then you with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature ſmil'd,
And aſk'd what new Complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my Aid:

What Frenzy in my Boſom rag'd?
And by what Cure to be aſſuag'd?
What gentle Youth I wou'd allure?
Whom in my artful Toils ſecure?
Who does thy tender Heart ſubdue,
Tell me, my Sapho, tell me who?

Tho' now he ſhuns thy longing Arms,
He ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted Charms;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he deſpiſe,
He ſoon to thee ſhall ſacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he ſoon ſhall burn,
And be thy Victim in his Turn.

Celeſtial Viſitant, once more
Thy needful Preſence I implore!
In Pity, come and eaſe my Grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd Soul Relief;
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me all my Heart deſires.

SONG 503.

O Waly, waly up the Bank,
And waly, waly down the Brae;
And waly, waly yon Burn-ſide,
Where I and my Love wont to gae,

I lean'd my Back unto an Aik,
I thought it was a truſty Tree,
But firſt it bow'd, and ſyne it brak,
Sae my true Love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but Love be bonny,
A little Time while it is new;
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like Morning Dew.
O wherefore ſhou'd I buſk my Head?
Or wherefore ſhou'd I kame my Hair?
For my true Love has me forſook,
And ſays he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat ſhall be my Bed,
The Sheets ſhall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
Saint Anton's Well ſhall be my Drink,
Since my true Love has forſaken me.
Martinmas Wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green Leaves off the Tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
For of my Life I am weary.

'Tis not the Froſt that freezes fell,
Nor glawing Snaw's Inclemency;
'Tis not the Cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glaſgow Town,
We were a comely Sight to ſee;
My Love was clad in the black Velvet,
And I my ſell in Cramaſie.

But had I wiſt before I kiſs'd,
That Love had been ſae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my Heart in a Caſe of Gold,
And pinn'd it with a Silver Pin.
Oh, oh! if my young Babe were born,
And ſet upon the Nurſe's Knee,
And I my ſell were dead and gane;
For a Maid again I'll never be.

SONG 504.

O Were Thurſday but come,
How I'd run from my Room,
and throw off my Gown and my Cap!

To

To Abingdon go,
As ſpruce as a Beau,
To dance with my fair Fanny Knapp.
Let other Men ſtrole,
From hence to the Pole,
And travel all over the Map,
I'm ſure they'll ne'er find,
Among Womankind,
One ſo lovely as fair Fanny Knapp.
Had I Genius and Fire,
Such as erſt did inſpire
The Boſoms of Blackmore and Trapp,
Oh! how like any thing
Would I carrol and ſing
The Praiſes of fair Fanny Knapp.
Not gay Wilks's Heart,
When he tops Wildair's Part,
Receives ſo much Joy from a Clap,
As I, could Gold Finches,
And a Man of my Inches
Commend me to fair Fanny Knapp.
Let the Sot boaſt his Pleaſure,
Who drinks beyond meaſure,
And ſits the long Day at the Tap;
He's not half ſo happy,
Tho' drown'd in his Nappy,
As I with my fair Fanny Knapp.
As you often have ſeen
A Faggot, when green,
In the Fire boiling over with Sap;
So my fooliſh fond Heart
Ferments in each Part,
While inflam'd by my fair Fanny Knapp.
Not a Baby in Town,
When Nurſe-Maid is gone,
So whimpers and cries for his Pap,
As I, when away
The leaſt Part of a Day,
Lament for my fair Fanny Knapp.

When Duns at my Door,
At leaſt half a Score,
Succeſſively ply the loud Rapp,
I bid 'em away;
For what can he pay,
That's undone by his fair Fanny Knapp.

The Cobler in's Hole
Waxes ſad to the Soul,
If he chances to loſe but his Strap;
Alas! ſo I ſhall
Loſe my End and my All,
If at laſt I loſe fair Fanny Knapp.

The Butcher his Meat,
That we ſweetly may eat,
From Fly-blows defends with a Flap;
So I'd have you to know
I'll butcher that Beau
That dares fly-blow my fair Fanny Knapp.

Some, inflam'd with Deſire
Of ſweet Figs in the Fire,
Burn boldly at fam'd Dragon-Snap;
More vent'rous am I,
Thro' the Flames of her Eye
To catch at my fair Fanny Knapp.

I ſaw, t'other Day,
And envy'd poor Tray,
When ſhe threw from her Table a Scrap;
I'll be hang'd for a Rogue,
If I'd not be a Dog,
To be fed by my fair Fanny Knapp.

Were ſhe once ſet to Sale,
As her Charms cou'd not fail
To bring her in many a Chap,
I'd defy any Pow'r
Leſs than Jove and his Show'r
To out-bid me for fair Fanny Knapp.

Tho' of all things I hate
To be damnably beat,
Yet methinks I could bear a good Slap,

Were the Bargain but this,
To be heal'd by a Kiſs
From the Lips of my fair Fanny Knapp.

Hark, officious bright Sun,
When this Stage you have run,
And retire to your Thetis's Lap,
To Eternity ſtay,
We can never want Day,
While enlight'ned by fair Fanny Knapp.

Poor Swift, on a time,
At a Loſs for a Rhime,
Was ſupply'd by a very good Hap;
Let him now, by his Skill,
Or the Help of his De'el,
Find another for fair Fanny Knapp.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Muſe ran ſo faſt,
She had like, in her Haſte,
To have left in my Sonnet a Gap;
Tho' I doubt not the Dean,
If this———he had ſeen,
He'd have ſtopp'd it for fair Fanny Knapp.

SONG 505.

O Wha's that at my Chamber-door?
"Fair Widow, are ye wawkin?"
Auld Carle, your Suite give o'er,
Your Love lies a' in tawking.
Gi'e me the Lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April Meadow;
'Tis ſic as he can bleſs the Sight
And Boſom of a Widow.
"O Widow, wilt thou let me in,
"I'm pawky, wiſe and thrifty,
"And come of a right gentle Kin;
"I'm little mair than fifty."
Daft Carle dit your Mouth,
What ſignifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be,----hot Youth,
In Love you're but a Gawky.

" Then, Widow, let theſe Guineas ſpeak,
" That pow'rfully plead clinkan,
" And if they fail, my Mouth I'll ſteek,
" And nae mair Love will think on."
Theſe court indeed, I maun confeſs,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can expreſs
Affection, than your Tongue, Sir.

SONG 506.

O H! what Pangs are felt in Love!
Swains complaining,
Nymphs diſdaining,
Oh! what Pangs are felt in Love!
'Tis a Paſſion there's no refraining:
But when-e'er the Nymph proves kind,
And relieves the tortur'd Mind,
What endleſs Bliſs the Captives find,
Reliev'd from their complaining!
Haſte, thou blind deluding Boy,
Wing'd with Pleaſure,
Seek my Treaſure,
Chloe to my Arms decoy;
Fly, give her Thoughts no Leiſure;
Bind her with the ſofteſt Chain,
Tho' too long ſhe's given me Pain,
Oh make her too indulge her Swain,
For ſhe alone's my Treaſure.

SONG 507.

O Why did e'er my Thoughts aſpire
To wiſh for that no Crown can buy?
'Tis Sacrilege, but to deſire
What ſhe in Honour will deny.
As Indians do the eaſtern Skies,
I at a Diſtance muſt adore
The brighter Glories of her Eyes,
And never dare pretend to more.

SONG 508.

O Ye bleſs'd Pow'rs! propitious be
Unto my growing Love;
None can create my Miſery,
If Chloe conſtant prove;

Tell

Tell her, if that ſhe'll pity me,
From her you'll ne'er remove.
Each Breeze of Air my Groans ſhall bear
Unto her gentle Breaſt;
Silently whiſp'ring in her Ear,
I never can be bleſt;
If ſhe refuſe to be my Dear,
I never can have Reſt.

Ye Groves that hear each Day my Grief,
Bear witneſs of my Pain:
Tell her, I die, if no Relief
I from her Pow'r can gain:
Tell her, ah! tell that pretty Thief,
I die through her Diſdain.

Perhaps ſhe may with piteous Eyes,
When dead, my Hearſe ſurvey;
And when my Soul 'mongſt Deities
Doth melt in Sweats away,
Then may ſhe curſe thoſe Victories
That did my Heart betray.

SONG 509.

OBſerve the fragrant bluſhing Roſe,
Tho' in the humble Vale it ſpring,
It ſmells as ſweet, as fair it blows,
As in the Garden of a King:
So calm Content as oft is found compleat
In the low Cott, as in the lofty Seat.

SONG 510.

OBſerve the num'rous Stars which grace
The far-expanded Skies;
So many Charms has Leſbia's Face,
A thouſand more her Eyes.

Whene'er the beauteous Maid appears,
We cannot but admire;
But when ſhe ſpeaks ſhe charms our Ears,
And ſets our Souls on Fire.

What Pity 'tis a Creature,
By Nature form'd ſo fair,
Divine in ev'ry Feature,
Should give Mankind Deſpair.

She gazes all around her,
And gains a thouſand Hearts:
But Cupid cannot wound her,
For ſhe has all his Darts.

SONG 511.

O'ER the Deſert, croſs the Meadows,
Hunters blew the merry Horn;
Phœbus chas'd the flying Shadows;
Eccho ſhe reply'd in Scorn;
Still adoring,
And deploring,
Why muſt Thyrſis loſe his Life?
Rivers murmur'd from their Fountains,
Acorns dropping from the Oaks;
Fawns came tripping o'er the Mountains;
Fiſhes bit the naked Hooks:
Still admiring,
And deſiring;
When ſhall Phillis be a Wife.

SONG 512.

He. OF all Comforts I miſcarry'd,
When I play'd the Sot and marry'd.
'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't,
Thoſe that are in would fain get out on't.

She. Fie! my Dear, pray come to Bed,
That Napkin take and bind your Head;
Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. Oons! 'tis all one if I'm up or lie down,
For as ſoon as the Cock crows I'll be gone.
She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me;
Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone?

He. From your Arms myſelf divorcing,
I this Morn muſt ride a courſing;
A Sport that far excels a Madam,
Or all the Wives have been ſince Adam.

She. I, when thus I've loſt my Due,
Muſt hug my Pillow, wanting you;
And whilſt you tope it all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmleſs Tea.

He. Pox, what care I, drink your Slops till you die,
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Month from home.
She. If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted;
When I, when I ſend for you, my Dear, pray come.

He. Ere I'll be from rambling hinder'd,
I'll renounce my Spouſe and Kindred:
To be ſober I've no Leiſure;
What's a Man without his Pleaſure?

She. To my Grief then I muſt ſee,
Strong Wine and Nantz my Rivals be;
Whilſt you carouze it with your Blades,
Poor I ſit ſtitching with my Maids.

He. Oons! you may go to your Goſſips you know,
And there, if you meet with a Friend, pray do.
She. Go, you Joker, go, Provoker,
Never, never ſhall I meet a Man like you.

SONG 513.

OF all Occupations
A Toper's far the beſt,
For when the World's Affairs run croſs
Good Liquor gives him Reſt.
And a toping we will go, will go, will go,
And a toping we will go.

Here's to thee, honeſt Jack, my Boy,
This Wine will chear our Heart;
And if the Bottle's almoſt out,
We'll call for t'other Quart.
And a toping, &c.

What tho' your ſober Sneakers
Call jolly Topers Swine;
Becauſe they wallow in the Dirt,
And we do ſwim in Wine:
And a toping, &c.

The Muſick that delights us moſt,
Is when the Bar-bell rings;
For when the Wine's got in our Heads
We fancy that we're Kings.
And a toping, &c.

Good

Good Liquor drives away all Cares
Which do perplex Men's Lives;
For when we've drank our Courage up,
We fear no ſcolding Wives.
And a toping, &c.

We'll drink at Morn, at Noon, at Night,
The Glaſs ſhall ſtill go round:
And when we cannot ſit upright,
We'll drink upon the Ground.
And a toping, &c.

See how the ſhining Sparkles riſe,
When you fill your Glaſſes high;
Tho' gouty Pains attack our Limbs,
We'll drink until we die.
And a toping, &c.

The Lover lives by Cælia's Smiles,
And if ſhe frowns he dies;
But what are Woman's Smiles or Frowns
To jolly drinking Boys:
And a toping, &c.

Let Miſers heap up ſordid Gold,
To pleaſe their greedy Souls;
We value not their Maſs of Dirt,
Give us but flowing Bowls.
And a toping, &c.

Let Whigs and Tories plague their Heads
To ſettle State Affairs,
We'll drink and ne'er regard their Noiſe,
If we live a thouſand Years.
But a toping, &c.

SONG 514.

OF all our fond Diverſions,
A Hunter is the beſt,
In ſpite of Wars and Party Jars,
That Sport has ſtood the Teſt.
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Of Nimrod, and of Eſau,
What gallant Feats they tell!
On Foot they follow'd hunting,
They lov'd the Sport ſo well. And, &c.

O hadſt thou, brave Actæon,
But minded more thy Game,
Thou ne'er hadſt paid ſo dearly,
For peeping at — that ſame. And, &c.

Herſelf, Diana, Goddeſs,
The Pride of female Race,
Prefer'd to am'rous fooling
The Pleaſures of the Chaſe. And, &c.

Orion, fooliſh Hunter,
Lur'd by a Petticoat,
In the mid Chaſe he loiter'd,
And ſo his Fate he got. And, &c.

But after his Diſaſter,
He's made a heav'nly Sign,
That he at leaſt may view the Sport
He can no longer join. And, &c.

And hence it is we Hunters
Ne'er break or Leg or Arm;
For this our fellow Sportſman
Protects us all from Harm. And, &c.

Had Dido not lov'd hunting,
The am'rous Trojan brave
Her Highneſs ne'er had ſolac'd
In Juno's friendly Cave. And, &c.

Euripides, had hunting
Been lov'd but like thy Books,
The Hounds had not devour'd thee,
They know a Sportſman's Looks. And, &c.

If Friend, you're call'd a hunting,
Throw all your Books aſide,
(The * Poet thus adviſes) * Æn. IV. v. 174.
And mount your Horſe and ride. And, &c.

Briſk Action cures the Vapours,
Th' Effect of lazy Sloth,
And Muſick makes us chearful,
So Hunting's good for both. And, &c.

The Sport of Hunting renders
Our Days ſo ſweet and long,
It makes us better reliſh
Our Glaſſes and a Song. And, &c.

Our Laws prohibit hunting
To the Plebeian Race,
Nor is it meet the Vulgar
Should Royal Sports debaſe. And, &c.

The Britiſh Kings are Hunters,
And frequent in the Chaſe,
They fear no more than we do,
A Weather-beaten Face. And, &c.

Then fill a ſparkling Bumper,
I'll take it off with glee,
To all our Brother Hunters,
In Courſe his Majeſty.
And a hunting we will go, &c.

SONG 515.

OF all the Birds, whoſe tuneful Throats
Do welcome in the verdant Spring,
I far prefer the Stirling's Notes,
And think ſhe does moſt ſweetly ſing:
Nor Thruſh nor Linnet, nor the Bird
Brought from the far Canary Coaſt;
Nor can the Nightingale afford
Such Melody as ſhe can boaſt.

When Phœbus ſouthward darts his Fires,
And on our Plains he looks aſkance,
The Nightingale with him retires,
My Stirling makes my Blood to dance.
In ſpite of Hyem's nipping Froſt,
Whether the Day be dark or clear,
Shall I not to her Health entoaſt,
Who makes it Summer all the Year?

Then by thyſelf, my lovely Bird,
I'll ſtroke thy Back and kiſs thy Breaſt;
And if you'll take my honeſt Word,
As ſacred as before the Prieſt,
I'll bring thee where I will deviſe
Such various Ways to pleaſure thee,
The Velvet-fog thou wilt deſpiſe,
When on the Downy-hills with me.

SONG

SONG 516.

OF all the Girls in our Town,
Or Black, or Yellow, or Fair, or Brown,
With their ſoft Eyes, and Faces ſo bright,
Give me a Girl that's blithe and gay,
As warm as June, and as ſweet as May,
With her Heart free, and faithful as Light.
What lovely Couple than could be,
So happy and ſo bleſt as we?
On whom eternal Joys would ſmile,
And all the Cares of Life beguile,
Entranc'd in Bliſs each rapt'rous Night.

SONG 517.

OF all the Girls that are ſo ſmart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley:
There is no Lady in the Land
Is half ſo ſweet as Sally:
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

Her Father he makes Cabbage-Nets,
And thro' the Streets doth cry 'em;
Her Mother ſhe ſells Laces long
To ſuch as pleaſe to buy 'em;
But ſure ſuch Folks could ne'er beget
So ſweet a Girl as Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

When ſhe is by, I leave my Work,
I love her ſo ſincerely;
My Maſter comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely:
But let him bang his Belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

Of all the Days are in the Week,
I dearly love but one Day;
And that's the Day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday:

For then I'm dreſt all in my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

My Maſter carries me to Church,
And often am I blamed;
Becauſe I leave him in the Lurch,
As ſoon as Text is named:
I leave the Church in Sermon-time,
And ſlink away with Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

When Chriſtmas comes about again,
Oh then I ſhall have Money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
And give it to my Honey:
I wou'd it were Ten Thouſand Pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

My Maſter, and the Neighbours all,
Make Game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A Slave, and row a Galley:
But when my ſeven long Years are out,
Oh then I'll marry Sally;
Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our Alley.

SONG 518.

OF all the Joys we e'er poſſeſt,
Love and Wine are ſtill the beſt;
Sweetly they by Turns controul,
Wine the Heart, and Love the Soul.
Wealth and Power do ſtrive in vain,
Equal Happineſs to gain.
Wine ſuperior Joy doth prove,
And in ſober Seaſons, Love.
Of all Joys we e'er poſſeſt,
Love and Wine are ſtill the beſt.

SONG 519.

OF all the Lads in London Town,
There's none I love like Johnny,
He walks ſo ſtately on the Ground,
I like him for my Honey;
And none but him I e'er will wed,
So long's my Name is Sally.
I ſtill will dreſs me in my beſt,
In ſpite of all our Alley.

There's Nan and Sue, thoſe wicked Jades,
Who live in our Alley,
They laugh, and flaunt, and loud they cry,
Look there goes ragged Sally;
But let them know, tho' they ſay ſo,
That I have Store of Money,
And can an hundred Pounds beſtow
On John, my deareſt Honey.

'Tis true, my Father deals in Nets,
My Mother in long Laces;
But what of that, if Johnny's pleas'd,
'Twon't hinder our Embraces;
For Johnny he does often ſwear,
He dearly loves his Sally;
And for the Neighbours, I don't care,
We will live in our Alley.

There is one Day in every Week
That Johnny does come to me,
And then I own I am well pleas'd,
When he does kiſs and woo me:
Then in the Fields we walk and talk,
He calls me deareſt Sally.
I love him, and I'll have him too,
In ſpite of all our Alley.

His Cheeks are of a crimſon Red,
Black Eye-brows he does carry,
His Temper is ſo ſweet and good,
For Johnny I will tarry.
Tho' all the Neighbours ſpite us ſore,
'Cauſe Johnny loves his Sally;
But I love Johnny ſtill the more,
And a Fig for all the Alley.

Old Women grumble, and the Maids
Are all in love with Johnny,
Their Guts to Fiddle-ſtrings they fret,
Yet he'll not leave his Honey;
At Midſummer his Time is out,
Then hand in hand with Sally,
Unto the Parſon he will go,
In ſpite of all our Alley.

SONG 520.

OF all the mighty Pow'rs above,
Firſt Damon ſu'd to that of Love,
And fondly begg'd a Nymph to find,
Both fair and conſtant to his Mind:
The little God, with waggiſh Ear,
Heard all, but granted half the Pray'r;
A Fair inconſtant Damon found,
She chain'd him faſt, then left him bound.

In hopes his Freedom to retrieve,
Since charming Chloe cou'd deceive,
Young Damon Bacchus next addreſt,
And pray'd to drive her from his Breaſt;
The jolly God the Doſe apply'd,
But Damon's Love its Force defy'd;
The more he drunk, the more he found,
That Wine inflam'd, not heal'd his Wound.

To Phœbus then he thus complains,
With Muſick's Charms unbind my Chains,
Or make my Chloe faithful prove;
For what can Love reward, but Love?
But in ſoft Notes he try'd in vain
To eaſe his Mind, and ſooth his Pain;
For when the Swain his Lyre had ſtung,
He thought on Chloe whilſt he ſung.

At laſt young Damon try'd if Mars
Wou'd take his Love or Life in Wars;
But on the March, and in the Fight,
Falſe Chloe's ever in his Sight:
With fetter'd Art what can he do?
His Body's made a Captive too:
Thus doubly bound he makes his Moan,
And begs Relief of her alone.

Call me not falſe, becauſe I ſtrove
To cure my own, or fix thy Love;
Ceaſe to be jealous of three Gods,
Since ſtill in ſpite of all the Odds,
My Chloe's Charms more pow'rful prove,
Than all the Deities above,
Your Chains, with Pleaſure, let me wear;
However thoſe of State I bear.

S N O G 521.

OF all the Plagues in human Life,
A Shrew is ſure the worſt;
Scarce one in ten that takes a Wife,
But with a Shrew is curſt.
Since then the Plague in Marriage lies,
Who'd ruſh upon his Fate?
When he for Freedom, Bondage buys,
And ſtill repents too late.

S O N G 522.

OF all the Recreations which
Attend on human Nature,
There's none that's of ſo high a Pitch,
Or is of ſuch a Stature,
As is the ſubtil Angler's Life,
In all Mens Approbation:
For Anglers Tricks do daily mix
In every Corporation.

Whilſt Eve and Adam liv'd in Love,
And had no Cauſe of jangling,
The Devil did the Waters move,
The Serpent went to angling:
He baits his Hook with God-like Look;
Thought he this well entangle her.
By this ye all may plainly ſee,
That the Devil was firſt an Angler.

Phyſicians, Lawyers, and Divines,
Are all moſt neat Entanglers;
And he that looketh fine, will find,
That moſt of them are Anglers:

Whilſt grave Divines do fiſh for Souls,
Phyſicians like Curmudgeons,
They bait with Health; we fiſh for Wealth,
And Lawyers fiſh for Gudgeons.

Upon the Exchange, 'twixt Twelve and One,
Meets many a neat Entangler:
'Mongſt Merchantmen, not one in ten,
But what's a cunning Angler:
For like the Fiſhes in the Brook,
Brother doth ſwallow Brother:
There's a golden Bait hangs at the Hook,
And they fiſh for one another.

A Shopkeeper I next prefer;
He's a formal Man in black, Sir;
He throws his Angle ev'ry where,
And cries, What is't you lack, Sir?
Fine Silks or Stuffs, Cravats or Cuffs.
But if a Courtier prove th' Entangler,
My Citizen muſt look to't then,
Or the Fiſh will catch the Angler.

But there's no ſuch angling as a Wench,
Stark naked in the Water;
She'll make you leave both Trout and Tench,
And throw yourſelf in after.
Your Hook and Line ſhe will confine;
Thus tangled is th' Entangler;
And this, I fear, hath ſpoil'd the Gear
Of many a jovial Angler.

But if you'll trowl for a Scrivener's Soul,
Caſt in a rich young Gallant.
To take a Courtier by the Poll,
Throw in a golden Talent:
But yet I fear the Draught will ne'er
Compound for half the Charge on't
But if you'll catch the Devil at ſtretch,
You muſt bait him with a Serjeant.

Thus I have made my Angler's Trade
To ſtand above Defiance;
For, like the Mathematick Art,
It runs thro' ev'ry Science.

If with my Angling Song I can
To Mirth and Pleaſure ſeize you,
I'll bait my Hook with Wit again,
And angle ſtill to pleaſe you.

SONG 523.

OF all States in Life ſo various,
Marriage ſure is moſt precarious!
'Tis a Maze ſo ſtrangely winding,
Still we are new Mazes finding;
'Tis an Action ſo ſevere,
That nought but Death can ſet us clear.
Happy's the Man from Wedlock free,
Who knows how to prize his Liberty;
Were Men wary
How they marry,
We ſhould not be by half ſo full of Miſery.

SONG 524.

OF all the ſimple Things we do
To rub over a whimſical Life,
There's no one Folly is ſo true
As that very bad Bargain a Wife:
We're juſt like a Mouſe in a Trap,
Or Vermin caught in a Gin;
We ſweat and fret, and try to eſcape,
And curſe the ſad Hour we come in.
I gam'd, I drank, I play'd the Fool,
And a thouſand mad Frolicks more;
I rov'd and rang'd, deſpis'd all Rule,
But I never was marry'd before:
This was the worſt Plague could enſue;
I'm mew'd in a ſmoaky Houſe;
I us'd to tope a Bottle or two,
But now 'tis ſmall Beer with my Spouſe.
My darling Freedom crown'd my Joys,
And I never was vex'd in my Way;
If now I croſs her Will, her Voice
Makes my Lodging too hot for my Stay:
Like a Fox that is hamper'd, in vain
I fret at my Heart and Soul;
Walk to and fro the Length of my Chain,
Then am forc'd to creep into my Hole.

SONG 525.

OF all the Things beneath the Sun,
To love's the greateſt Curſe;
If one's deny'd, then he's undone,
If not, 'tis ten Times worſe.
Poor Adam, by his Wife, 'tis known,
Was trick'd ſome Years ago;
But Adam was not trick'd alone,
For all his Sons were ſo.

Lovers the ſtrangeſt Fools are made,
When they their Nymphs purſue,
Which they will ne'er believe, till wed,
But then! alas! 'tis true.
They beg, they pray, and they adore,
Till weary'd out of Life;
And pray, what's all this Trouble for?
Why truly, for a Wife.

How odd a Thing's a whining Sot,
Who ſighs, in greateſt Need,
For that, which ſoon as ever got,
Does make him ſigh indeed.
Each Maid's an Angel while ſhe's woo'd,
But when the Wooing's done,
The Wife, inſtead of Fleſh and Blood,
Proves nothing but a Bone.

Ills, more or leſs, in human Life,
No mortal Man can ſhun;
But when a Man has got a Wife,
He has them all in one.
The Liver of Prometheus
A gnawing Vulture fed;
A Fable, but the Thing was thus,
The poor old Man was wed.

A Wife, all Men of Learning know,
Was Tantalus's Curſe;
The Apples which did tempt him ſo,
Were nought but a Divorce.
Let no Fool dream, that to his Share
A better Wife will fall;
They're all the ſame faith, to a Hair,
For they are Women all.

When

When firſt the ſenſeleſs empty Nokes
With woing does begin,
Far better he might beg the Stocks,
That they would let him in.
Yet for a Lover we may ſay,
He wears no cheating Phiz:
Tho' other's Looks do oft betray,
He looks like what he is.
More Joys a Glaſs of Wine does give,
(Wife take him that gainſays)
Than all the Wenches ſprung from Eve,
E'er gave in all their Days.
But come, to Lovers here's a Glaſs,
God-wot, they need no Curſe:
Each wiſhes he may wed his Laſs;
No Soul can wiſh him worſe.

SONG 526.

OF all the Toaſts that Britain boaſts,
The grim, the gent, the jolly,
The brown, the fair, the debonair,
There's none cry'd up like Polly;
Sh'as fir'd the Town, has quite cut down
The Opera of Rolli;
Go where you will, the Subject ſtill
Is pretty, pretty Polly.
There's Madam Fauſtina Catſo,
And eke Madam Cuſoni,
Likewiſe Signior Senefino,
Are tutte abandonni.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, do re mi fa,
Are now but Farce and Folly!
We're raviſh'd all with toll, loll, loll,
And pretty, pretty Polly.
The Sons of Bays, in Lyric Plays,
Sound forth her Fame in Print-o,
And as we paſs, in Frame and Glaſs
We ſee her Metzotinto:
In Ivy-Lane, the City Strain
Is more on ſtrait-lac'd Dolly;
And all the Brights at Man's and White's
Of nothing talk but Polly.

Ah! Johnny Gay, thy lucky Play
Has made the Criticks grin-a,
They cry, 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that,
But let them laugh that win-a:
I ſwear parbleu', 'tis naif and new;
Ill Nature is but Folly,
'Thas lent a Stitch to Rent of Rich,
And ſet up Madam Polly.
Ah! tuneful Fair, beware, beware,
Nor toy with Star and Garter;
Fine Cloaths may hide a foul Inſide,
And you may catch a Tartar:
If powder'd Fop blow up your Shop,
'Twill make you melancholy,
Then left to rot, you'll die forgot,
Alas! alas! poor Polly.

SONG 527.

OF all the Torments, all the Cares,
With which our Lives are curs'd,
Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,
Sure Rivals are the worſt:
By Partners of another Kind,
Afflictions eaſier grow;
In Love alone we hate to find
Companions of our Woe.
Cynthia, for all the Pains you ſee
Are lab'ring in my Breaſt,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but ſlight the reſt:
How great ſoe'er your Rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own Deſpair,
But not another's Hope.

SONG 528.

OF all the Trades, from Eaſt to Weſt,
The Cobler's paſt contending;
He's like in time to prove the beſt,
Who ev'ry Day is mending.
How great his Praiſe who can amend
The Soles of all his Neighbours?
Nor is unmindful of his End,
But to his Laſt ſtill labours.

SONG

SONG 529.

OF all the World's Enjoyments
That ever valu'd were,
There's none of our Employments
With Fiſhing can compare:
Some preach, ſome write,
Some ſwear, ſome fight,
All golden Lucre courting;
But Fiſhing ſtill
Bears off the Bell,
For Profit, or for Sporting.
Then who a jolly Fiſherman, a Fiſherman would be,
His Throat muſt wet,
Juſt like his Net,
To keep out Cold at Sea.

The Country 'Squire loves running
A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds;
Another fancies gunning
For Wild-ducks in his Ground:
This hunts, that fowls,
This hawks, Dick bowls,
No greater Pleaſure wiſhing;
But Tom, that tells
What Sport excells,
Gives all the Praiſe to Fiſhing.
Then who, &c.

A good Weſtphalia Gammon
Is counted dainty Fare;
But what is that to Salmon
Juſt taken from the Ware?
Wheat-ears and Quails,
Cocks, Snipes, and Rails,
Are priz'd while Seaſon's laſting;
But all muſt ſtoop
To Craw-fiſh Soop,
Or I've no Skill in taſting,
Then who, &c.

Keen Hunters always take too
Their Prey with too much Pains;
Nay, often break a Neck too,
A Penance for no Brains:

They

They run, they leap,
Now high, now deep;
Whilſt he that Fiſhing chuſes,
With Eaſe may do't,
Nay more to boot,
May entertain the Muſes.
Then who, &c.

And tho' ſome envious Wranglers
To jeer us will make bold,
And laugh at patient Anglers,
Who ſtand ſo long i' the Cold:
They wait on Miſs,
We wait on this,
And think it eaſy Labour;
And if you'd know
Fiſh Profits too,
Conſult our Holland Neighbour.
Then who, &c.

SONG 530.

OF Anna's Charms let others tell,
Or bright Eliza's Beauty:
My Song ſhall be of Blouzibel,
To ſing of her's my Duty:
The Fair, who arm'd with Cupid's Darts,
His Flames, and other Matters,
Is all around behung with Darts,
As Beggars are with Tatters.

To laviſh Nature much ſhe owes,
And much to Education:
The Girls and Boys, and Belles and Beaux,
Are ſtruck with Admiration:
For blended in her Cheek there lies
The Carrot and the Turnip;
And who beholds her blazing Eyes,
His very Heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue;
Her Teeth all black and yellow!
Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue!
Her Lips like any Tallow:

Her

Her Voice ſo loud, and eke ſo ſhrill,
Far off it is admir'd!
Her Tongue!----which never yet lay ſtill,
And yet was never tired!

Ten thouſand Wonders riſe to view
All o'er the lovely Creature!
The pearly Sweat, like Morning Dew,
Gilds ev'ry ſhining Feature!
As Iſaac of his Eſau ſaid,
She like a Foreſt ſavours:
Thrice happy Man for whom the Maid
Reſerves her hidden Favours.

O Blouzibel! for thee we pant,
To thee our Hopes aſpire;
For thou haſt all that Lovers want
To quench their raging Fire.
Then kindly take us to thine Arms,
And in Compaſſion ſave us
From Anna's and Eliza's Charms,
Which cruelly enſlave us.

SONG 531.

OF Leinſter, fam'd for Maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the Grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid Stream
Reflect ſo ſweet a Face:
Till luckleſs Love, and pining Care,
Impair'd her roſy Hue;
Her coral Lips, and damaſk Cheeks,
And Eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh! have you ſeen a Lilly pale,
When beating Rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow conſuming Maid,
Her Life now near its End.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering Swains
Take heed, ye eaſy Fair:
Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,
Ye perjur'd Swains, beware.

Three Times, all in the dead of Night,
A Bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her Window thrice,
The Raven flapp'd his Wing:

Too well the love-lorn Maiden knew
The ſolemn boding Sound;
And thus, in dying Words, beſpoke
The Virgins weeping round.

" I hear a Voice you cannot hear,
" Which ſays I muſt not ſtay;
" I ſee a Hand you cannot ſee,
" Which beckons me away.
" By a falſe Heart, and broken Vows,
" In early Youth I die:
" Was I to blame, becauſe his Bride
" Was thrice as rich as I?
" Ah, Collin! give not her thy Vows,
" Vows due to me alone;
" Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kiſs,
" Nor think him all thy own.
" To-morrow in the Church to wed,
" Impatient, both prepare;
" But know, fond Maid, and know, falſe Man,
" That Lucy will be there.
" Then bear my Coarſe, my Comrades, bear,
" This Bridegroom blithe to meet;
" He in his Wedding Trim ſo gay,
" I in my Winding-ſheet."
She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd; her Coarſe was borne,
The Bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his Wedding Trim ſo gay,
She in her Winding-ſheet.

Then what were perjur'd Collin's Thoughts?
How were theſe Nuptials kept?
The Brideſmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the Village wept.
Confuſion, Shame, Remorſe, Deſpair,
At once his Boſom ſwell:
The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brow;
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.
From the vain Bride (ah Bride no more!)
The varying Crimſon fled,
When ſtretch'd before her Rival's Coarſe,
She ſaw her Huſband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made Grave,
Convey'd by trembling Swains;
One Mold with her, between one Sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this Grave the conſtant Hind,
And plighted Maid are ſeen;
With Garlands gay, and True-love Knots,
They deck the ſacred Green.

But, Swain, forbear, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd Spot forbear;
Remember Collin's dreadful Fate,
And fear to meet him there.

SONG 532.

OF noble Race was Shinken,
Of the Line of Owen Tudor;
But hur Renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel Love purſu'd hur.

Fair Winny's Eyes bright ſhining,
And lilly Breaſts alluring,
Poor Shinkin's Heart, with fatal Dart,
Have wounded, paſt all curing.

Hur was the prittieſt Fellow,
At Foot-ball, or at Cricket;
At Hunting-Chace, or Priſon-Baſe,
Cotſplut how her could kick it.

But now all Joys are flying,
All pale and wan her Cheeks to;
Hur Heart ſo akes, hur quite forſakes
Hur Herrings and hur Leeks too.

No more muſt dear Metheglin
Be top'd at good Montgomery;
And if Love ſore ſmart one Week more,
Adieu Cream-cheeſe and Flummery.

SONG. 533.

OF old Soldiers, the Song you would hear,
And we old Fidlers have forgot who they were;
But all we remember ſhall come to your Ear,
That we are old Soldiers of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldiers.

With the old Drake, that was the next Man
To old Franciſcus, who firſt it began
To ſail through the Streights of Magellan,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

That put the proud Spaniſh Armada to wreck,
And travell'd all o'er the old World, and came back
In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack;
Like, &c.

With an old Cav'ndiſh that ſeconded him,
And taught his old Sails the ſame Paſſage to ſwim,
And did him therefore with Cloth of Gold trim.
Like, &c.

Like an old Raleigh, that twice and again
Sail'd over moſt Part of the Seas, and then
Travell'd all o'er the old World with his Pen;
Like, &c.

With an old John Norris, the General,
That old Gaunt made his Fame immortal,
In ſpite of his Foes, with no Loſs at all;
Like, &c.

Like old Breſt Fort, an invincible Thing,
When the old Queen ſent him to help the French King,
Took from the proud Fox, to the World's wond'ring;
Like, &c.

Where an old ſtout Friar, as goes the Story,
Came to puſh off a Pike with him in vain Glory,
But he was almoſt ſent to his own Purgatory
By this old Soldier, &c.

With an old Ned Norris that kept Oſtend,
A Terror to Foe, and a Refuge to Friend,
And left it impregnable to his laſt End;
Like, &c.

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all,
March'd o'er the old Bridge, and knock'd at the Wall
Of Liſbon, the Miſtreſs of Portugal;
Like, &c.

With an old Tim Norris, by the old Queen ſent,
Of Munſter in Ireland, Lord Preſident,
Where his Days and his Blood in her Service he ſpent;
Like, &c.

With

With an old Harry Norris in Battle wounded
In his Knee, whoſe Leg was cut off, and he ſaid,
You have ſpoil'd my dancing, and dy'd in his Bed,
Like, &c.

With an old Will Norris, the oldeſt of all,
Who went voluntary, without any Call,
To th' old Iriſh Wars, to's Fame immortal;
Like, &c.

With an old Dick Wenman, the firſt in his Prime,
That over the Walls of old Cales did climb;
And there was knighted, and liv'd all his Time;
Like, &c.

Like an old Nando Wenman, when Breſt was o'erthrown,
Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder blown,
Yet bravely recov'ring, long after was known
For an old, &c.

With an old Tom Wenman, whoſe braveſt Delight
Was in a good Cauſe for his Country to fight,
And dy'd in Ireland, a good old Knight,
And an old, &c.

With a young Ned Wenman, ſo valiant and bold
In the Wars of Bohemia, as with the Old,
Deſerves for his Valour to be enroll'd
An old, &c.

And thus of old Soldiers ye hear the Fame,
But ne'er ſo many of one Houſe and Name,
And all of old John Lord Viſcount of Thame,
An old, &c.

SONG 534.

OF old we read of Nymphs that ſtray'd,
Parnaſſus' Heights upon-a,
And Bards of Fame that ſipp'd the Stream,
Of heav'nly Helicon-a;
But now alas! 'tis come to paſs,
Such Beings are all flown-a,
Both Muſe and Bard without Regard,
Have left us all alone-a.

SONG. 535.

OF Race divine thou needs muſt be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's Sake, oh! favour me,
Who only lives to love thee.
Ann thou wert my ain Thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
Ann thou were my ain Thing,
How dearly would I love thee!

The Gods one Thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can ſave;
Oh! for their Sake, ſupport a Slave,
Who only lives to love thee.
Ann thou wert, &c.

To Merit I no Claim can make,
But that I love, and for your Sake,
What Man can name, I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.
Ann thou wert, &c.

My Paſſion, conſtant as the Sun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will ne'er have done,
Till Fates my Thread of Life have ſpun,
Which breathing out, I'll love thee.
Ann thou wert, &c.

Like Bees, that ſuck the Morning Dew
Frae Flowers of ſweeteſt Scent and Hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy Mou,
And gar the Gods envy me.
Ann thou wert, &c.

Sae lang's I had the Uſe of Light,
I'd on thy Beauties feaſt my Sight,
Syne in faſt Whiſpers through the Night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
Ann thou wert, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
She moves a Goddeſs o'er the Green;
Were I a King, thou ſhould be Queen,
Nane but myſell aboon thee.
Ann thou wert, &c.

I'd

I'd graſp thee to this Breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like Ivy, or the Vine,
Around my ſtronger Limbs ſhou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
Ann thou wert, &c.

Time's on the Wing, and will not ſtay;
In ſhining Youth let's make our Hay,
Since Love admits of nae Delay,
O let nae Scorn undo thee.
Ann thou wert, &c.

While Love does at his Altar ſtand,
Hae there's my Heart, gi'e me thy Hand,
And, with ilk Smile, thou ſhalt command
The Will of him wha loves thee.
Ann thou wert, &c.

SONG 536.

OFT I'm by the Women told,
Poor Anacreon, thou grow'ſt old;
See how thy Hairs are falling all!
See, poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' Effects I do not know.
This I know without being told,
'Tis Time to live, if I grow old;
'Tis Time ſhort Pleaſures now to take;
Of little Life the beſt to make;
And manage wiſely the laſt Stake.

SONG 537.

OFT on the troubled Ocean's Face
Loud ſtormy Winds ariſe;
The murm'ring Surges ſwell apace,
And Clouds obſcure the Skies:
But when the Tempeſt's Rage is o'er,
Soft Breezes ſmooth the Main;
The Billows ceaſe to laſh the Shore,
And all is calm again.
Not ſo, in fond and am'rous Souls,
If tyrant Love once reigns;
There one eternal Tempeſt rolls,
And yields unceaſing Pains:

Ah! cruel God! our Peace reſtore,
And wound us with thy Shafts no more.
Ah! cruel God! &c.

SONG 538.

OH ceaſe, ceaſe, urge no more the God to ſwell my Breaſt!
The Manſion dreads the greater Gueſt:
But lo! he comes! I ſhake! I feel, I feel his Sway,
And now he hurries me along;
Then, Crouds believe, and Kings obey,
'Tis Heaven inſpires the Song.

Haſte! to the Gods due Vengeance give,
Hark! from their Seats they cry,
Who lets Blaſphemers live
Shall by Blaſphemers die.
Haſte, haſte, due Vengeance give,
" Let the Sound
" Echo all round,
Haſte, haſte, due Vengeance give.
Beware! ten thouſand thouſand threat'ning Ills I ſee!
Invaſions! Wars! Plagues! Ruin! endleſs Woes!
Ah wretched Iſle! I weep for Thee:
Save, ſave thyſelf; reſign the Gods blaſpheming Foes.
Now, now the Thunder roars,
The Earth now groans and quakes;
The riſing Main a Deluge pours,
The World's Foundation ſhakes.

Hell gapes! the Fiends appear!
Oh hold! ye angry Pow'rs relent, or we deſpair.
See, we fulfil
On your Foes your dreadful Will.
See the Throng
Hoot 'em as they're dragg'd along.
Now they tear 'em, now they die;
All applaud, and ſhout for Joy.
Peace returns, all Nature ſmiles;
Happy Days now bleſs our Iſles:
Now we laugh, with Plenty crown'd;
Merry Sports and Love go round.

SONG 539.

OH! Cælia, recal thy loſt Hours,
And Duty and Reaſon obey;
Deſpiſe Love, and all thoſe falſe Pow'rs,
That firſt gave young Strephon the Sway.
Believe me, the Swain is a Rover,
Nor conſtant to any can be;
Then prithee diſcharge ſuch a Lover,
And once more reſolve to be free.

SONG 540.

OH Fate, muſt I my Hopes reſign?
And will Climene ne'er be mine?
Why do her Charms my Soul ſurprize?
Why does her Beauty wound my Eyes?
Each Look and Motion all divine!
Each Grace does with ſuch Luſtre ſhine!
In vain I ſtrove her Charms to ſhun,
I found I lov'd, and was undone;
I ſtrove to fly, but all in vain;
My Paſſion drove me back again.
From thoſe bright Eyes I ne'er can part;
I wear her Image in my Heart.

SONG 541.

OH! happy, happy Groves!
Witneſs of our tender Loves!
Oh! happy, happy Shade,
Where firſt our Vows were made,
Bluſhing, ſighing, melting, dying:
Looks would charm a Jove:
A thouſand pretty things ſhe ſaid,
And all, and all was Love.
But Corinna perjur'd proves,
And forſakes the ſhady Groves:
When I ſpeak of mutual Joys,
She knows not what I mean:
Wanton Glances, fond Careſſes,
Now no more are ſeen,
Since the falſe deluding Fair
Left the flow'ry Green.

Mourn, ye Nymphs, that ſporting play'd,
Where poor Strephon was betray'd;
There the ſecret Wound ſhe gave,
When I firſt was made her Slave.

SONG 542.

OH how cou'd I venture to love one like thee,
Or thou not contemn a poor Conqueſt like me;
On Lords thy Admirers couldſt look with Diſdain,
And know I was nothing, yet pity my Pain:
You ſaid while they teaz'd you with Nonſenſe and Dreſs,
When real the Paſſion the Vanity's leſs;
You ſaw thro' that Silence which others deſpiſe,
And while Beaux were talking read Love in my Eyes.

Oh when ſhall I fold you, and kiſs all your Charms,
'Till fainting with Pleaſure, I die in your Arms;
Thro' all the wild Raptures of Extacy toſt,
'Till ſinking together, together we're loſt:
Oh where is the Maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whoſe Wit can enliven the dull Pauſe of Joy;
And when the ſhort Tranſports are all at an End,
From beautiful Miſtreſs, turn ſenſible Friend.

In vain cou'd I praiſe you, or ſtrive to reveal,
Too nice for Expreſſion what only we feel;
In all that you do, in each Look and each Mien,
The Graces in waiting adorn you unſeen;
When I ſee you, I love you, but hearing adore,
I wonder, and think you a Woman no more,
'Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And kiſſing thoſe Lips, you grow Woman again.

With thee in my Boſom, how can I deſpair,
I'll gaze on thy Beauty, and look away Care;
I'll aſk thy Advice, when with Trouble oppreſt,
Which never diſpleaſes, yet always is beſt:
In all that I write, I'll thy Judgment require,
Thy Taſte ſhall correct what thy Love did inſpire,
I'll kiſs thee, and preſs thee, till Youth is all o'er,
And then live on Friendſhip, when Paſſion's no more.

SONG

SONG 543.

OH how I languiſh! what a ſtrange,
Unruly, fierce Deſire!
My Spirits feel ſome wond'rous Change,
My Heart is all on Fire.

Now all my wiſer Thoughts, away;
In vain your Tale ye tell
Of patient Hopes, and dull Delay;
Love's foppiſh Part, farewel.

Suppoſe one Week's Delay wou'd give
All that my Wiſhes move,
Oh! who ſo long a Time can live,
Stretch'd on the Rack of Love?

Her Soul, perhaps, is too ſublime
To like ſuch ſlaviſh Fear;
Diſcretion, Prudence, all is Crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When Honour does the Soldier call
To ſome unequal Fight,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or to fall,
Before his Gen'ral's Sight;

Advanc'd the happy Heroe lives;
Or if ill Fate denies,
The noble Raſhneſs Heav'n forgives,
And glorioufly he dies.

SONG 544.

OH! how you proteſt and ſolemnly ſwear,
Look humble, and fawn like an Aſs;
I'm pleas'd, I muſt own, whenever I ſee
A Lover that's brought to this paſs:
Keep, keep further off, you're naughty I fear;
I vow I will never, will never, will never yield to't;
You aſk me in vain; for never I ſwear,
I never, no never, I never, no never,
I never, no never will do't.
For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go,
No more of the Lover remains,
In haſte you depart, whate'er we can do,
And ſtubbornly throw off your Chains:

Deſiſt

Desist then in time, let's hear on't no more,
I vow I will never yield to't;
You promise in vain, in vain you adore,
For I will never, no never do't.

SONG 545.

Molly. OH! Jenny, Jenny, where hast thou been?
Father and Mother are seeking for thee;
You have been ranting, playing the Wanton,
Keeping of Jockey Company.

Jenny. Oh! Molly, I've been to hear the Mill clack,
And grind Grist for the Family;
Full as it went I've brought home my Sack,
For the Miller has taken his Toll of me.

Molly. You hung your Smickets abroad to bleach,
When that was done, where could you be?

Jenny. I slipt down in the quickset Hedge,
And Jockey the Loon fell after me.

Molly. My Father you told you'd go to Kirk,
When Pray'rs were done, where could you be?

Jenny. Taking a Kiss of the Parson and Clerk,
And of other young Laddies some two or three.

Molly. Oh! Jenny, Jenny, what wilt thou do,
If Belly should swell, where wilt thou be?

Jenny. Look to yourself, for Jockey is true,
And whilst Clapper goes, will take Care of me.

SONG 546.

OH! I'll have a Husband, ah, marry,
For why should I longer tarry,
For why should I longer tarry
Than other brisk Girls have done?
For, if I stay,
'Till I grow grey,
They'll call me old Maid,
And fusty old Jade;
So I'll no longer tarry,
But I'll have a Husband, ah, marry,
If Money will buy me one.

My Mother she says I'm too coming,
And still in my Ears she is drumming,
And still in my Ears she is drumming,
That I such vain Thoughts should shun;

My

My Siſters they cry
Oh fie! and oh fie!
But yet I can ſee,
They're as coming as me;
So let me have Huſbands in plenty,
I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
Than die an old Maid undone.

SONG 547.

OH! lead me to ſome peacful Gloom,
Where none but ſighing Lovers come;
Where the ſhrill Trumpets never ſound,
But one eternal Huſh goes round.
There let me ſooth my pleaſing Pain,
And never think of War again;
What Glory can a Lover have
To conquer, yet be ſtill a Slave?

SONG 548.

OH! lead to ſome peaceful Room,
Where none but honeſt Fellows come;
Where Wives loud Clappers never ſound,
But an eternal Laugh goes round.
There let me drown in Wine my Pain,
And never think of home again:
What Comfort can a Huſband have,
To rule the Houſe where he's a Slave?

SONG 549.

OH! London is a fine Town, and a gallant City,
'Tis govern'd by the Scarlet Gown, come liſten to my Ditty.
This City has a Mayor, this Mayor he is a Lord,
And governeth the Citizens all by his own accord.
Oh! London, &c.
He boaſteth his Gentility, and how nobly he was born,
His Arms they are three Ox-heads, and his Creſt a rampant Horn.
The firſt Journey his Lordſhip takes, is to Weſtminſter Hall.
Attended by twelve Companies, for he muſt have them all.
Oh! London, &c.

The

The Barges are made fine and gay, for his Lordſhip and the beſt,
And Dung-boats and Lighters provided for the reſt:
Then at the Exchequer he's ſworn upon a Shoe-Sole,
That he will be no wiſer Man than his Brother Jobber-
Oh! London, &c. [nolle.
The Sword is borne before him up and down the Stairs,
To fright away the little Boys that laugh at our Lord
And when that is ended, home again he comes, [Mayors.
With joyful Noiſe upon the Thames of Trumpets and of
Oh! London, &c. [Drums.
His Lordſhip lands at Black-Fryars, and on along he jogs,
Attended by his Companies, as hungry as Dogs.
Then in comes the Carver, and boldly falls to Work,
With Knife like to a Scimeter, as fierce as any Turk.
Oh! London, &c.
He hit upon the Goſſe-Bone, and turn'd both Edge and Point,
'Till he look'd upon my Lord-Mayor he could not hit the
Then up came Cuſtard with Twenty-four Nooks, [Joint.
As you may find recorded in Johnny Stow's Books.
Oh! London, &c.
And why it was ſo big, if you would know the Reaſon,
It was to keep their Chaps at work that would be prating Treaſon.
Then they go to Greenwich all in the City Barge,
And there they have a noble Treat all at the City Charge.
Oh! London, &c.
And when they come to Cuckold's-Point, they make a gallant Show,
Their Wives bid the Muſick play Cuckolds all a-row.
Then they go to Paul's Church, ere Morning Prayer begins,
And as they go along the Street, they ſtoop to pick up
Oh! London, &c. [Pins.
But if you'd know, I'll tell you the moral Reaſon of it,
They that would to Riches grow, muſt ſtoop for little Profit,

My

My Lord May'r rides along the Street like unto a Law-maker,
With forty Catch-Poles at his Arſe, to proſecute the
Oh! London, &c. [Baker.
And when he comes to the Baker's Stall, and finds his Bread too light,
He ſends it home to his own Houſe, to feaſt both Lord and Knight.
Then to the Seſſion-Houſe they go, the Seſſions there to keep,
Until that the Recorder comes, they all are faſt aſleep.
Oh! London, &c.

They call up all their Juries by twelves and by twelves,
And if they hang up no Man, they may go themſelves.
So then they borrow Boots and Spurs, and out of Town
To ſee the Bears bated on the Bank-Side. [they ride,
Oh! London, &c.

And when that they have done, they all return again,
Like ſo many Apes on Horſe-back, with each his golden Chain.
Then to hear a Sermon once a Year he rides unto the Spittle,
And there he ſits full three Hours long, and brings away
Oh! London, &c. [but little.
And when that he comes home, he ſits down at his Board,
And if he has not minc'd Pyes, his Chear's not worth a T——d.
My Lady ſays unto my Lord, when all the Gueſts are gone,
I do intend to-morrow to invite my Friend Sir John.
Oh! London, &c.

For I don't think it fit always to have Tradeſmen,
I pray therefore let me rub in a Courtier now and then.
My Lady boldly aſk'd my Lord what Diſhes ſhe ſhould have,
To entertain her Friend Sir John, that was ſo fine and
Oh! London, &c. [brave.
My Lord he nam'd a Calf's-Head, at which ſhe made a Piſh,
And ſaid, ſhe'd have a Turkey-Cock, 'cauſe ſhe lov'd a ſtanding Diſh.

Next, once a Year into Eſſex a hunting they do go,
To ſee 'em paſs along, oh! 'tis a pretty Show!
Oh! London, &c.
Through Cheapſide, and Fenchurch-Street, and ſo to Aldgate Pump,
Each Man with's Spurs in's Horſe's Sides, and Back-Sword croſs hi Rump:
My Lord he takes a Staff in Hand, to beat the Buſhes o'er,
I muſt confeſs it was a Work he ne'er had done before.
Oh! London, &c.
A Creature bounces from a Buſh, which made them all to laugh,
My Lord he cry'd a Hare, a Hare! but it prov'd an Eſſex Calf.
And when they had done their Sport, they came to London, where they dwell,
Their Faces all ſo torn and ſcratch'd their Wives ſcarce [knew them well.
Oh! London, &c.
For 'twas a very great Mercy ſo many 'ſcap'd alive,
For of twenty Saddles carry'd out, they brought again but [five.
Oh! London, &c.

SONG 550.

OH Mother, Roger with his Kiſſes
Almoſt ſtops my Breath, I vow;
Why does he gripe my Hand to Pieces,
And yet he ſays he loves me too?
Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
Pray now do, pray now do!
Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
What Roger means when he does ſo?
For never ſtir I long to know.

Nay more, the naughty Man beſide it,
Something in my Mouth did put
I call'd him Beaſt, and try'd to bite it,
But for my Life I cannot do't:
Tell me, Mother, pray now do, &c.
He ſets me in his Lap whole Hours,
Where I feel I know not what;
Something I never felt in yours:

Pray

Pray tell me Mother what is that?
Tell me, Mother, what is that?
For never ſtir I long to know.

SONG 551.

OH! my panting, panting Heart,
Why ſo young, and why ſo ſad?
Why does Pleaſure ſeem a Smart,
Or I wretched while I'm glad?
Oh! Love's Goddeſs, who wert form'd
From cold and icy, icy Seas,
Inſtruct me why I am thus warm'd?
And Darts at once can wound and pleaſe.

SONG 552.

Widow. OH! my poor Huſband, for ever he's gone.
Alaſs! alaſs! alaſs I am undone!
I ſigh and I moan,
Muſt I theſe cold Nights lie alone?
Alas! I'm undone.
I did what I liſt,
We kiſs'd and we kiſs'd.
Till his Vigour he miſs'd,
Till his jolly fat Face grew as ſmall as my Fiſt;
And his Calves, his poor Calves, as thin as my Wriſt.
We wrangl'd and jangl'd, when in an ill Mood;
But a Nights, like two Pigeons, we bill'd and we coo'd:
We whiſk'd and we friſk'd, alack! and alack!
Why muſt he for ever, why muſt he for ever now lie on
Why muſt he for ever now lie on his Back? [his Back?

Rake. Why Widow, why Widow, what makes thee ſo ſad?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, art thou mad?
If one Huſband's dead, there are more to be had:
Come, I'll be thy Honey, leave keeping a Pother;
One Man, like one Nail, ſerves to drive out another.

Widow. How! talk ſo to me? what think you I'll wed?
'Tis ſcarce a Month yet ſince my poor Huſband's dead.

Rake. A Month! 'tis an Age; you're mad to delay;
Moſt Widows now chuſe ere the Funeral Day.

Widow. Not I, I'll ne'er do't: Lard! what would People ſay?

Rake. They'll ſay you're a Woman; come off with this Black:
Come, come, come, come off, come, come off with this Black;
See, ſee, here's a Shape, here's an Arm, here's a Leg, here's a Back;
I'll get thee with Twins till a hundred and ten.

Widow. You lye; you will talk at another Rate then.

Rake. Then try me,

Widow. Leave fooling.

Rake. I'll do't by this Kiſs,
By this, this, and this, I'll be hang'd if I miſs.

Widow. Lard! ſhould I do this?

Rake. 'Twill eaſe you of Pain.

Widow. Go, go, you're a ſad Man; ay, do if you can;
Ay, do if you can, ay, do, do, do,
I'll kill thee with Kindneſs, I'll kill thee with Kindneſs,
I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee, I'll
Do, do, do, do if you can; ay do, do, do, do, do, do, do if you can,
Kill thee, I'll kill thee with Kindneſs, I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee with Kindneſs.

SONG 553.

OH! my Treaſure,
Crown my Pleaſure;
Let this be the happy Night;
Bleſs, oh! bleſs me,
Kindly preſs me,
Let me die with dear Delight.

Leave this Trembling,
And Diſſembling,
Lay aſide all Female Art;
Love's ſoft Pleaſure,
Beyond Meaſure,
Will atone for all its Smart.

SONG 554.

Man. OH Sight! the Mother of Deſires,
What charming Objects do'ſt thou yield!
'Tis ſweet, when tedious Night expires,
To ſee the roſy Morning gild
The Mountain Tops, and paint the Field: But

But when Clorinda comes in Sight,
She makes the Summer's Day more bright;
And when ſhe goes away, 'tis Night.
Chorus. When fair Clorinda, &c.

Wom. 'Tis ſweet the bluſhing Morn to view:
And Plains adorn'd with pearly Dew;
But ſuch cheap Delights to ſee,
Heav'n and Nature
Give each Creature;
They have Eyes as well as we:
This is the Joy, all Joys above,
To ſee, to ſee,
That only ſhe,
That only ſhe we love!
Chorus. This is the Joy, &c.

Man. And if we may diſcover
What charms both Nymph and Lover,
'Tis when the Fair at Mercy lies,
With kind and am'rous Anguiſh,
To ſigh, to look, to languiſh
On each other's Eyes!
Chorus of all. And if we may, &c.

SONG 555.

OH! the charming Month of May,
When the Breezes
Fan the Trees, is
Full of Bloſſoms freſh and gay;
Oh! the charming Month of May,
Charming, charming Month of May.

Oh! what Joys our Proſpects yield,
When in new Livery,
We ſee every
Buſh and Meadow, Tree and Field:
Oh! what Joys, &c. charming Joys, &c.

Oh! how freſh the Morning Air,
When the Zephyrs,
And the Heifers,
Their odorif'rous Breath compare:
Oh! how freſh, &c. charming freſh, &c.

Oh! how ſweet at Night to dream,
On moſſy Pillows,
By the Trillows
Of a gentle, purling Stream,
Oh! how ſweet, &c. charming ſweet, &c.

Oh! how kind the Country Laſs,
Who, her Cow bilking,
Leaves off her milking,
For a green Gown on the Graſs.
Oh! how kind, &c. charming kind, &c.

Oh! how ſweet it is to ſpy,
At the Concluſion,
Her deep Confuſion,
Bluſhing Cheeks, and down-caſt Eye,
Oh! how ſweet, &c. charming ſweet, &c.

Oh! the charming Curds and Cream,
When all i over,
She gives her Lover,
Who on the Skimming-Diſh carves her Name:
Oh! the charming Curds and Cream,
Charming, charming, &c.

SONG 556.

OH! the Time that is paſt,
When ſhe held me ſo faſt,
And declar'd that her Honour no longer could laſt,
No Light but her languiſhing Eyes did appear,
To prevent all Excuſes of Bluſhing and Fear.

How ſhe ſigh'd and unlac'd,
With ſuch Trembling and Haſte,
As if ſhe had long'd to be cloſer embrac'd,
My Lips the ſweet Pleaſure of Kiſſes enjoy'd,
While my Hands were in ſearch of hid Treaſure employ'd.

With my Heart all on Fire,
In the Flames of Deſire,
When I boldly purſu'd what ſhe ſeem'd to require,
She cry'd, Oh! for Pity's ſake change your ill Mind,
Pray, Amyntas, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

All your Bliſs you deſtroy,
Like a naked young Boy,
Who fears the kind River he came to enjoy: Let's

Let's in, my dear Chloris, I'll ſave thee from Harm,
And make the cold Element pleaſant and warm.

Dear Amyntas! ſhe cries,
Then ſhe caſt down her Eyes,
And with Kiſſes confeſs'd what ſhe faintly denies.
Too ſure of my Conqueſt, I purpos'd to ſtay
Till her free Conſent did more ſweeten the Prey.

But too late I begun;
For her Paſſion was done;
Now, Amyntas, ſhe cry'd, I will never be won;
Thy Tears and thy Courtſhip no Pity can move,
Thou haſt ſlighted the critical Minute of Love.

SONG 557.

OH! think not the Maid whom you ſcorn
With Riches delighted can be;
Had I a great Princeſs been born,
My Billy had dear been to me:
In Grandeur and Wealth we find Woe,
In Love there is nothing but Charms,
On others your Treaſures beſtow,
Give Billy alone to theſe Arms.

In Title and Wealth what is loſt,
In Tenderneſs oft is repaid;
Too much a great Fortune may coſt,
Well purchas'd may be the poor Maid;
Let Gold's empty Show cheat the Great.
We more real Pleaſure will prove,
While they in their Palaces hate,
We in our poor Cottage will love.

SONG 558.

OH! what Pain it is to ſee;
Can I bear it, can I bear it?
Oh! what Pain it is to ſee;
Can Fleſh and Blood e'er bear it?
When Cælia does to me deny
A Kiſs, which would give Extacy,
A Dog my happy Rival be,
Can Fleſh and Blood e'er bear it?

Hopes in Complaiſance I plac'd,
They deceive me, they deceive me,
Hopes in Complaiſance I plac'd;
But all thoſe Hopes deceive me.
I bow, I cringe, but ſpite, alas!
Of courtly Airs, and artful Face,
Tray fawns with ſuch ſuperior Grace,
That all thoſe Hopes deceive me.

When I Skill in Muſick ſhow,
'Twill not pleaſe her, 'twill not pleaſe her,
When I Skill in Muſick ſhow,
Yet ſtill it will not pleaſe her.
My Tune, tho' ſoft, my Voice, tho' low,
'Tis vain, my chiefeſt Notes muſt bow
To ſweet inchanting Bow-wow-wow,
That Air alone will pleaſe her.

Grant, I cry'd, to cure my Woe,
Balmy Kiſſes, balmy Kiſſes,
Grant, I cry'd, to cure my Woe
Some precious balmy Kiſſes.
In vain my Sighs to move her roſe,
From me ſhe flew, and cruel choſe
T' apply her Lips to warm Tray's Noſe,
And laviſh there her Kiſſes.

Yet my Heart is fix'd to try,
If ſhe'll love me, if ſhe'll love me,
Yet my Heart is fix'd to try,
If ſhe at length will love me:
For if thus kind, thus tender ſhe
Can to ſo mean a Creature be,
How vaſtly, vaſtly more to me,
If once ſhe'd change and love me.

SONG 559.

OH! what a Plague is Love,
I cannot bear it;
She will unconſtant prove,
I greatly fear it;
It ſo torments my Mind,
That my Heart faileth;
She wavers with the Wind,
As a Ship faileth;

Pleaſe

Pleaſe her the beſt I may,
She loves ſtill to gainſay,
Alack, and well-a-day.
Phillada flouts me.

At the Fair t'other Day,
As ſhe paſs'd by me,
She look'd another Way,
And wou'd not ſpy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But cou'd not get her;
Dick had her to the Vine,
He might entreat her.
With Daniel ſhe did dance,
On me ſhe wou'd not glance;
Oh thrice unhappy Chance!
Phillada flouts me.

Fair Maid be not ſo coy,
Do not diſdain me;
I am my Mother's Joy;
Sweet, entertain me:
I ſhall have, when ſhe dies,
All Things that's fitting;
Her Poultry, and her Bees,
And her Gooſe ſitting;
A Pair of Matreſs Beds,
A Barrel full of Shreds:
And yet, for all theſe Goods,
Phillada flouts me.

I often heard her ſay,
That ſhe lov'd Poſies;
In the laſt Month of May
I gave her Roſes;
Cowſlips, and Gilly-flowers,
And the ſweet Lilly,
I got to deck the Bowers
Of my dear Philly.
She did them all diſdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis flat, and plain,
Phillada flouts me.

Thou ſhalt eat Curds and Cream
All the Year laſting,
And drink the chryſtal Stream,
Pleaſant in taſting;
Swig Whey, until you burſt,
Eat Bramble-berries,
Pye-lid, and Paſtry Cruſt,
Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries;
Thy Garments ſhall be thin,
Made of a Weather's Skin;
Yet all's not worth a Pin.
Phillada flouts me.

Which Way ſoe'er I go,
She ſtill torments me;
And whatſoe'er I do,
Nothing contents me:
I fade, and pine away,
With Grief and Sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any Shadow;
I ſhall be dead, I fear,
Within a thouſand Year,
And all becauſe my dear
Phillada flouts me.

Fair Maiden, have a Care,
And in Time take me;
I can have thoſe as fair,
If you forſake me;
There's Doll, the Dairy-maid,
Smil'd on me lately,
And wanton Winnifred
Favours me greatly;
One throws Milk on my Clothes,
T'other plays with my Noſe;
What pretty Toys are thoſe!
Phillada flouts me.

She has a Cloth of mine,
Wrought with blue Coventry,
Which ſhe keeps as a Sign
Of my Fidelity:

But if ſhe frowns on me,
She ſhall ne'er wear it;
I'll give it my Maid Joan,
And ſhe ſhall tear it.
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the World may ſee
Phillada flouts me.

SONG 560.

OH! what Pleaſures will abound,
When I've got ten thouſand Pound:
O how courted I ſhall be!
O what Lords will kneel to me!
Who'll diſpute my
Wit and Beauty
When my golden Charms are found?
O what Flattery
In the Lottery,
When I've got ten thouſand Pound!

SONG 561.

OH! where will you hurry my Deareſt,
Say, ſay to what Clime or what Shore?
You're tearing from me the ſincereſt,
That ever lov'd Mortal before.
A hcruel hard-hearted to preſs him,
And force the dear Youth from my Arms;
Reſtore him that I may careſs him,
And ſhield him from future Alarms.
In vain you inſult and deride me,
And make but a Scoff at my Woes;
You ne'er from my Dear ſhall divide me,
I'll follow wherever he goes.
Think not of the mercileſs Ocean
My Soul any Terror can have;
For ſoon as the Ship makes its motion.
So ſoon ſhall the Sea be my Grave.

SONG 562.

OH! where's the Plague in Love,
That you can't bear it?
If Men wou'd conſtant prove,
They need not fear it.

Young Maidens, ſoft and kind,
  Are moſt in Danger;
Men waver with the Wind,
  Each Man's a Ranger:
Their Falſhood makes us know,
That two Strings to our Bow
Is beſt, I find it ſo:
  Barnaby doubts me.

'Tis I that ſhou'd deſpair,
  'Tis you that ſlight me.
What tho' when at the Fair
  Dick did invite me;
Tho' Daniel with me danc'd
  You may believe me,
I often on thee glanc'd,
  I'd not deceive thee;
I ſaw thee look awry,
I know the Reaſon why,
I can ſee with one Eye,
  Barnaby doubts me.

Thou young and ſilly Boy,
  Do I diſdain thee?
Becauſe thou'rt Mother's Joy,
  I'd entertain thee;
Yet, wiſh I not her Death,
  For ought ſhe'd leave thee,
Nor, when Time ſtops her Breath,
  Will I deceive thee.
What care I for her Geeſe,
Or Beds of carded Fleece?
Since this quite breaks my Peace,
  Barnaby doubts me.

What tho' when I did ſay
  That I lov'd Poſies,
You, in the Month of May,
  Brought me ſweet Roſes?
You never ſhew'd the Thing
  That moſt wou'd pleaſe me;
A gay gold Wedding-Ring
  Wou'd ſoon have eas'd me.

I ſhould not with Diſdain
Have thrown it back again;
I think 'tis flat, and plain,
Barnaby doubts me.

Talk not of Curds and Cream,
Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries;
Nor of the chryſtal Stream,
Or Bramble-berries:
Moſt ſurely you forget
Our wonted Friſking,
The Cock'ril on the Spit,
And the Pork Griſking;
With more that might be ſaid,
When I got Dame to Bed;
Yet, oh! unhappy Maid,
Barnaby doubts me.

You ſay, whate'er you do,
Nothing contents thee;
I pray it may be ſo,
Whilſt thou torment'ſt me.
I pine, and ſigh, all Night,
And wiſh for Morrow;
I can have no Delight,
I'm full of Sorrow.
Oh! if I die, I fear,
Within a thouſand Year,
My Ghoſt will make't appear,
Barnaby doubts me.

I knit thy worſted Hoſe,
To ſave the Penny,
But wou'd not ſpot thy Clothes,
Like idle Winny:
Yet wanton Winnifred
You like much better;
Or Doll, the Dairy-maid,
If you cou'd get her.
Ungrateful Barnaby,
How can'ſt thou threaten me?
But I knew how 'twould be,
Barnaby doubts me.

The Cloth I have of thine,
Wrought with blue Coventry,
Which thou gav'ſt as a Sign
Of thy Fidelity,
I'll give it back again,
To thee as Token,
That by a perjur'd Swain
My ſad Heart's broken,
Oh! Barnaby unkind,
Thou'lt quite diſtract my Mind,
Too late, alas! I find,
Barnaby doubts me.

SONG 563.

OH yes! oh yes! oh yes! I cry,
Pray tell, you gentle Swains hard by,
If you a roving Heart did ſee,
Which lately took its flight from me.
Some Marks to know it I'll expreſs,
It comes of loyal honeſt Race,
By Nature kind, and prone to Love,
And conſtant as the Turtle-Dove.
Upon the Out-ſide of the ſame,
You'll find the charming Damon's Name,
By Love engrav'd, and plain to ſhow,
From which freſh Drops of Blood do flow.
'Tis tender as ſoft Down can be,
Or Beauty in its Infancy;
No Wealth can make it e'er untrue,
Such Hearts as mine you'll find but few.
That 'twas confin'd, I late was told,
Amongſt the Lambs in Cupid's Fold;
If ſo, pray ſeek that Deity,
And carry this Reſolve from me.
If he'll reſtore my Heart again,
I'll keep it from Deceits of Men;
From wily Wits and am'rous Tongues,
And all that to their Sex belongs.
But if this Heart he'll me refuſe,
For 'tis a Jewel few would loſe;

Pray

Pray let him tell dear Damon this,
And in Exchange command me his.

SONG 564.

OLD Adam, it is true,
No Care in Eden knew,
Yet his Sons live more gay and more airy:
For he tippl'd Water,
While we, who come after,
Drink Claret and racy Canary.

Then let each take his Glaſs,
And drink to his Laſs,
But ne'er be a Slave unto either;
For they are only wiſe,
Who both equally prize,
And join Bacchus and Venus together.

Whenever thus they meet,
All our Joys are compleat,
And our Jollity ne'er can expire;
They our Faculties warm,
And us mutually charm,
While each from the other takes Fire.

SONG 565.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his Pupil Achilles;
I'll tell you, young Gentleman, what the Fates Will is:
You, my Boy, muſt go,
The Gods will have it ſo,
To the Siege of Troy,
Thence never to return to Greece again;
But before thoſe Walls to be ſlain.

Let not your noble Courage be caſt down,
But all the while you lie before the Town,
Drink and drive Care away, drink and be merry:
You'll ne'er go the ſooner to the Stygian Ferry.

SONG 566.

OLD Saturn, that Drone of a God,
And Father of all the Divine,
Still govern'd the World with a Nod,
Yet fancy'd briſk Women and Wine;

And when he was whimſical grown,
By ſipping his plentiful Bowl,
Then frankly the Truth he would own,
That a Wench was the Joy of his Soul.

Great Jupiter, like his old Dad,
To love and a Bottle inclin'd,
When mellow, was conſtantly glad
To find a plump Girl to his Mind;
And then, as the Story is told,
He'd conjure himſelf in her Arms;
As once in a Shower of Gold
He rifled fair Danae's Charms.

Stern Mars, the great God of the Field,
All Day tho' delighting in Blood,
At Night his fierce Godſhip would yield
To Beauty and Wine that was good;
With Nectar he'd cheriſh his Heart,
And raiſe up his wanton Deſires,
Then to Venus, his Darling, impart
The Warmth of his amorous Fires.

Apollo, the Patron of Bays,
Full Gobblets would merrily drain,
And ſing forth poetical Lays,
When the Fumes had got in his Brain:
But ſtill as he whimſical grew,
By toping the Juice of the Vine,
To Parnaſſus daily he flew,
To kiſs all the muſical Nine.

Sly Mercury too, like the reſt,
Made Wenching and Wine his Delight,
And thought himſelf perfectly bleſt
With a Bottle and Miſtreſs at Night:
No wonder Debauches he lov'd,
And Cheating his Pleaſure he made,
For the Gods have ev'ry one prov'd
That Pimping was always his Trade.

Plump Bacchus, that tun-belly'd Sot,
His Thirſt could but ſeldom allay,
Till aſtride o'er a Hogſhead he got,
And drunk all the Liquor away:

As long as upright he could ſit,
He'd ſtrenuouſly bellow for more;
When drunk, then the Veſſel would quit,
And reel to ſome Bacchanal Whore.

SONG 567.

ON a Bank of Flowers in a Summer's Day.
Inviting, and undreſt,
In her Bloom of Years bright Celia lay,
With Love and Sleep oppreſt;
When a youthful Swain, with admiring Eyes,
Wiſh'd he durſt the fair Maid ſurprize,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But fear'd approaching Spies.

As he gaz'd, a gentle Breeze aroſe,
That fann'd her Robes aſide,
And the ſleeping Nymph did the Charms diſcloſe,
Which waking ſhe would hide:
Then his Breath grew ſhort, and his Heart beat high,
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to ſpy,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But durſt not ſtill draw nigh.

All amaz'd he ſtood, with her Beauties fir'd,
And bleſs'd the courteous Wind;
Then in Whiſpers ſigh'd, and the Gods deſir'd,
That Celia might be kind:
When with Hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain,
But ſhe laugh'd aloud in a Dream, and again,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Repell'd the tim'rous Swain.

Yet when once Deſire has inflam'd the Soul,
All modeſt Doubts withdraw;
And the God of Love does each Fear controul,
That would the Lover awe.
Shall a Prize like this, ſays the vent'rous Boy,
'Scape, and I not the Means employ?
With a fa, la, la, &c.
To ſeize the profer'd Joy?

Here the growing Youth, to relieve his Pain,
The ſlumb'ring Maid careſs'd;
And with trembling Hands (O the ſimple Swain!)
Her ſnowy Boſom preſt;

When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
Yet look'd as wiſhing he would purſue,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But Damon miſs'd his Cue.

Now repenting that he had let her fly,
Himſelf he thus accus'd;
What dull and ſtupid Thing was I,
That ſuch a Chance abus'd?
To thy Shame, 'twill ſoon on the Plain be ſaid,
Damon a Virgin aſleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Yet let her go a Maid.

SONG 568.

ON a Bank beſide a Willow,
Heav'n her Covering, Earth her Pillow,
Sad Aminta ſigh'd alone.
From the chearleſs Dawn of Morning,
'Till the Dews of Night returning,
Singing, thus ſhe made her Moan:
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a Youth, and ſuch a Lover;
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the Pride of Nature,
Charming in his ev'ry Feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting Kiſſes,
Murm'ring Bliſſes,
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never ſhall we curſe the Morning,
Never bleſs the Night returning,
Sweet Embraces to reſtore;
Never ſhall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, Love ſupplying
All the Joys he drain'd before;
To befriend me,
Death, come end me,
Love and Damon are no more.

SONG

SONG 569.

ON a graſſy Pillow
The youthful Myrtillo
Tranſported was laid;
In his Arms a Creature,
Whoſe every Feature
For Conqueſt was made;
To his Side he claſp'd her,
And fondly graſp'd her,
While ſhe cry'd, O! dear,
O! dear Myrtillo,
Had I known your Will-o,
I'd never come here.

Streams gently flowing,
And Zephyrs blowing
Ambroſial Breeze;
A Swain admiring,
And all conſpiring
The Charmer to pleaſe:
The dear Nymph complying,
No more denying,
A ſilent Grove;
O bleſt Myrtillo,
You may if you will-o,
Be as happy as Jove.

Now, the Devil's in it,
If ſuch a Minute
The Shepherd could loſe:
No, no, Myrtillo
Has better Skill-o,
His Moments to chuſe.
The delightful Treaſure
Of Love and Pleaſure,
He boldly ſeiz'd;
And young Myrtillo,
He had his Fill-o
Of what he pleas'd.

SONG 570.

ON Belvidera's Boſom lying,
Wiſhing, panting, ſighing, dying,

The cold regardleſs Maid to move,
With unavailing Pray'rs I ſue:
" You firſt have taught me how to love,
" Ah, teach me to be happy too!
But ſhe, alas! unkindly wiſe,
To all my Sighs and Tears replies,
" 'Tis ev'ry prudent Maid's Concern,
" Her Lover's Fondneſs to improve;
" If to be happy you ſhall learn,
" You quickly would forget to love.

SONG 571.

ON dear Zelinda's Charms I gaze,
And drink Deſtruction from her Eye,
In thoſe bright Orbs Love gaily plays,
And laughing bids his Arrows fly:
He wounds without ceaſing,
The Pain is yet pleaſing;
So ſweet is the Anguiſh,
I love and I languiſh;
And when from my Charmer, methinks I could die.
And when, &c.
With Venus, when on Ida's Grove,
For Charms Zelinda may compare:
She looks and moves the Queen of Love,
As fair her Face, divine her Air.
Bright Youth and good Nature
Light up ev'ry Feature:
With Wit all inviting
She's gay and delighting,
Inviting, delighting;
O Cupid! aſſiſt me my Charmer to move.
O Cupid! &c.

SONG 572.

ON Etrick Banks, in a Summer's Night,
At glowming when the Sheep drave hame,
I met my Laſſy, braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a' her Lane:
My Heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My Arms about her lilly Neck,
And kiſs'd and clap'd her there fou lang;
My Words they were na mony feck.

I ſaid

I ſaid, my Laſſy, will ye go
To the Highland Hills, the Earſe to learn;
I'll baith gi'e thee a Cow and Ew,
When ye come to the Brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld Meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And Herrings at the Broomy Law,
Chear up your Heart, my bony Laſs,
There's Gear to win we never ſaw.

All Day when we have wrought enough,
When Winter Frofts and Snaw begin,
Soon as the Sun gaes weſt the Loch,
At Night when you ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my Pipes and play a Spring:
And thus the weary Night we'll end,
Till the tender Kid and Lamb-time bring
Our pleaſant Summer back again.

Syne when the Trees are in their Bloom,
And Gowans glent o'er ilka Field,
I'll meet my Laſs amang the Broom,
And lead you to my ſummer Shield.
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' Din,
That make the kindly Hearts their Sport,
We'll laugh and kiſs, and dance and ſing,
And gar the langeſt Day ſeem ſhort.

SONG 573.

ON every Hill, in every Grove,
Along the Margin of each Stream,
Dear conſcious Scenes of former Love,
I mourn, and Damon is my Theme:
The Hills, the Groves, the Streams remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain.

Now to the moſſy Cave I fly,
Where to my Swain I oft have ſung,
Well pleas'd the browzing Goats to ſpy,
As o'er the airy Steep they hung.
The moſſy Cave, the Goats remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling Vale I paſs,
And ſigh to ſee the well-known Shade.
I weep, and kiſs the bending Graſs,
Where Love and Damon fondly play'd.

The Vale, the Shade, the Graſs remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain.

From Hill, from Dale, each Charm is fled,
Groves, Flocks, and Fountains pleaſe no more,
Each Flower in Pity droops its Head,
All Nature does my Loſs deplore.
All, all reproach the faithleſs Swain,
Yet Damon ſtill I ſeek in vain.

RECITATIVE.

Love, the greateſt Bliſs below,
How to taſte few Women know;
Fewer ſtill the Way have hit
How a fickle Swain to quit.
Simple Nymph, then learn of me,
How to treat Inconſtancy.

SONG 574.

ON, on, my dear Brethren, purſue the great Lecture,
And refine on the Rules of old Architecture:
High Honour to Maſons the Craft daily brings,
To thoſe Brothers of Princes, and Fellows of Kings.

We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the Stage,
And reviv'd the old Arts of Auguſtus' fam'd Age;
And Veſpaſian deſtroy'd the vaſt Temple in vain,
Since ſo many now riſe under Montagu's Reign.

The noble five Orders, compos'd with ſuch Art,
Shall amaze the ſwift Eye, engage the whole Heart:
Proportion, ſweet Harmony, gracing the Whole,
Gives our Work, like the glorious Creation, a Soul.

Then, Maſter and Brethren, preſerve your great Name:
This Lodge ſo majeſtic ſhall purchaſe you Fame;
Rever'd it ſhall ſtand, 'till all Nature expire,
And its Glories ne'er fade, 'till the World is on Fire.

See, ſee, behold here what rewards all our Toil,
Inſpires our Genius, and makes Labour ſmile:
To our Grand-Maſter let a Bumper be crown'd,
To all Maſons a Bumper, ſo let it go round.

Again, my lov'd Brethren, again let it paſs,
Our ancient firm Union cement with a Glaſs,
And all the Contention 'mongſt Maſons ſhall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

SONG 575.

ON the Banks of a River, cloſe under the Shade,
Young Cleon and Sylvia one Ev'ning were laid;
The Youth pleaded ſtrongly for Proof of his Love,
But Honour had won her his Flame to reprove.
She cry'd, Where's the Luſtre when Clouds ſhade the Sun?
Or what is rich Nectar, the Taſte being gone?
'Mongſt Flowers on the Stalk ſweeteſt Odours do dwell,
But if gather'd, the Roſe itſelf loſes the Smell.
Thou deareſt of Nymphs, the briſk Shepherd reply'd,
If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on Love's Side.
In Matters of State let grave Reaſon be ſhown,
But Love is a Pow'r will be ruled by none.
Nor ſhould a coy Beauty be counted ſo rare,
For Scandal can blaſt both the Chaſte and the Fair:
Moſt fierce are the Joys Love's Alembick do fill,
And the Roſes are ſweeteſt when put to the Still.

SONG 576.

ON the Bank of a River ſo deep,
Whoſe Waters glide ſilently on,
Sad Roſalind ſat down to weep,
For Damon, her Lover, was gone:
The faireſt and faithfulleſt ſhe,
Of all that tripp'd over the Plains;
But alas! the moſt fickle was he,
Among all the Shepherds and Swains.
Down each Cheek ran her Tears in a Stream:
All his Vows are forgotten, ſhe cries,
Regarded no more than a Dream,
Though for him this fond Shepherdeſs dies:
He's gone, the falſe Creature is gone,
To deceive ſome freſh Nymph of the Plain,
Whoſe Fate will, like mine, be to moan
The Loſs of a perjured Swain.
Beware, you bright Maidens, beware,
If my treacherous Shepherd you meet,
For alas! he's bewitchingly fair;
When he ſpeaks, there's no Muſick ſo ſweet:

As the Spring he is blooming and gay,
As the Summer delightſome and kind;
But believe not one Word he can ſay,
For he's falſe as the wavering Wind.

Fooliſh Maid! whilſt I thought he was true,
I ſent up no Looks to the Skies;
All the Sunſhine or Gloom that I knew,
Was the Gloom or the Shine of his Eyes.
He alone was my Joy, and my Care,
I wiſh'd for no Heaven above;
No Sorrow, no Pain could I fear,
No Hell, but the Loſs of his Love.

How fondly endearing was he,
'Till I granted whate'er he deſir'd?
But, you Virgins, take Warning by me,
For his Flame from that Moment expir'd.
Now I ne'er ſhall embrace him again,
He, ungrateful, is flown from my Arms;
Far away, o'er the flowery Plain,
And deſpiſes theſe ſullied Charms.

Sure the Gods have ſome Vengeance in ſtore.
For the Breach of thoſe Vows which he made,
Though by him they're remember'd no more,
Than the Wretch who by them was betray'd.
But forgive him, ye Powers above,
Though he's falſe, bring no Harm on his Head:
But crown him with Beauty and Love,
Long after poor Roſalind's dead.

Thus ſhe mourn'd: what a Scene all around!
The Birds flag their Wings at her Sighs,
The Valleys her Sorrows reſound,
And the Stream ſhews her blubbered Eyes:
All Nature takes part in her Woe,
A black Cloud o'er the Heaven is ſpread,
The Winds have forgotten to blow,
And the Willows bend over her Head.

SONG 577.

ON the Banks of the Severn, a deſperate Maid,
(Whom ſome Shepherd, neglecting his Vows, had betray'd;)

Stood

Stood reſolving to baniſh all Senſe of the Pain,
And purſue, thro' her Death, a Revenge on the Swain.
Since the Gods, and my Paſſion, at once he defies;
Since his Vanity lives, whilſt my Character dies;
No more (did ſhe ſay) will I trifle with Fate,
But commit to the Waves both my Love and my Hate.

And now to comply with that furious Deſire,
Juſt ready to plunge, and alone to expire;
Some Reflections on Death, and its Terrors untry'd,
Some Scorn for the Shepherd, ſome Flaſhings of Pride,
At length pull'd her back, and ſhe cry'd, why this Strife,
Since the Swains are ſo many, and I've but one Life?

SONG 578.

ON the Brow of Richmond Hill,
Which Europe ſcarce can parallel,
Every Eye ſuch Wonders fill,
To view the Proſpect round;
Where the ſilver Thames does glide,
And ſtately Courts are edify'd,
Meadows deck'd in Summer's Pride,
With verdant Beauties crown'd.

Lovely Cynthia paſſing by,
With brighter Glories bleſt my Eye;
Ah! then in vain, in vain, ſaid I,
The Fields and Flow'rs do ſhine;
Nature in this charming Place
Created Pleaſure in Exceſs;
But all are poor to Cynthia's Face,
Whoſe Features are divine.

SONG 579.

ON Whitſunday Morning
I went to the Fair,
My yellow hair'd Laddie
Was ſelling his Ware
He gied me ſic a blyth Blink
With his bonny black Eye,
And a dear Blink, and a fair Blink
It was unto me.

I wiſt not what ail'd me
When my Laddie came in,
The little wee Starnies
Flew ay frae my Een;
And the Sweat it dropt down
Frae my very Eye-brie,
And my Heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.
I wiſt not what ail'd me,
When I went to my Bed,
I toſſed and tumbled,
And Sleep frae me fled.
Now its ſleeping and waking
He is ay in my Eye,
And my Heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

SONG 580.

ON yonder Bed, ſupinely laid,
Behold thy lov'd expecting Maid:
In Tremor, Bluſhes, half in Tears,
Much, much ſhe wiſhes, more ſhe fears.
Take, take her to thy faithful Arms,
Hymen beſtows thee all her Charms.
Heav'n to thee bequeaths the Fair,
To raiſe thy Joy, and lull thy Care:
Heav'n made Grief, if mutual, ceaſe,
But Joy divided to increaſe:
To mourn with her exceeds Delight,
Darkneſs with her, the Joys of Light.

SONG 581.

ONce fair Serena panting lay,
With Thoughts of Love oppreſt;
Hoping that Slumber might allay
The Fever in her Breaſt,
Her ſleeping Senſe at laſt was caught,
And Slumber ſoon made known;
The Tranſports ſhe enjoy'd in Thought,
She waking durſt not own.

Smiling

Smiling ſhe lay with longing Arms,
  Graſping the fleeting Air;
Melting with thouſand am'rous Charms
  Fancy cou'd e'er declare:
Her Swain ſurpriz'd this Sight to view
  And hear her Love repeat,
Straight to her Arms like Light'ning flew,
  Her Wiſhes to compleat.

The Maid aſham'd to be thus caught,
  Sigh'd, bluſh'd, and ſtrove to riſe;
Accuſing that her Swain was nought,
  Her Virtue to ſurprize:
She vow'd by all the Gods above,
  Her Scorn ſhe wou'd not hide;
But melting ſoon with rapturous Love,
  The Nymph forgot to chide.

SONG 582.

ONce I lov'd a charming Creature,
  But the Flame with which I burn
Is not for each tender Feature,
  Nor for her Wit and ſprightly Turn,
But for her Down, derry, down derry,
But for her Down, derry, down derry.

On the Graſs I ſaw her lying,
  Strait I ſeiz'd her tender Waiſt;
On her Back ſhe lay complying,
  With her lovely Body plac'd
Under my Down, &c.

But the Nymph being young and tender,
  Cou'd not bear the dreadful Smart,
Still unwilling to ſurrender,
  Call'd Mamma to take her Part
Of her Down, &c.

Out of Breath, Mamma came running,
  To prevent poor Nancy's Fate;
But the Girl, now grown more cunning,
  Cry'd Mamma, you're come too late,
For I am Down, &c.

SONG 583.

ONce in Summer Ev'ning fair,
Sirena took the Country Air,
Myrtillo led the Way:
Four other Nymphs attendant ſhone,
Like Stars around the full-orb'd Moon,
Rob'd in ſuperior Day.

A Hat, of plaited Straw-work, made
Aptly to ev'ry Damſel's Head,
Supply'd a decent Skreen;
Each lin'd with Silk of diff'rent Hue,
Of fiery Red, of milder Blue,
And Heart-refreſhing Green.

Thro' Paſtures green, o'er Walks of Graſs,
Thro' Fields of ripen'd Corn they paſs,
In mirthful Chat along:
No ſland'ring Wit, nor idle Tale,
Which oft in Female Talk prevail,
Employ'd each buſy Tongue.

Their Theme was the deſcending Sun,
Who now in ſoften'd Glory ſhone,
Tho' ampler to behold:
They wonder'd at the weſtern Skies,
Stain'd with a thouſand diff'rent Dyes,
And waſh'd in Streams of Gold.

Here might you ſee a ſtretching Fan,
Mark the fair Landſcape (as it ran)
Confus'dly laid in Blue;
And there a waving Hat explains
The Colours of the nearer Plains,
Diſtinguiſh'd to the View.

One prais'd the calm and breathleſs Air,
One the ſweet Smells beyond compare,
Diffus'd from Greens around.
All mingl'd, with a pleaſant Strife,
Their Praiſes of a Country Life,
With peaceful Pleaſures crown'd.

But oft Myrtillo, to be bleſt,
Would ſteal Sirena from the reſt,

And

And eaſe his wounded Mind:
From Ovid would he take his Cue,
And talk ſuch Things as Lovers do,
To make the fair One kind.

Now' gan the ſinking Day to fail,
And Night kickt up the doubtful Scale,
The Wand'rers haſte along:
A-while they ſtop, a-while they reſt,
The ſweet Sirena they requeſt
To tune the ſprightly Song.

The Nymph comply'd; but oh!--to tell
What Muſick from her Warbles fell,
To Angels only's giv'n:
For ſure ſuch Melody of Sound,
As ne'er in mortal Voice was found,
Is likeſt that of Heav'n.

Myrtillo ſtood in ſweet Surprize,
Gay Pleaſure wanton in his Eyes,
His Ears unuſual Tranſports prove;
While Beauty all her Rays diffus'd,
While Harmony her Chains unloos'd,
And faſten'd thoſe of Love.

He gaz'd upon the tuneful Fair;
Her Charms ſerene, her eaſy Air,
His Heart by ſilent Treach'ry ſtole:
He liſten'd to her ſilver Song,
He caught it dropping from her Tongue,
And in Exchange reſign'd his Soul.

Sirena, conſcious of her Pow'r,
With Smiles her endleſs Song gave o'er,
That ended half his Bliſs:
The Damſels all expreſt their Joys;
Myrtillo bow'd in lowly wiſe,
And thank'd her in a Kiſs.

SONG 584.

ONce in our Lives,
Let us drink to our Wives,
Tho' their Numbers be but ſmall;
Heaven take the beſt,
And the Devil take the reſt,
And ſo we ſhall get rid of them all.

To this hearty Wiſh,
Let each Man take his Diſh,
And drink, drink till he fall.

SONG 585.

ONCE more I'll tune the Vocal Shell,
To Hills and Dales my Paſſion tell,
A Flame which Time can never quell
But burn for thee, my Peggy.
Yet Guitar Bars the Lyre ſhould hit,
For ſay what Subject is more fit,
Than to record the ſparkling Wit,
And Bloom of lovely Peggy.

The Sun firſt riſing in the Morn,
That paints the Dew-beſpangl'd Thorn,
Does not ſo much the Day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy.
And when in Thetis' Lap to reſt
He ſtreaks with Gold the ruddy Weſt,
She's not ſo beauteous, as undreſt
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyrs, on the Violet blows,
Or breathes upon the Damaſk Roſe,
He does not half the Sweets diſcloſe,
As does my lovely Peggy.
I ſtole a Kiſs, the other Day,
And truſt me none but Truth I ſay,
The Fragrance of the blooming May,
Is not ſo ſweet as Peggy.

Were ſhe array'd in Ruſtic Weed,
With She the bleating Flock I'd feed,
And pipe upon the Oaken Reed,
To pleaſe my lovely Peggy.
With her a Cottage would delight,
All's happy when ſhe's in my Sight,
But when ſhe's gone 'tis endleſs Night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r ſhall rove,
And Linnets warble through the Grove,
Or ſtately Swains the Water love,
So long ſhall I love Peggy.

And when Death, with his pointed Dart
Shall ſtrike the Blow that rives my Heart,
My Words ſhall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

SONG 586.

ONCE on a time, as old Stories rehearſe,
A Friar wou'd needs ſhew his Talent in Latin,
But was ſorely put to't in the midſt of a Verſe,
Becauſe he cou'd find no Word to come pat in.
Then at the Place
He left a void Space,
And ſo went to Bed in a deſperate Caſe:
When behold, the next Morning, a wonderful Riddle,
He found it was ſtrangely fill'd up in the middle.

CHORUS.

Let cenſuring Criticks then think what they liſt on't,
Who wou'd not write Verſes with ſuch an Aſſiſtant?

This put the good Friar into an Amazement,
For he wiſely conſider'd it muſt be a Sprite,
That came thro' the Key-hole, or in at the Caſement,
And it needs muſt be one that cou'd both read and write:
Yet he did not know
If it were Friend or Foe,
Or whether it came from above or below.
Howe'er it was civil in Angel or Elf,
For he ne'er cou'd have fill'd it ſo well of himſelf.

CHORUS.

Let cenſuring Criticks then think what they liſt on't,
Who wou'd not write Verſes with ſuch an Aſſiſtant?

Even ſo Maſter Doctor had puzled his Brains,
In making a Ballad, but was at a Stand;
He had mix'd little Wit with a great deal of Pains,
When he found a new Help from inviſible Hand:
Then good Dr. Swift,
Pay Thanks for the Gift,
For you freely muſt own you were at a dead Liſt;
And tho' ſome malicious young Spirit did do't,
You may know by the Hand it had no cloven Foot.

CHORUS.

Let cenſuring Criticks then think what they liſt on't,
Who would not write Verſes with ſuch an Aſſiſtant?

SONG 587.

ONE April Ev'ning, when the Sun
Had journey'd down the Sky,
Poor Marian with joyleſs Chear,
Walk'd out moſt heavily.

Tears trickled down her faded Cheeks,
Soft Sighs her Boſom heav'd;
Soft Sighs confeſt her inward Woe:
Alas! ſh'ad been deceiv'd.

Ah! what a Wretch am I become,
Poor luckleſs Laſs! ſaid ſhe;
The Cowſlip, and the Violet's Bloom,
Have now no Charms for me.

The ſetting Sun, which decks each Cloud
With Streaks of purple Dye,
Brings no Relief to my Diſeaſe,
Nor Pleaſure to my Eye.

This little River, when I dreſs'd,
Once ſerv'd me for a Glaſs;
And now it ſerves to ſhew how Love
Has ruin'd this poor Face.

How often, Collin, have you ſwore,
That none you lov'd but me;
Yet Perjur'd now, thoſe Oaths you ſcorn,
And ſlight my Miſery.

What Charms can happy Mopſa boaſt,
To change thy faithleſs Mind?
What Beauty more in her, than me,
Ungrateful! can'ſt thou find?

All other Shepherds think me fair;
But what is that to me,
The Praiſe of all the Neighb'ring Youth?
I, hopeleſs, die for thee!

Yet I would change my roſie Cheeks,
For Mopſa's ſallow Hue;
And be content with blubber Lips,
Since they have Charms for you.

Have

Have I not told you twenty times,
I could not bear Deceit?
And who'd have gueſs'd thoſe harmleſs Looks
Were form'd to hide a Cheat?

But now, alas! too late I find
Thoſe Looks have me betray'd;
Yet I'll not ſpend my dying Hours
Thy Falſhood to upbraid.

But what remaining Breath I have
Shall intercede with Heav'n,
That all thy broken Vows to me
At laſt may be forgiv'n.

And one ſmall Boon, of thee unkind,
I, ere I die, require;
Ah! do not thou refuſe to grant
A Wretch her laſt Deſire.

When thou with Mopſa ſhalt have fixt
Thy fatal Marriage-Day,
Oh! do not o'er my Green-Graſs Grave,
Inhuman, track thy Way.

SONG 588.

ONE April Morn, as from the Sea
Phœbus was juſt appearing;
Damon and Cælia, young and gay,
Long-ſettl'd Love endearing;
Met in a Grove to vent their Spleen
On Parents unrelenting;
He bred of Tory Race had been,
She of the Tribe Diſſenting.

Cælia, whoſe Eyes out-ſhone the God
Newly the Hills adorning;
Told him Mamma would run ſtark mad,
She miſſing Prayers that Morning:
Damon, his Arm around her Waiſt,
Swore that nought ſhould them ſunder;
Should my rough Dad know how I'm bleſt,
'Twould make him roar like Thunder.

Great ones whom proud Ambition blind,
By Faction ſtill ſupport it;
Or, where vile Money taints the Mind,
They for Convenience court it;

But mighty Love, that ſcorns to ſhew
Party ſhould raiſe his Glory,
Swears he'll exalt a Vaſſal true,
Let him be Whig or Tory.

SONG 589.

ONE Day I heard Mary ſay,
How ſhall I leave thee?
Stay, deareſt Adonis, ſtay,
Why wilt thou grieve me:
Alas! my fond Heart will break,
If thou ſhould leave me;
I'll live and die for thy Sake;
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, ſay,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young Heart betray
New Love, that has griev'd thee;
My conſtant Mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou may believe me;
I'll love thee, Lad, Night and Day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming Youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy Anguiſh ſooth?
This Breaſt ſhall receive thee.
My Paſſion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight ſhall drive Pain away,
Pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, Lad,
How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that Thought makes me ſad,
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor Heart will die,
If I ſhould leave thee.

SONG

SONG 590.

ONE Ev'ning having loſt my Way,
By chance I came into a Wood,
Sol had been very hot that Day;
I under a Covert ſtood:
Long time I had not tarry'd there,
Before I heard a Ruſtling nigh,
A Female Voice ſaid, ſtay my Dear;
The Man cry'd, Zoons, not I.
Don't offer to hold me, but let go my Hand,
Thou'ſt tore off a Button, and rumpl'd my Band;
Don't ſqueeze me, let me goo, for I wonna be fool'd by thee.

Theſe Words, I own, did make me ſtare,
No Perſon being to be ſeen;
When thro' the Leaves a Damſel fair
I ſpy'd lying on the Green.
A luſty Clown did by her ſtand,
Endeavouring for to get away;
The Laſs as ſtrongly held his Hand,
And thus to him did ſay.
My deareſt ſweet Dickie, why wilt thou be
So croſs and ſo cruel unto me,
When thou know'ſt I love, I languiſh, I ſigh, I die for thee?

And then the Tears did trickle down
From her bright Eyes exceeding faſt:
The Sight of which ſo mov'd the Clown,
He ſtood like one aghaſt.
Why wilt thou, Joany, tempt me ſoo,
Mayhaps we may a young one get,
Then I muſt for a Soldier goo,
And thou know'ſt I hate to fight.
My deareſt, my Dickie, be rul'd by me,
They neither ſhall preſs thee by Land nor by Sea,
But love me, deareſt Dickie, and I'll ſave thee from the Wars.

At this the Clown began to grin,
And learingly on her did look;
And after having wip'd his Chin
From her a Kiſs he took.

And

And wilt thou then, my deareſt Joan,
Secure me that I ſhan't be preſt,
If ſo, I wiſh we two were one.
Ah Dickie! then I am bleſt.
She pull'd him down by her, ſaying, be not afraid.
Gods! who cou'd deny ſo charming a Maid?
Such Breaſts, ſuch Lips, ſuch Eyes, wou'd charm a modern Saint.
Had you but ſeen with how much Art
She manag'd him in Love's Conteſt,
And how well Dickie plaid his part,
You'd ſwear that each lov'd beſt.
Now both agree to reſt a while,
Being tired with extream Delight;
She ſoon reviv'd him with a Smile,
And Dickie renew'd the Fight.
She hugg'd him, ſhe kiſs'd him from Head to Heel,
Such Joy and ſuch Tranſport the Clown did ne'er feel,
My Dear, my Joan, he cry'd, I never can from thee part.
They toy'd while they cou'd, and they both conſent,
To meet the next Ev'ning; ſo home they went,
Dick fears no preſſing now, and Joan has her Longing ſav'd.

SONG 591.

ONE Ev'ning the lovelieſt Pair
That ever frequented the Plain,
Bright Lydia, th'all-conquering Fair,
And Damon the beautiful Swain,
Sat down in a Jeſſamine Grove,
Where a murmuring Rivulet ſtray'd,
When Damon, to kindle old Love,
Thus ſoftly reproached the Maid.

Dam. O Lydia! while I was that he
That ever was bleſt with your Charms,
And never a Shepherd but me
Claſp'd in that ſoft Circle your Arms;
Then Damon all chearful did ſing,
And his Happineſs yielding to none,
Deſpis'd all the Pomp of a King,
And ſlighted a glittering Throne.

Lyd.

Lyd. False Damon! the Virgin reply'd,
Whilst you true and constant did prove,
Consuming whole Days by my Side,
In sighing and talking of Love;
Whilst Phillis's Beauty did yield
To mine in your delicate Eye,
Then I was the Pride of the Field,
No Queen was so happy as I.

Dam. Ah name not that beautiful Dame!
She has totally ravish'd my Heart;
Her Charms set me all in a Flame
Which she fans with her musical Art;
One Touch of that powerful Breath
Wounds a Heart as it pierces an Ear;
For her I would freely meet Death,
Would the Powers my Goddess but spare.

Lyd. Alexis, the bloomingest Youth
That treads on the flowery Plains,
With innocent Arts and pure Truth
My Heart not unwilling detains:
Still burning with mutual Desire,
Unbroken Delights we enjoy;
Far oft'ner than once I'd expire
To save the adorable Boy.

Dam. But now if my Heart should return
To the Duty it owes thee again;
Leave Phillis to sorrow and mourn,
A Conquest she could not maintain:
If humbly thy Pardon he'll crave,
And sigh when he thinks on the Time
He slighted thy Love, wilt thou leave
Thy Damon to die for his Crime?

Lyd. Ah! no, tho' Alexis the Fair
His Charms like a Planet displays,
And thou art unconstant as Air,
And wrathful as bellowing Seas:
Yet with thee a long Series of Years
Like a Minute of Joy I'd consume,
And at Death, not lament thee with Tears,
But lay myself down in thy Tomb.

SONG 592.

ONE long Whitſun Holiday,
Holiday, Holiday, 'twas a jolly Day,
Young Ralph, buxom Phillida,
Phillida, a-well-a-day!
Met in the Peaſe:
They long had Community,
He lov'd her, ſhe lov'd him,
Joyful Unity, nought but Opportunity
Scanting, was wanting,
Their Boſoms to eaſe.

But now Fortune's Cruelty,
Cruelty, you will ſee; for as they lie
In cloſe Hug, Sir Domini,
Gemini! Gemini!
Chanc'd to come by.
He read Prayers in the Family,
No way now to frame a Lye,
They, ſcar'd at old Homily,
Homily, Homily,
Both away fly.

Home, ſoon as he ſaw the Sight,
Full of Spite as a Kite, runs the Rechabite,
Like a noiſy Hypocrite,
Hypocrite, Hypocrite,
Miſchief to ſay.
Save he would fair Phillida,
Phillida, Phillida, dreſt that Holiday,
But poor Ralph, ah! well-a-day,
Well-a-day, well-a-day!
Turn'd was away.

Adſnigs! cries Sir Domini,
Gemini! Gemini! ſhall a Rogue ſtay,
To baulk me, as commonly,
Commonly, commonly.
Has been his way:
No, I ſerve the Family,
They know nought to blame me by,
I read Prayers and Homily,
Homily, Homily,
Three times a Day.

SONG

SONG 593.

ONE Night in my Ramble I chanced to ſee
A Thing like a Spirit it frightened me;
I cock'd up my Hat, and reſolv'd to look big,
And ſtrait fell a tuning the Iriſh Jig.

The Devil drew nearer and nearer; in ſhort,
I found it was one of the Petticoat Sort:
My Fears being over, I car'd not a Fig,
But ſtill I kept tuning the Iriſh Jig.

And then I went to her, reſolving to try her;
I put her agog of a longing Deſire;
I told her I'd give her a Whip for her Gig,
And a Scourge to the Tune of the Iriſh Jig.

Then nothing but dancing our Fancy could pleaſe,
We lay on the Graſs, and danc'd at our Eaſe;
I down'd with my B---s, and off with my Wig,
And we fell a dancing the Iriſh Jig.

I thank you, kind Sir, for your Kindneſs, ſaid ſhe,
The Scholar's as wiſe as the Maſter can be;
For if you ſhould chance to get me a Kid,
I'll lay the poor Brat to the Iriſh Jig.

The Dance being ended, as you may ſay,
We roſe by Conſent, and we both went away;
I put on my Cloaths, and left her to grow big,
And ſo went roaring the Iriſh Jig.

SONG 594.

ONE Night when all the Village ſlept,
Myrtillo's ſad Deſpair
The wand'ring Shepherd waking kept,
To tell the Woods his Care.

Be gone, ſaid he, fond Thought be gone;
Eyes, give your Sorrows o'er:
Why ſhou'd you waſte your Tears for one
That thinks on you no more?

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Pow'rs,
That dwell within the Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours
We here have paſs'd in Love.

You Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how ſhe has ſworn
A thouſand Times, that like to thoſe
Her Flame ſhou'd ever burn.

But ſince ſhe's loſt, Oh! let me have
My Wiſh, and quickly die:
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there for ever lie.
Sad Nightingales the Watch ſhall keep,
And kindly here complain:
Then down the Shepherd lay to ſleep,
But never wak'd again.

SONG 595.

ONE Summer's Eve, as Strephon rov'd,
Wrapt up in Thought profound,
Surpriz'd, he ſaw his beſt belov'd
Lye ſleeping on the Ground.

Awake, my pretty Sleeper, wake!
Awake to Strephon's Call;
Be careful for your Lover's Sake:
'Tis Night, the Dew-Drops fall.

Then to her Cheek his Lips he laid,
And gently ſtole a Kiſs.
She ſtill ſlept on. He not diſmay'd,
Repeats the tranſient Bliſs.

She wakes, and thus with angry Tone,
Away, away, ſhe cries:
Then fault'ring bids the Swain be gone:
Then ſigh'd, and clos'd her Eyes.

Tho' cruel are your Words, ſweet Maid,
Can Sighs proceed from Hate?
My Doubts are gone. Then down he laid,
Reſolv'd to ſhare her Fate.

Defended from the noxious Air,
Within his Arms ſhe lay:
And tho' the Swain oft wak'd the Fair,
She ſaid no more till Day.

SONG

SONG 596.

ONE Sunday after Maſs,
Dermet and his Laſs
To the Greenwood did paſs,
All alone, all alone,
All alone, all alone, all alone.

He aſk'd for a Pogue,
And ſhe call'd him a Rogue,
And ſtruck him with her Brogue.
Ahon! ahon! ahon!

Said he, my Dear ſhoy,
Why will you prove coy?
Let us play, let us toy,
All alone, all alone,
All alone, all alone, all alone.

If I were ſo mild,
You are ſo very wild,
You would get me a Shild.
Ahon! ahon! ahon!

He brib'd her with Fruits,
And he brib'd her with Nuts,
'Till a Thorn prick'd her Foots.
Haloo! haloo! haloo! haloo!

Shall I pull it out!
You will hurt me, I doubt,
And make me to ſhout.
Haloo! haloo! haloo!

SONG 597.

OTHERS falſe Tongues can you believe,
Yet not my truer ſpeaking Eyes;
Mens Tongues Love teaches to deceive,
But with his Looks no Lover lies.

The leſs I boaſt my real Flame,
The more my Paſſion Truth beſpeaks;
Not what the Tongue but Eyes proclaim,
Love's Infidel a Convert makes.

For Lovers, like profeſſing Friends,
Are more believ'd, the leſs they ſay;
Who more our artful Speeches minds,
Than Looks, does her own Faith betray.

Believe not my loud Rivals then,
  Whilſt they to thee ſuch Love profeſs;
True Love is, like true Courage, ſeen,
  But more as we pretend to't leſs.

SONG 598.

OVER the Mountains,
  And over the Waves;
Over the Fountains,
  And under the Graves:
Over Rocks which are ſteepeſt,
  Which do Neptune obey;
Over Floods which are the deepeſt,
  Love will find out the Way.

Where there is no Place
  For the Glow-worm to lie:
Where there is no Space
  For Receipt of a Fly:
Where the Gnat ſhe dare not venture,
  Leſt herſelf faſt ſhe lay:
But if Love come he will enter,
  And will find out the Way.

You may eſteem him
  A Child by his Force;
Or you may deem him
  A Coward, which is worſe:
But if he whom Love doth honour,
  Be conceal'd from the Day,
Set a thouſand Guards upon him,
  Love will find out the Way.

Some think to loſe him,
  Which is too unkind;
And ſome do ſuppoſe him,
  Poor Heart, to be blind:
But if ne'er ſo cloſe you wall him,
  Do the beſt that you may,
Blind Love, if ſo you call him,
  Will find out the Way.

Well may the Eagle
  Stoop down to the Fiſt:
Or you may inveigle
  The Phœnix of the Eaſt:

Wit'n

With Tears the Tiger's moved,
To give over his Prey;
But never ſtop a Lover,
He will poſt on his Way.

From Dover to Berwick,
And Nations throughout,
Brave Guy of Warwick,
That Champion ſtout:
With his warlike Behaviour,
Thro' the World he did ſtray;
To win his Phillis' Favour,
Love will find out the Way.

In Order next enters
Bevis ſo brave;
After Adventures,
And Policy grave:
To ſee whom he deſired,
His Joſian ſo gay;
For whom his Heart was fired,
Love found out the Way.

SONG 599.

OUR Polly is a ſad Slut! nor heeds what we taught her,
I wonder any Man alive will ever rear a Daughter!
For ſhe muſt have both Hoods and Gowns,
And Hoops to ſwell her Pride,
With Scarfs and Stays, and Gloves and Lace;
And ſhe will have Men beſide;
And when ſhe's dreſt with Care and Coſt,
All tempting fine and gay,
As Men ſhould ſerve a Cucumber,
She flings herſelf away.
Our Polly is a ſad Slut, &c.

SONG 600.

OUR ſelves, like the great, to ſecure a retreat,
When Matters require it, muſt give up our Gang:
And good Reaſon why,
Or, inſtead of the Fry,
Ev'n Peachum and I
Like poor petty Raſcals, might hang, hang;
Like poor petty Raſcals, might hang.

SONG 601.

OUR Shopkeepers Wives are ſo poliſh'd of late,
That each has her Card and her Viſiting-day;
And whilſt the tame Huſband toils hard with his Fate,
She ruins his Credit and Pocket at Play.
Quadrille, Picquet,
Ombre, Baſſet,
Alternative charm and promote her Delight:
The Children are ſqualling,
And Creditors bawling,
That force the poor Bankrupt away in the Night.

SONG 602.

OUR Suſan is pretty,
She's merry and witty,
She has got Sweethearts three;
But ſuch as they are,
I now ſhall declare
To all this Company.
The firſt a Monſieur,
With a capering Air,
With a Sword and a ſmart Toupee;
Be Gar, Madem'ſelle,
Me love you ver'vell,
Dat all the Varl may ſee.
Me late come from Fraunce,
Me teach you de Daunce,
And de alamode Figure in;
Me ſhow you de Vay
How de bright and de gay
Spend de Time, ven da tink no ting.
The next, a Dear Joy,
A Bogtrotting Boy,
Of the County of Tipperary,
With fine borrow'd Clothes,
He inliſts among Beaus,
Is as briſk and as light as a Fairy.
Urra, Joy, do you ſee,
Teague is coming to thee,
To make Love upon you, I will ſwear,

I have

I have gotten at Home
(But no Houſe nor Room)
Five hundred Pounds by the Year.

The laſt comes from Wales,
Which Country ne'er fails
To produce many Gentlemen born;
Tho' their Cloathing is rent,
And Money all ſpent,
To be thought leſs than Gent they all ſcorn.

Hur comes ſee hur Lahdy,
And cot hurſelf ready
To court her, and make her a Jointure
Of one Pound a Year,
In Glamorganſhire,
Sure hur Lahdyſhip muſt have a Mind t'hur.

Now whether to chuſe,
Or which to refuſe,
Our Suſan at preſent can't tell,
But does in her Heart
Wiſh all three in a Cart
Driven under their paſſing Bell.

SONG 603.

PALE Faces, ſtand by,
And our bright ones adore;
We look like our Wine,
You worſe than our Score.

Come, light up your Pimples,
All Art we out-ſhine,
When the plump God doth paint,
Each Streak is divine.

Clean Glaſſes are Pencils,
Old Claret is Oil,
He that ſits for his Picture
Muſt ſit a good while.

SONG 604.

PAin'd with her ſlighting Jamie's Love,
Bell dropt a Tear——Bell dropt a Tear:
The Gods deſcending from above,
Well pleas'd to hear——well pleas'd to hear:

They

They heard the Praiſes of the Youth
From her own Tongue——from her own Tongue,
Who now converted was to Truth,
And thus ſhe ſung——and thus ſhe ſung.

Bleſt Days when our ingenuous Sex,
More frank and kind——more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex;
But ſpoke their Mind——but ſpoke their Mind.
Repenting now, ſhe promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return——wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cauſe him mourn——or cauſe him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deſerving Swain,
Yet ſtill thought ſhame,——yet ſtill thought ſhame,
When he my yielding Heart did gain,
To own my Flame——to own my Flame?
Why took I Pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy——and ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now alas! lament
My ſlighted Joy——my ſlighted Joy.
Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
Own your Deſire——own your Deſire,
While Love's young Power with his ſoft Wing
Fans up the Fire——fans up the Fire.
O do not with a ſilly Pride,
Or low Deſign——or low Deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy Bride,
But anſwer plain——but anſwer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
With flowing Eyes——with flowing Eyes:
Glad Jamie heard her all the Time,
With ſweet Surprize——with ſweet Surprize.
Some God had led him to the Grove,
His Mind unchang'd——his Mind unchang'd,
Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, My Love,
I am reveng'd——I am reveng'd!

SONG 605.

PAN leave piping, the Gods have done Feaſting,
There's never a Goddeſs a Hunting to Day:
Mortals marvel at Corydon's Jeſting,
That gives the Aſſiſtance to entertain May.

The

The Lads and the Laſſes, with Scarfs on their Faces,
So lively as paſſes, trip over the Down:
Much Mirth and Sport they make, running at Barley-break;
Lord what Haſte they make for a Green-gown.

John with Gillian, Harry with Frances,
Meg and Mary, with Robin and Will,
George and Margery lead all the Dances,
For they were reported to have the beſt Skill:
But Cic'ly and Nancy, the faireſt of many,
That came laſt of any from out of the Towns,
Quickly got in among the Midſt of all the Throng,
They ſo much did long for their Green-gowns.

Wanton Deborah whiſper'd with Dorothy,
That ſhe would wink upon Richard and Sym;
Mincing Maudlin ſhew'd her Authority,
And in the Quarrel would venture a Limb.
But Sibel was ſickly, and could not come quickly,
And therefore was likely to fall in a Swoon;
Tib would not tarry for Tom, nor for Harry,
Leſt Chriſtian ſhould carry away the Green-gown.

Blanch and Beatrice, both of a Family,
Came very lazy lagging behind;
Anniſe and Aimable noting their Policy;
Cupid is cunning, altho' he be blind:
But Winny the witty, that came from the City,
With Parnel the pretty, and Beſſie the brown;
Clem, Joan, and Iſabel, Sue, Alice, and bonny Nell,
Travell'd exceedingly for a Green-gown.

Now the Youngſters had reach'd the green Meadow,
Where they intended to gather their May;
Some in the Sun-ſhine, ſome in the Shadow,
Singled in Couples did fall to their Play;
But conſtant Penelope, Faith, Hope, and Charity,
Look'd very modeſtly, yet they lay down;
And Prudence prevented what Rachel repented,
And Kate was contented to take a Green-gown.

Then they deſir'd to know of a Truth,
If all their Fellows were in the like Caſe.

The

Nem call'd for Edy, and Edy for Ruth,
Ruth for Mercy, and Mercy for Grace;
But there was no Speaking, they anſwer'd with Squeaking,
The pretty Laſs breaking the Head of the Clown;
But ſome were wooing, while others were doing:
Yet all their going was for a Green-gown.

Bright Apollo was all this while peeping,
To ſee if his Daphne had been in the Throng;
But miſſing her, haſtily downwards was creeping,
For Thetis imagin'd he tarry'd too long:
Then all the Troop mourned, and homeward returned,
For Cynthia ſcorned to ſmile, or to frown;
Thus they did gather May, all the long Summer-day,
And at Night went away with a Green-gown.

SONG 606.

PAnthea all the Senſes treats,
The Eye with Objects dear,
The Smell with Nature's pureſt Sweets,
With Harmony the Ear:
The Taſte with Food ambroſial:
But oh! the Touch is all in all;
But oh! the Touch is all in all;
Is all in all, &c.

SONG 607.

PAſtora's Beauties when unblown,
E'er yet the tender Bud did cleave,
To my more early Love were known,
Their fatal Power I did perceive:
How often in the Dead of Night,
When all the World lay huſh'd in Sleep;
Have I thought this my chief Delight,
To ſigh for you, for you to weep!
Upon my Heart, whoſe Leaves of White
No Letter did ever ſtain:
Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
The fair Paſtora here muſt reign:
Her Eyes, thoſe darling Suns, ſhall prove
Thy Love to be of nobleſt Race;
Which took its Flight ſo far above
All human Things, on her to gaze.

How

How can you then a Love deſpiſe,
A Love that was infus'd by you?
You gave Breath to its infant Sighs,
And all its Griefs that did enſue:
The Pow'r you have to wound I feel,
How long ſhall I of that complain?
Now ſhew the Pow'r you have to heal,
And take away my tort'ring Pain.

S O N G 608.

PEace, babling Muſe!
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her Eyes refuſe
To read the Paſſion which they write:
She ſtrikes my Lute; but if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the Ground:
And I no leſs her Anger dread,
Than the poor Wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce Lion does embrace
His breathleſs Corps, and lick his Face:
Wrapt up in ſilent Fear he lies,
Torn all in Pieces if he cries.

S O N G 609.

PEggy in Devotion
Bred from tender Years,
From my loving Motion
Still was call'd to Pray'rs.
I made muckle Buſtle
Love's dear Fort to win;
But the Kirk Apoſtle
Told her 'twas a Sin.
Faſting and Repentance,
And ſuch whining Cant,
With the Doomeſday Sentence,
Frighted my young Saint.
He taught her the Duty
Heav'nly Joys to know;
I, who lik'd her Beauty,
Taught her thoſe below.
Nature took my Part ſtill,
Senſe did Reaſon blind,

That, for all his Art ſtill,
She to me inclin'd.
Strange Delights hereafter
Did ſo dull appear,
She, as I had taught her,
Vow'd to ſhare 'em here.
Faith 'tis worth your Laughter,
'Mong'ſt the chanting Race,
Neither Son nor Daughter
Ever yet had Grace.
Peggy on the Sunday
With her Daddy vext,
Came to me on Monday,
And forgot his Text.

SONG 610.

PEggy, now the King's come,
Peggy, now the King's come,
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the King's come.
Nae mair the Hawkies thou ſhalt milk,
But change thy Plaiding-coat for Silk,
And be a Lady of that Ilk,
Now, Peggy, ſince the King's come.

SONG 611.

PHœbe, the Roſe, the Meadows adorning,
Pride of the Plain, and Queen of the May;
Silvio more cold than Dew of the Morning,
When to his Sports he wakes with Day.
He laughs at wanton Cupid's Dart,
She ſtill in vain purſues his Heart,
Thro' Groves and Plains ſhe roves alone,
And Echo anſwers to her Moan,
Echo. Anſwers to her Moan.
Echo, ſhe cries, my Sorrow returning,
Sweeteſt of Nymphs that liv'ſt unſeen:
Lik'ning in that the Cauſe of my Mourning,
For my Unkind ne'er comes on the Green.
Ah! tell me, wanton Prattler, tell,
Near what remote, what murmuring Rill;

In

In what cool Shade, what ſilent Bow'r, S.
Say, where he waſtes the ſultry Hour? S.
Echo. Here he waſtes the ſultry Hour.

Turning aſide, ſhe views the Boy lying,
Sunk in Repoſe, beneath the cool Shade;
Taught by her Love to make him complying,
All her ſly Arts employs the ſad Maid.
To Echo firſt her Thanks ſhe pays,
And thus her kind Aſſiſtance prays:
What Strain, kind Echo, ſhall I prove,
To wake and rouze my Swain to Love?
Echo. Wake and rouſe thy Swain to Love.

Silvio, his Head on his Elbow reclining,
Started amaz'd at Notes ſo divine:
Liſt'ning he view'd the Damſel repining,
While ſhe purſu'd her artful Deſign.
Kind Echo, call him from the Field,
Say Love will nobler Pleaſures yield:
Kind Swain, this ſofter Paſtime chuſe,
And whilſt thou fly'ſt, ſee who purſues.
Echo. Whilſt thou fly'ſt, ſee who purſues.

Love in the Form of Phœbe, betraying,
Swee ly reveng'd proud Silvio's Diſdain:
Quickly he found a Joy in delaying;
Try'd to depart, but ſoon came again.
Kind Echo, cry'd the weeping Dame,
If Silvio e'er ſhould own Love's Flame;
Bid him, when curs'd with cold Deſpair,
But think on wretched Phœbe's Care.
Echo. Think on wretched Phœbe's Care.

Peace, cry'd the Swain, and ceaſe this upbraiding,
Silvio ſhall ne'er be the Cauſe of her Tears:
Then from his Covert flies to the Maiden,
And on her Lips his Conſtancy ſwears.
The Maid did all his Vows applaud,
She own'd, and he forgave the Fraud;
And both agreed, with grateful Heart,
To thank kind Echo for her Part.
Echo. Thank kind Echo for her Part.

SONG 612.

PHœbus, now ſhort'ning ev'ry Shade,
Up to the Northern Tropick came,
And thence beheld a lovely Maid
Attending on a Royal Dame.

The God laid down his feeble Rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring Coach;
But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays,
Before he could the Nymph approach.

Under thoſe ſacred Leaves ſecure
From common Light'ning of the Skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The Flaſhes of Ardelia's Eyes.

The Nymph, who oft had read in Books,
Of that bright God whom Bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his Looks,
And gueſs'd his Buſ'neſs ere he ſpoke.

He, in the old celeſtial Cant,
Confeſs'd his Flame, and ſwore by Styx,
Whate'er ſhe would deſire to grant;
But wiſe Ardelia knew his Tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of ſtroling Gods, whoſe uſual Trade is,
Under Pretence of taking Air,
To pick up ſublunary Ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat Denial,
As having Malice in her Heart;
And was reſolv'd upon a Trial
To cheat the God in his own Art.

Hear my Requeſt, the Virgin ſaid,
Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their Aid,
Obey my Call, and only mine.

By Vow oblig'd, by Paſſion led,
The God could not refuſe her Prayer;
He wav'd his Wreath thrice o'er her Head,
Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the Air.

And now he thought to ſeize his Due:
But ſhe the Charm already try'd;

Thalia

Thalia heard the Call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's Side.
On Sight of this celeſtial Prude,
Apollo thought it vain to ſtay,
Nor in her Preſence durſt be rude,
But made his Leg, and went away.
He hop'd to find ſome lucky Hour,
When on their Queen the Muſes wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's Pow'r,
For Vows divine are kept by Fate.
Then full of Rage Apollo ſpoke,
Deceitful Nymph, I ſee thy Art;
And tho' I can't my Gift revoke,
I'll diſappoint its noble Part.
Let ſtubborn Pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of Fame;
With ev'ry Muſe to grace thy Song,
May'ſt thou deſpiſe a Poet's Name.
Of modeſt Poets be thou firſt;
To ſilent Shades repeat thy Verſe,
'Till Fame and Echo almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one Line rehearſe.
And laſt, my Vengeance to compleat,
May you deſcend to take Renown,
Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,
A Whig, and one that wears a Gown.

SONG 613.

PHILLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the Grove, or by the Stream,
Sigh'd on Velvet Pillow:
What, alas! ſhou'd fill her Head,
But a Fountain or a Mead,
Water and a Willow?
Love in Cities never dwells,
He delights in rural Cells,
Which ſweet Woodbine covers.
What are your Aſſemblies then?
There, 'tis true, we ſee more Men,
But much fewer Lovers.

Oh, how chang'd the Proſpect grows!
Flocks and Herds to Fops and Beaus,
Coxcombs without Number!
Moons and Stars, that ſhone ſo bright
To the Torch, and waxen Light,
And whole Nights at Ombre.

Pleaſant as it is to hear
Scandal tickling in our Ear,
Ev'n of our own Mothers;
In the Chit-Chat of the Day,
To us it pay'd, when we're away,
What we lent to others.
Tho' the fav'rite Toaſt I reign,
Wine, they ſay, that prompts the Vain,
Heightens Defamation.
Muſt I live 'twixt Spite and Fear,
Ev'ry Day grow handſomer,
And loſe my Reputation?

Thus the Fair to Sighs gave way,
Her empty Purſe beſide her lay:
Nymph, ah! ceaſe thy Sorrow;
Tho' curſt Fortune frown to night,
This odious Town can give Delight,
If you win to morrow.

SONG 614.

PHilander and Sylvia, a gentle ſoft Pair,
Whoſe Buſineſs was Loving, and Kiſſing their Care;
In a ſweet-ſmelling Grove went ſmiling along,
'Till the Youth gave a Vent to his Heart with his Tongue:
Ah Sylvia! ſaid he, (and ſigh'd when he ſpoke)
Your cruel Reſolves will you never revoke?
No never, ſhe ſaid. How! never? he cry'd;
'Tis the Damn'd that ſhall only that Sentence abide.

She turn'd her about to look all around,
Then bluſh'd, and her pretty Eyes caſt on the Ground;
She kiſs'd his warm Cheeks, then play'd with his Neck,
And urg'd that his Reaſon his Paſſion would check:
Ah Philander! ſhe ſaid, 'tis a dangerous Bliſs;
Ah! never aſk more, and I'll give thee a Kiſs.

How

How never? he cry'd, then ſhiver'd all o'er.
No never, ſhe ſaid, then tript to a Bower.
She ſtopt at the Wicket. He cry'd, let me in.
She anſwer'd, I wou'd, if it were not a Sin:
Heav'n ſees, and the Gods will chaſtiſe the poor Head
Of Philander for this. Straight trembling he ſaid,
Heav'n ſees, I confeſs, but no Tell-tales are there.
She kiſs'd him, and cry'd, You're an Atheiſt, my Dear;
And ſhou'd you prove falſe, I ſhould never endure.
How never? he cry'd, and ſtraight down he threw her.
Her delicate Body he claſp'd in his Arms;
He kiſs'd her, he preſs'd her, heap'd Charms upon Charms;
He cry'd, Shall I now? No never, ſhe ſaid;
Your Will you ſhall never enjoy till I'm dead.
Then, as if ſhe were dead, ſhe ſlept and lay ſtill,
Yet even in Death bequeath'd him a Smile:
Which embolden'd the Youth his Charms to apply,
Which he bore ſtill about him to cure thoſe that die.

SONG 615.

PHillis, as her Wine ſhe ſipp'd in,
Gaily talking with her Swain,
Into her Hand he ſlily ſlipp'd in
Tal, lal, lal, lal,
A full Glaſs of briſk Champaigne.

Why ſo coy, ſaid he, and fickle?
Muſt I always ſigh in vain?
Muſt I never hope to tickle
Tal, lal, &c.
Your Ear with a merry Strain?

Long have I been toſs'd and fretting,
Like a Sailor on the Main;
Sure, at length 'tis Time to get in,
Tal, lal, &c.
To the Port I hope to gain.

Hearts you take delight in ſtealing,
Of new Conqueſts ſtill are vain;
Torture others, whilſt I'm feeling
Tal, lal, &c.
Pleaſure that is void of Pain.

Won at length, ſhe liſten'd kindly,
And from Love could not refrain;
So in the Nick the Nymph was finely
Tal, lal, &c.
Fitted for her cold Diſdain.

SONG 616.

PHillis deſpiſe not your faithful Lover,
Play not the Tyrant, becauſe you are Fair;
Beauty will fade, my charming Maid,
Juſt as the Lilly, my beautiful Philly,
Ceaſe to prove coy, ſmile on the Boy,
Grant him the Bleſſing he longs to enjoy.

Crowns are but Trifles, compar'd with my Philly:
Who can behold her, and not be enſlav'd?
Angel Divine! wert thou but mine:
Pity my Story, I laugh at all Glory,
Here I proteſt on thy dear Breaſt,
With thee in a Cottage I'd think myſelf bleſt.

SONG 617.

PHillis has a gentle Heart,
Willing to her Lover's Courting;
Wanton Nature, all Love's Art,
To direct her in her ſporting:
In th' Embrace, the Look, the Kiſs,
All is real Inclination;
No falſe Raptures in the Bliſs,
No feign'd Sighings in the Paſſion.

But O! who the Charms can ſpeak,
Who the thouſand Ways of toying,
When ſhe does the Lover make
All a God in the enjoying?
Who, the Limbs that round him move,
And conſtrain him to her Bliſſes?
Who, the Eyes that ſwim in Love,
Or the Lips that ſuck in Kiſſes?

O the Freaks! when mad ſhe grows,
Raves all wild with the Poſſeſſing!
O the ſilent Trance that ſhows
The Delight above expreſſing!

Ev'ry

Ev'ry way ſhe does engage,
Idly talking, ſpeechleſs lying;
She tranſports me with her Rage,
And ſhe kills me in her dying.

SONG 618.

PHillis has each enchanting Art,
That can the Soul enſnare;
Firſt wins her Lover's eaſy Heart,
Then racks him with Deſpair.

With tempting Looks, and flatt'ring Smiles,
Too ſoon a Conqueſt gains;
Makes him a Slave to all her Wiles,
Then leaves him in his Chains.

Imperious ſhe does tyrannize,
And wounds each harmleſs Swain;
Firſt ſooths his Hopes with matchleſs Joys,
Then gives eternal Pain.

Ye Youths, who han't already known
The Magick of her Eyes,
Be rul'd, and from th' Enchantreſs run,
Leſt you become her Prize.

The Hook does lie beneath the Bait,
With ſmiles ſhe'll draw you on;
But ſoon you'll find, when 'tis too late,
You're by her Frowns undone.

SONG 619.

PHillis has ſuch charming Graces,
Beauty triumphs in her Eye:
She was made for the Embraces
Of ſome mighty Deity.
Phillis has ſuch charming Graces,
I muſt love her, tho' I die.

Have a care, Celeſtial Creature,
Coyneſs may your Beauty pall;
You an Angel are by Nature;
Angels by their Pride loſt all.
Have a care, Celeſtial Creature,
Leſt I triumph in your Fall.

SONG

SONG 620.

PHillis, Men ſay, that all my Vows
Are to thy Fortune paid:
Alas! my Heart he little knows,
Who thinks my Love a Trade.

Were I of all theſe Woods the Lord,
One Berry from thy Hand
More real Pleaſure would afford,
Than all my large Command.

My humble Love has learnt to live
On what the niceſt Maid,
Without a conſcious Bluſh, may give
Beneath a Myrtle Shade.

Of coſtly Food it hath no Need,
And nothing will devour:
But, like the harmleſs Bee, can feed,
And not impair the Flow'r.

A ſpotleſs Innocence, like thine,
May ſuch a Flame allow;
Yet thy fair Name for ever ſhine,
As doth thy Beauty now.

SONG 621.

PHillis, talk no more of Paſſion,
Words alone want Pow'r to move:
She that flies a fair Occaſion,
Never ſhou'd pretend to Love.

Honour, that ſo oft you boaſt on,
Love poſſeſſing once the Mind,
Only is a vain Pretenſion
Women uſe that won't be kind.

See the winged Moments flying,
Wherein Youth and Beauty ride;
She, who long perſiſts denying,
Ne'er can hope to be a Bride.

She that now evades poſſeſſing,
By her ſilly Doubts betray'd;
When ſhe'd yield to ſhare the Bleſſing,
May, neglected, die a Maid.

SONG

SONG 622.

PHillis, the Faireſt of Love's Foes,
Though fiercer than a Dragon,
Phillis, that ſcorn'd the powder'd Beaus,
What has ſhe now to brag on?
So long ſhe kept her Legs ſo cloſe,
'Till they had ſcarce a Rag on.

Compell'd thro' Want, this wretched Maid
Did ſad Complaints begin;
Which ſurly Strephon hearing ſaid,
It was both Shame and Sin,
To pity ſuch a lazy Jade,
As will neither kiſs nor ſpin.

SONG 623.

PHillis, the lovely, the charming, and fair,
Pity your Strephon, that loves to deſpair,
Pity, dear Nymph, a poor languiſhing Swain,
And doom not the Hopes of a Lover in vain.

Cupid, direct her, and make her inclin'd,
Tell her, her Strephon will ever be kind,
Tell her, he languiſhes, tell her, he dies,
And waits the Phyſician that dwells in her Eyes.

Crowns are but Trifles to Phillis's Charms,
Cupid, convey her ſecure to my Arms:
Then may bleſs'd Strephon for ever remain
The firſt in a Cottage, a happy young Swain.

SONG 624.

PHillis, the young, the fair, the gay,
The Youth that fain wou'd ſpoil ye,
Gives you at once the Bloom of May,
And riper Bluſh of July.

While thus the ſoothing Rogue prepares
His Phillis for his Pleaſures,
Learn, fair one, hence t'eſcape his Snares,
And ſave your faireſt Treaſures.

The Bloſſoms by too hot a Taint
Soon drop and fall neglected;
And Fruit that has a Maggot in't,
However fair's rejected.

SONG

SONG 625.

PHillis, this mighty Zeal aſſuage,
You over-act your Part,
The Martyrs at your tender Age
Gave Heav'n but half their Heart.

Old Men (till paſt the Pleaſure) ne'er
Declaim againſt the Sin,
'Tis early to begin to fear
The Devil at Fifteen.

The World to Youth is too ſevere,
And like a treach'rous Light,
Beauty, the Actions of the Fair
Expoſes to their Sight.

And yet this World, as old as 'tis,
Is oft deceiv'd by't too;
Wiſe Combinations ſeldom miſs,
Let's try what we can do.

W.N.H. Bib. Bodl. HARDING

SONG 626.

PHillis, whoſe Heart was unconfin'd,
And free as Flowers on Meads and Plains;
None boaſted of her being kind,
'Mongſt all the languiſhing and amorous Swains:
No Sighs nor Tears the Nymph could move
To pity, or return their Love.

'Till on a Time the hapleſs Maid
Retir'd, to ſhun the Heat o'th' Day,
Into a Grove, beneath whoſe Shade
Strephon, the careleſs Shepherd, ſleeping lay:
But, oh! ſuch Charms the Youth adorn,
Love is reveng'd for all her Scorn.

Her Cheeks with Bluſhes cover'd were,
And tender Sighs her Boſom warm;
A Softneſs in her Eyes appear,
Unuſual Pains ſhe feels from every Charm:
To Woods and Echoes now ſhe cries,
For Modeſty to ſpeak denies.

FINIS.